

Buffy

the vampire slayer™

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 2



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Based on the television series created by Joss Whedon.

These stories take place before Buffy the Vampire Slayer Season One and through early Season Three.



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BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER™: OMNIBUS VOLUME TWO

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“Angels We Have Seen on High”, originally published in *Reveal*, November 2002;
Buffy the Vampire Slayer #60–63, originally published August through November 2003;
“MacGuffins”, originally published in *DHP Annual*, August 1998;
Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Spike & Dru—The Queen of Hearts, originally published October 1999;
Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Ring of Fire, originally published August 2000;
Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Spike & Dru—Paint the Town Red, originally published April 1999; and
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INTRODUCTION

In 1998, Dark Horse launched a series based on Joss Whedon's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, which proved to be one of our most popular and enduring comics. The book ended in late 2003, shortly after the TV series. The seven stories in this second Omnibus show what we were up to at the very beginning and at the very end of the run, as well as a defining stretch in the middle that helped to get us on the right track.

The pre-Season One “Angels We Have Seen on High” and *A Stake to the Heart*, the first stories in this volume, were done at the end of the original comics series. They display two notable stylistic departures, with Jeff Matsuda's cartoony depictions of the characters, and Brian Horton's paints over longtime penciller Cliff Richards. These stories also reflect a narrative choice that met with some skepticism. When, near the end of the series, I decided to set stories early in Buffy's career, I chose to include Dawn—who, of course, wouldn't have been there. I felt that we could add something valuable to the Buffy mythos, reflecting what an older Buffy would *remember* about her early adventures. As we move into stories written before Michelle Trachtenberg's first appearance on the show, expect not to see Dawn in this Omnibus series again until the fifth or sixth volume.

From these pre-Season One stories, we leap into the only story set during—or rather, immediately after—Season One. “MacGuffins” was the first Buffy comics story, published in *Dark Horse Presents*, the legendary anthology that launched such Dark Horse series as *Concrete* and *Sin City*. While the Spike and Dru stories collected here take place around the same time, we don't catch up to Buffy again until after Angel has turned evil, toward the end of Season Two, with *Ring of Fire*. And the next time we see Buffy, Angel's good again, and it's Season Three, with *The Dust Waltz*. The flow may get rocky through the book, but you get some truly historic moments in the history of our comics.

Ryan Sook remains one of the most controversial artists to have worked on Buffy. Some hardcore fans of the show hated his work. Many comics fans felt it was the high point of the series. I snuck Ryan in on the first Spike and Dru comic, *Paint the Town Red*, because I thought he was perfect for a horror story. Joss loved Ryan's work on the title, which was one of the first positive comments I got from the man himself, way back when I had no direct contact with him.

The writers with whom Ryan worked are perhaps more important to the history of the series than Ryan himself. That first Spike and Dru comic was the brainchild of Christopher Golden, arguably the definitive *Buffy* novelist, who wrote dozens of comics for me. Chris brought in James “Spike” Marsters, whom he'd met while working on the first *Watcher's Guide* for Pocket Books. While it never led to more work with James—note that *Queen of Hearts* is just Chris—it did a lot to validate the series in the eyes of fans.

And Ryan's work validated the series with comics purists, including Doug Petrie. Doug approached me shortly after that first Spike and Dru comic, proposing a series about Buffy and Angelus, head to head, with Ryan drawing. This required Ryan to meet Sarah Michelle Gellar's approval, about which I had my doubts. But it worked, and we had a creative coup with the first *Buffy* comic written by a writer from the show. More would follow, ultimately leading to Joss himself writing Season Eight.

So pardon our shoddy continuity, and enjoy this look at the beginning of Buffy's career, when you never knew whether her lover would prove good or bad—but you certainly knew he wouldn't be Spike.

Scott Allie

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By BRIAN HORTON	

**ANGELS
WE
HAVE
SEEN
ON
HIGH**





RESPONSIBILITY
SUCKS.

AND SOMETIMES, THERE'S
NO AVOIDING IT. YOU ARE
WHAT YOU ARE. YOU DO
WHAT YOU DO.

FOR NEWLY MINTED
FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD
BUFFY SUMMERS,
THAT MEANS BEING
THE SLAYER --

-- A PROTECTOR
AGAINST THE
DEMONS THAT
SHADOW MANKIND.

OR ON THIS
NIGHT, A FATE
FAR WORSE
THAN THAT...



...A FRIDAY NIGHT
STUCK DRAGGING
HER LITTLE SISTER
AROUND THE
SANTA MONICA
PIER!

Buffy

the Vampire Slayer

Angels

We Have Seen
On High

Loddell
Nicieza
Matsuda
Hang
Obena
McCaig
Heisler

SO GREAT.
TOO GREAT.
BORDERING ON
GRATING.

I GOT
THAT! I'M
NOT STUPID,
Y'KNOW.

I'M
SORRY, DAWN,
IT'S JUST-- I--
YOU'RE--

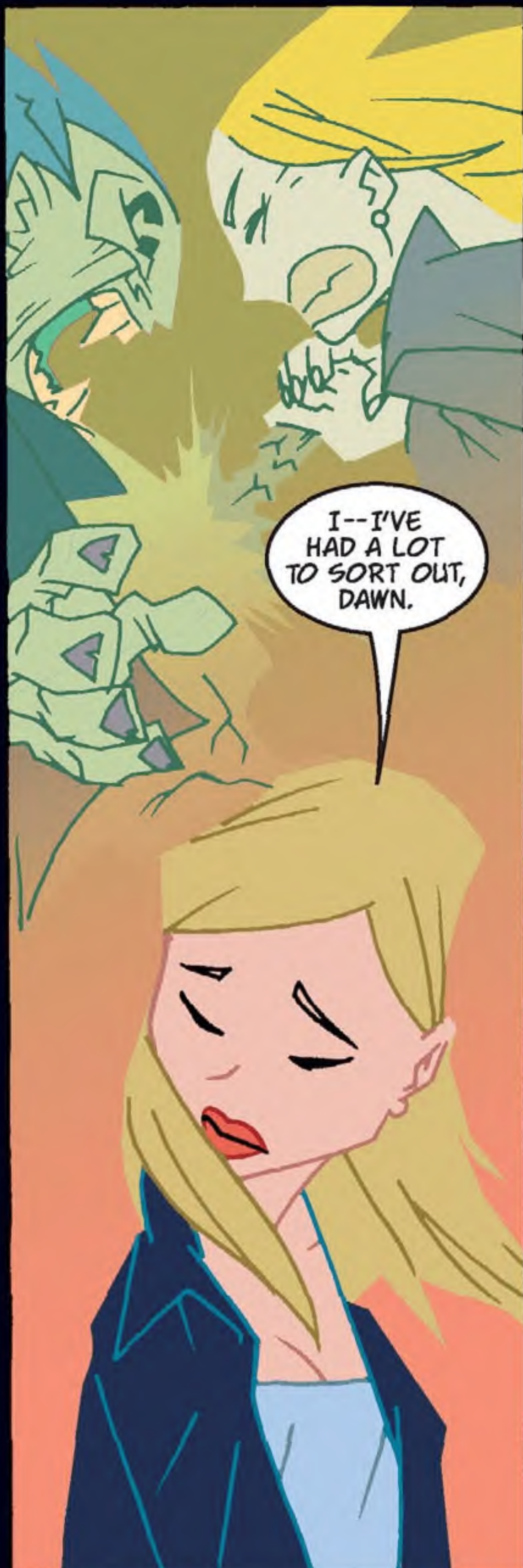
CRAMPING
YOUR
STYLE?

WELL,
YEAH, IF I HAD
A STYLE, WHICH
I DON'T-- SO
NO...FORGET
IT-- LET'S
WHEEL.

YIPPEE!







DEFINE "INTO."



I'LL BE RIGHT BACK--





NOW
IS WHEN THE
HELPLESS VICTIM
OUT OF CENTRAL
CASTING
RUNS.



HI,
GUYS. I'M
BUFFY. I'LL BE
YOUR SLAYER
FOR THE
EVENING.



NO
ONE TOLD US
THERE WAS A
SLAYER HERE
IN L.A.!

SHE
JUST
DID.



DON'T
MAKE ME
CHASE YOU--IT
ONLY MAKES ME
HOT AND
BOTHERED--



-- UHM--
BUT NOT IN
THE WAY THAT
SOUNDED.





GYAAAAA!



UH...
WHERE'D
THE GUARD
GO?



HE--
YOU KNOW--
WHEN YOU HAVE
TO GO, YOU HAVE
TO GO...



UHM

I--

-- UH --
THERE, THERE
NOW...



A Stake to the Heart







IT HIDES
JUST
UNDER THE
SURFACE.



ALL GUILE
AND CONCEIT,
CONFIDENT IN
THE KILL.



IT BUBBLES TO
THE SURFACE
LIKE OIL, A
SLICK VENEER
MASKING POISON.



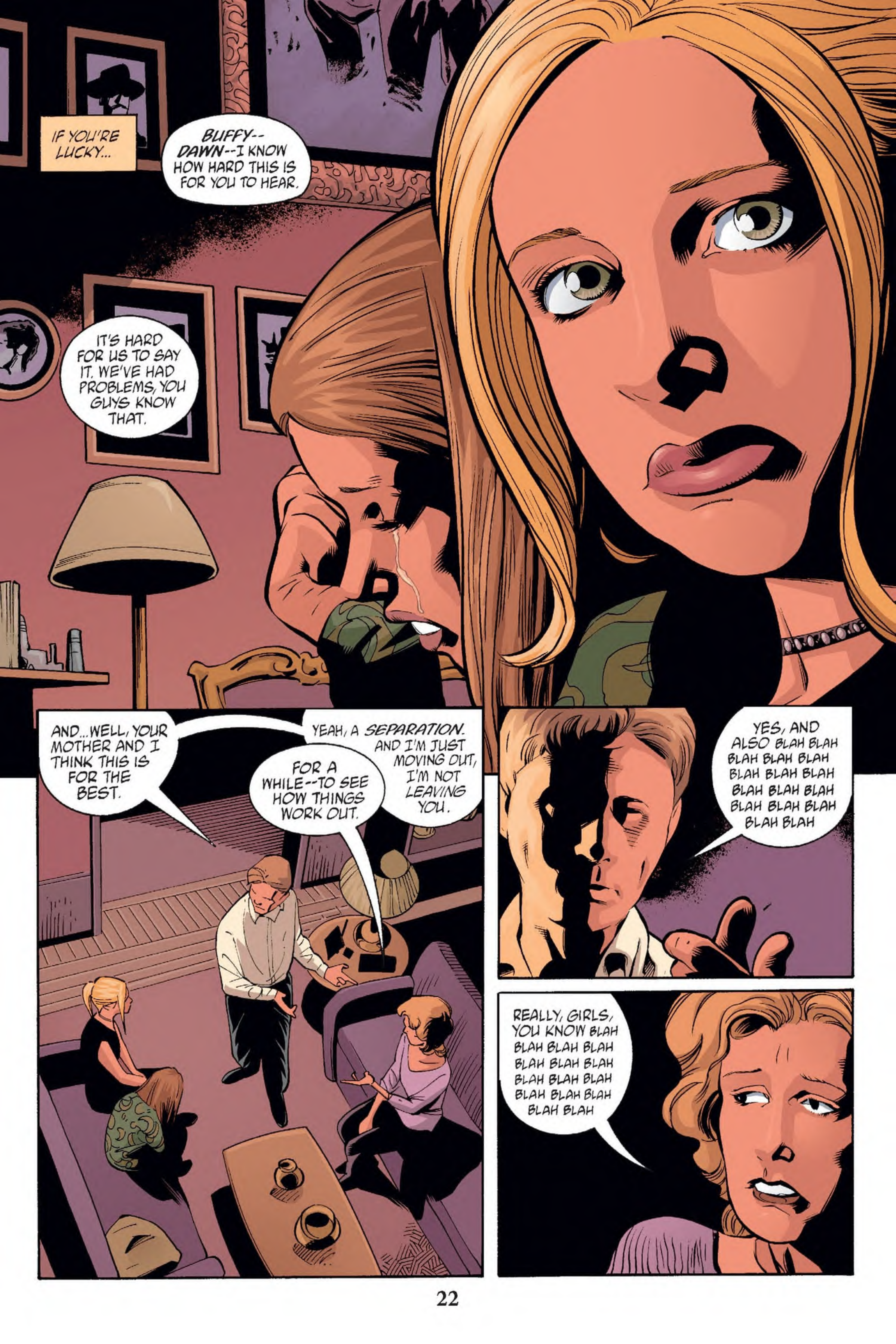
AND WHEN IT STRIKES,
IT HITS SO FAST YOU
DON'T EVEN HAVE
TIME TO FEEL THE
BETRAYAL...

...OR, IF YOU'RE
LUCKY, STRIKES
FAST ENOUGH
THAT YOU DON'T
FEEL THE **PAIN.**

act
one

DECEIT





IF YOU'RE
LUCKY...

BUFFY--
DAWN--I KNOW
HOW HARD THIS IS
FOR YOU TO HEAR.

IT'S HARD
FOR US TO SAY
IT. WE'VE HAD
PROBLEMS, YOU
GUYS KNOW
THAT.

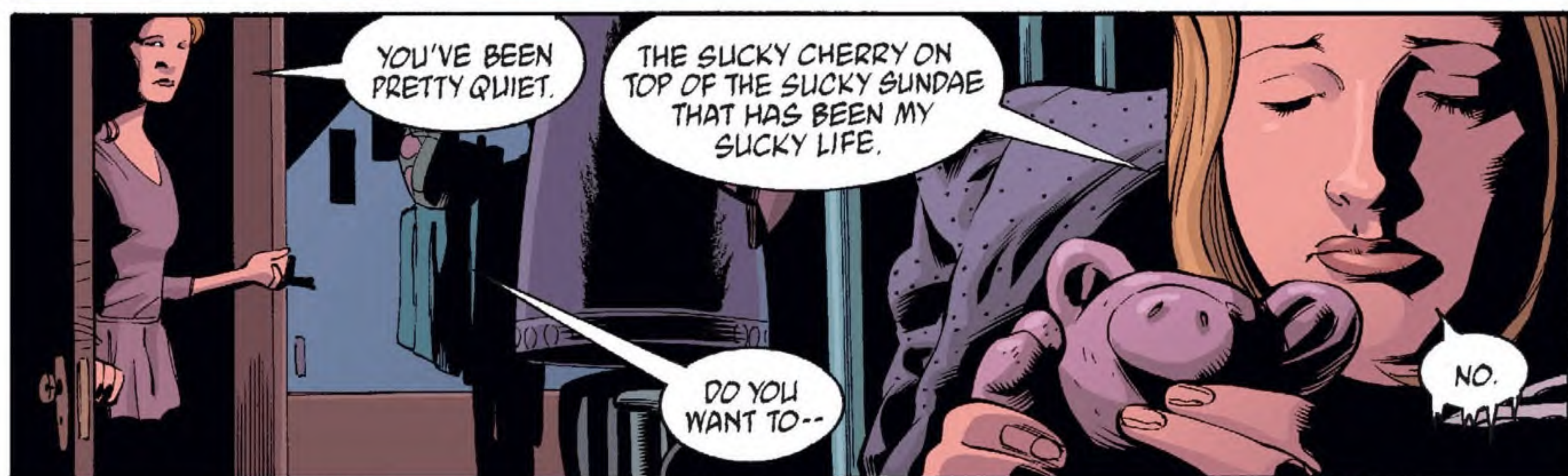
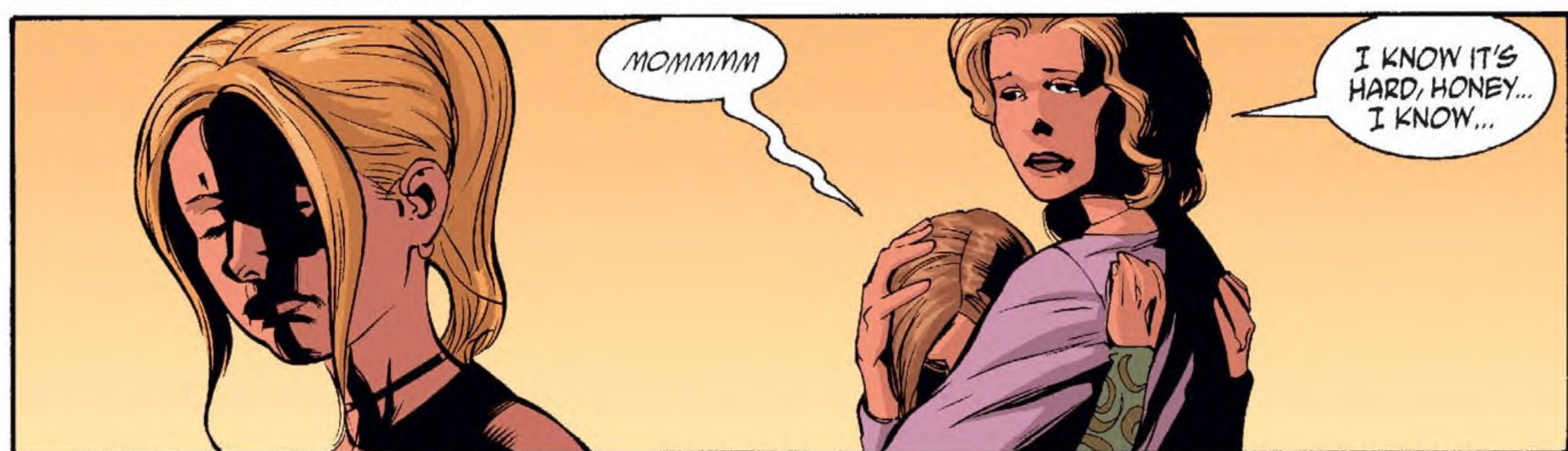
AND...WELL, YOUR
MOTHER AND I
THINK THIS IS
FOR THE
BEST.

FOR A
WHILE--TO SEE
HOW THINGS
WORK OUT.

YEAH, A *SEPARATION*.
AND I'M JUST
MOVING OUT,
I'M NOT
LEAVING
YOU.

YES, AND
ALSO BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH

REALLY, GIRLS,
YOU KNOW BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH







SEE, THAT WHOLE
SUCKING THEME
DOESN'T INCLUDE
MY NECK, BOYS.

OH,
PLEASE
DON'T RUN.
I'M IN THE
MOOD TO
HIT SOME-
ONE.

A LOT.



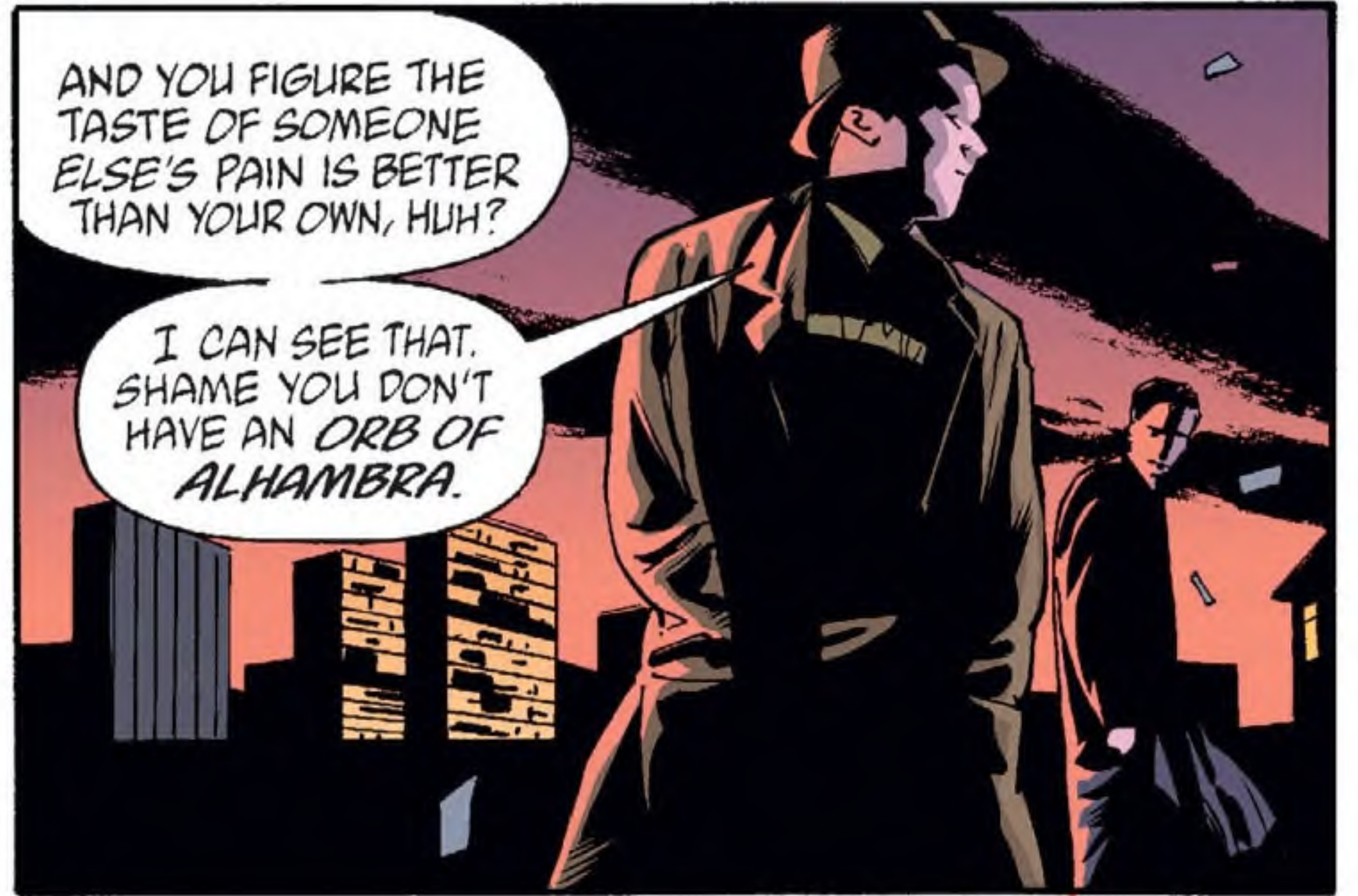
SHE'S...
ANGRY.

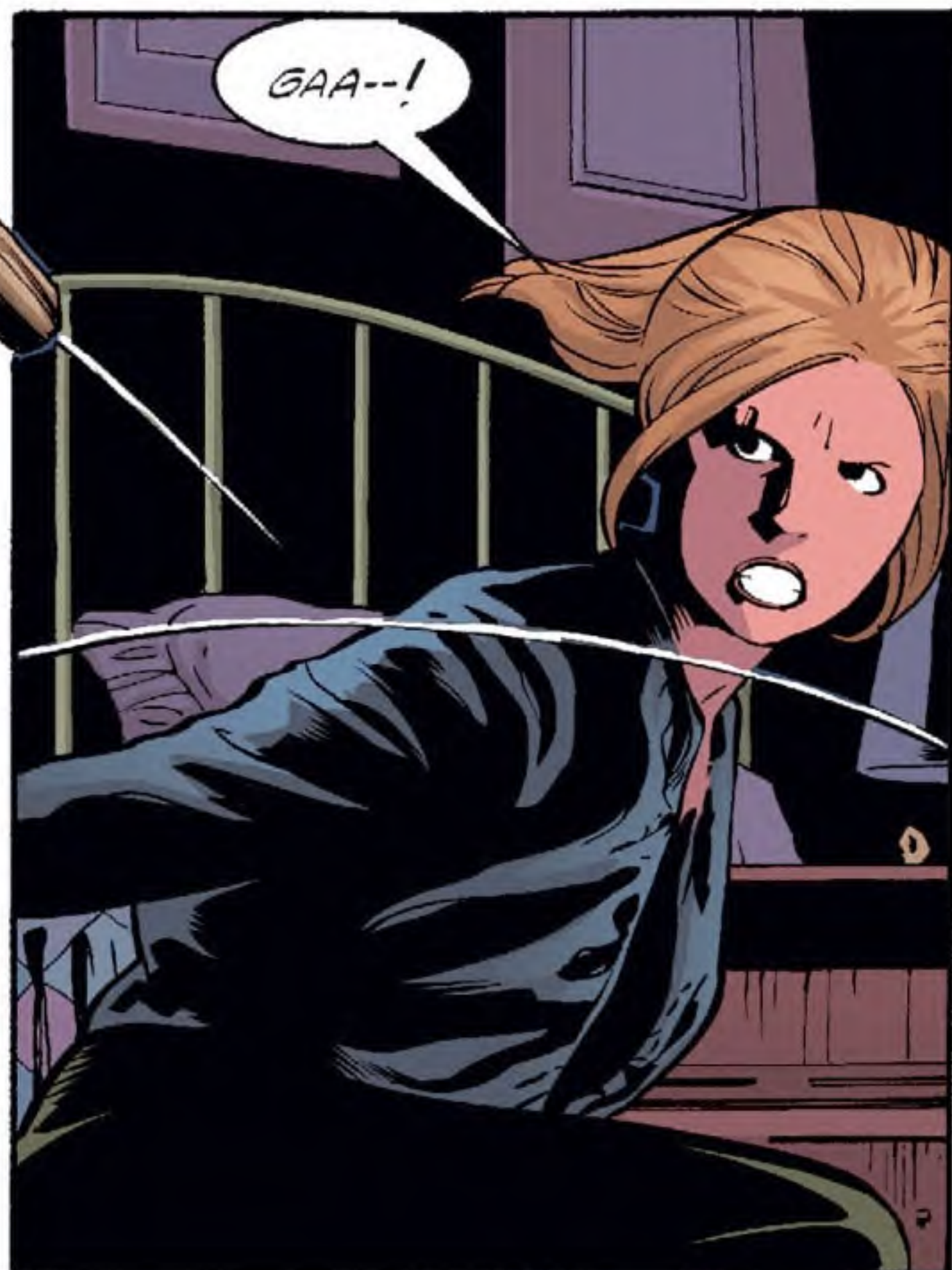
SHE'S A
SLAYER.
YOU EXPECT
FRAPPUCCINOS
AND PAJAMA
PARTIES?



SHE'S GOT NO
WATCHER. NO
GUIDANCE. HER
LIFE'S IN THE
CRAPPER.

I CAN HELP HER,
WHISTLER.





DAWN--?

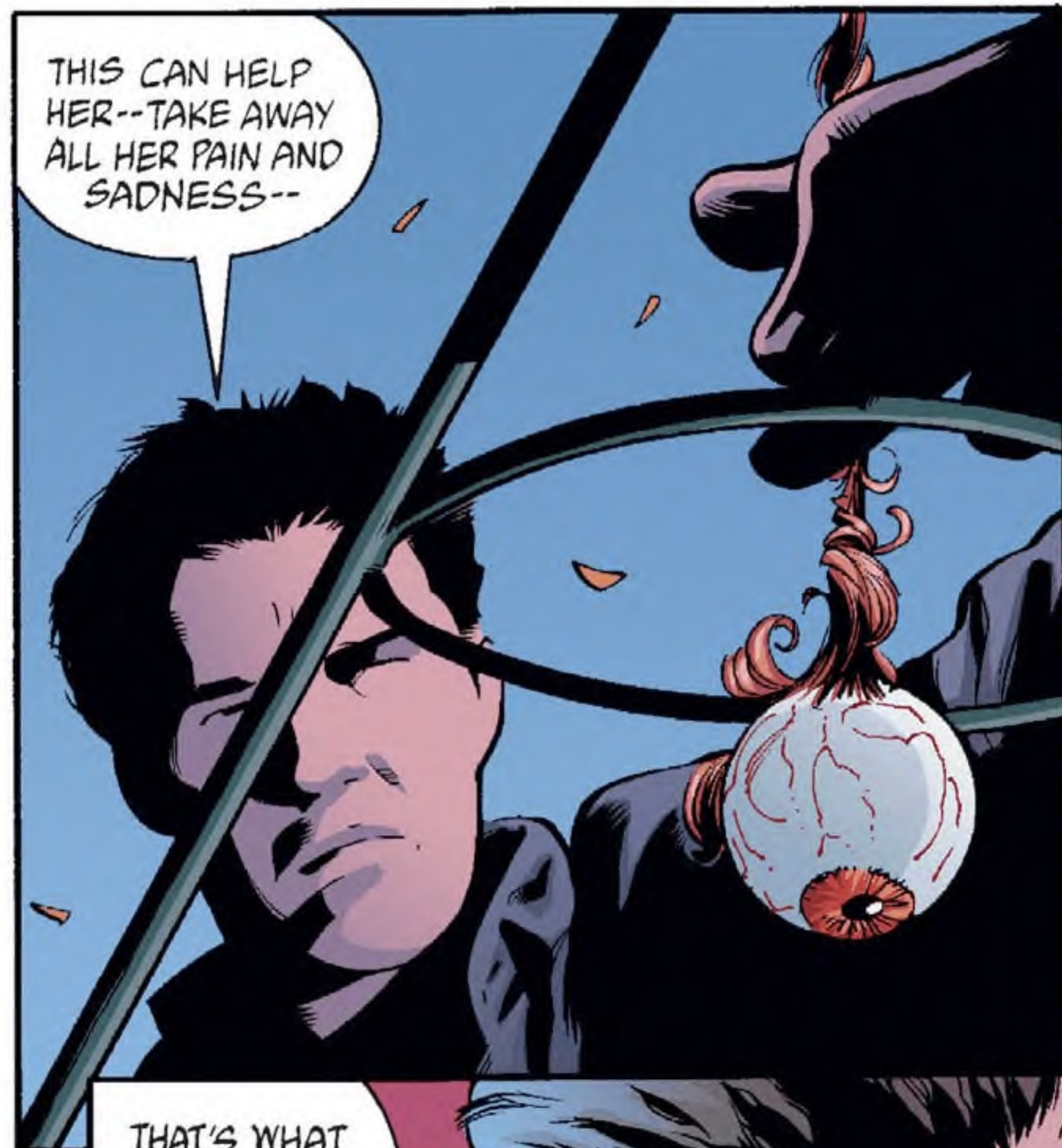


IT'S REAL... IT WAS ALL REAL...



THUFT!





THIS CAN HELP
HER--TAKE AWAY
ALL HER PAIN AND
SADNESS--



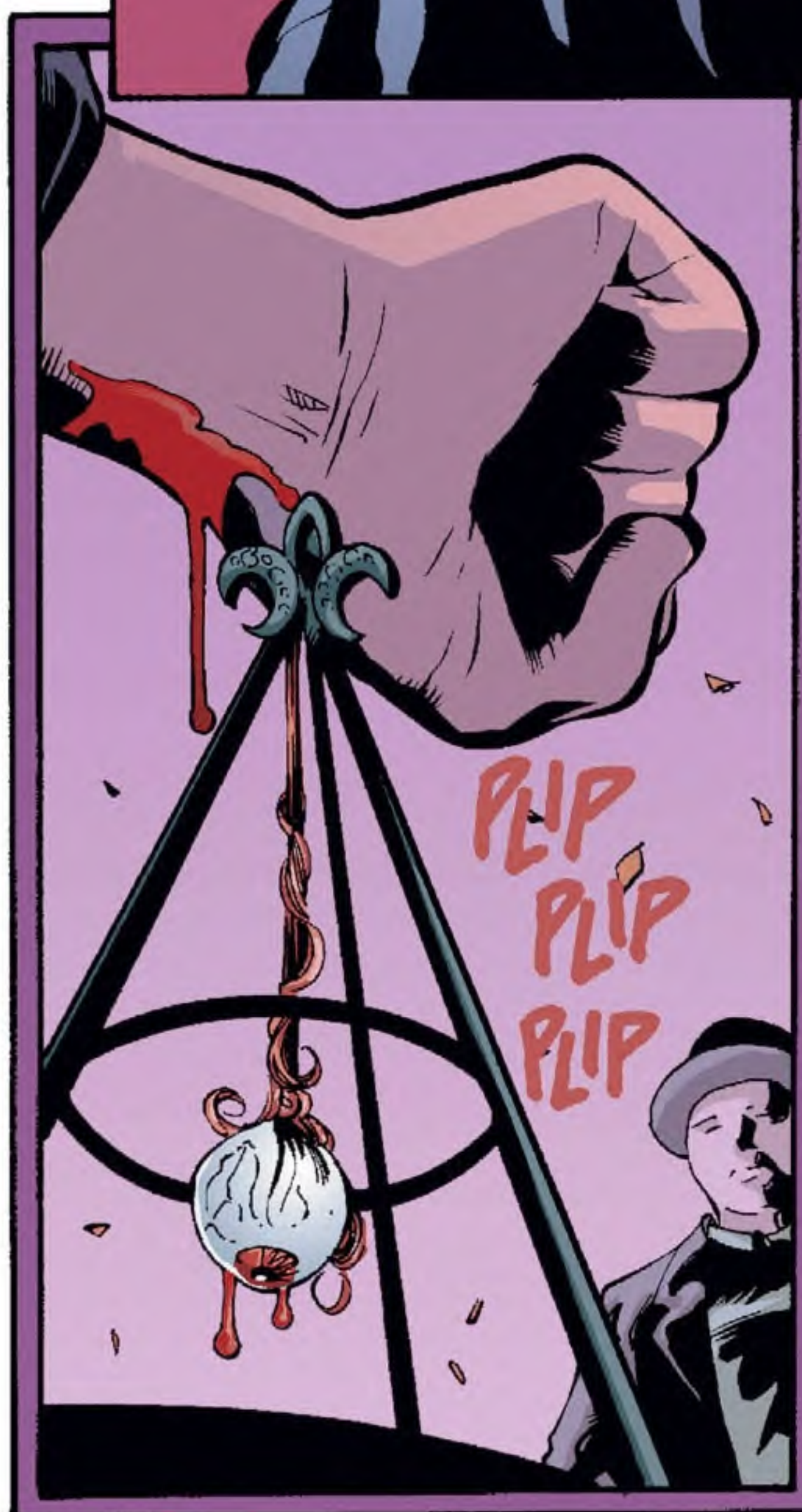
YEAH, AN' WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN
IT GETS ABSORBED
INTO A VAMPIRE?

YOU GONNA LET *SEVERAL*
DECADES OF HARD WORK
DEALIN' WITH THE *FANGY*
STUFF GO DOWN THE DRAIN
OVER A BROAD?

ALBEIT
A CUTE ONE,
THOUGH SHE'S
A FEW
CENTURIES
TOO YOUNG
FOR US.



THAT'S WHAT
THE STAKE IS
FOR. USE IT
IF YOU
HAVE TO.



PLIP
PLIP
PLIP

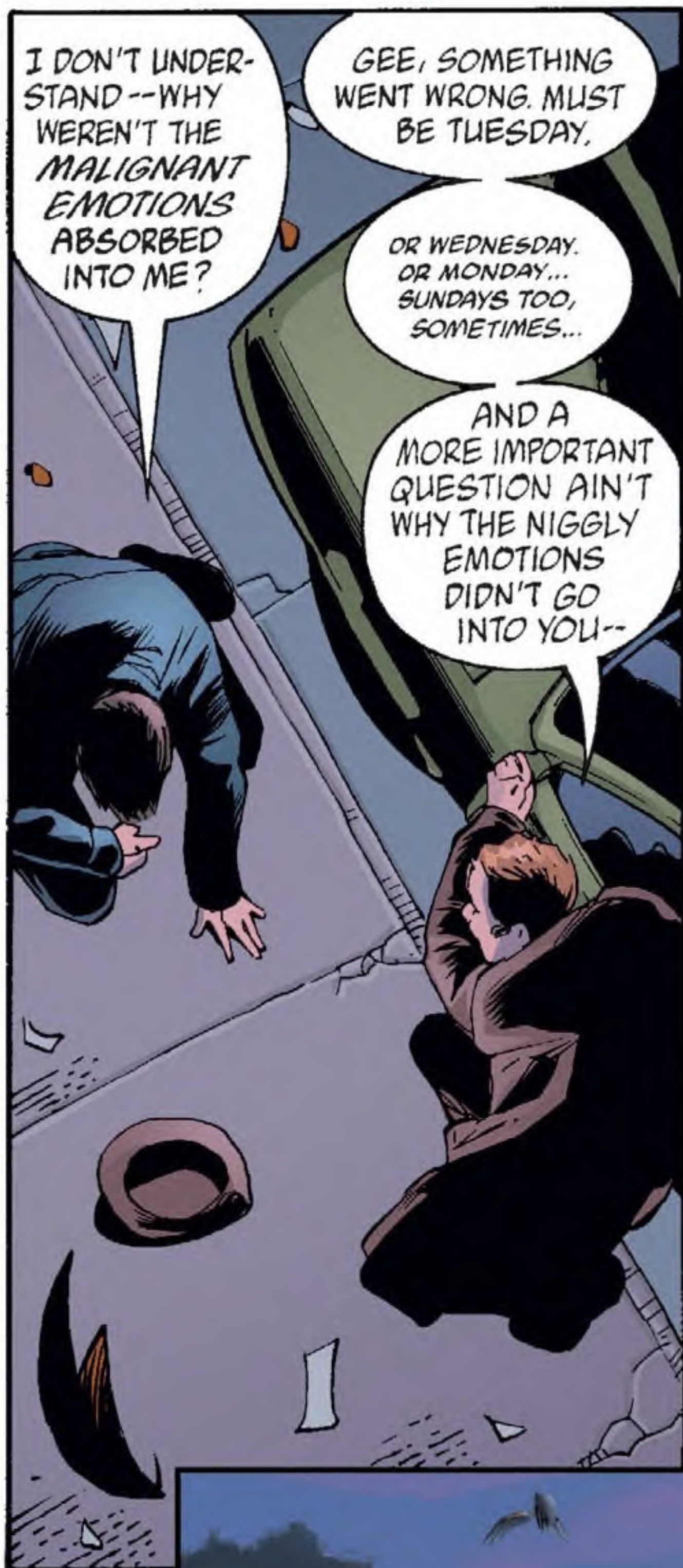


DID I MENTION
HOW MUCH I
HATE *BLACK*
MAGIC...

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?



YA KNOW, I MIGHT
BE A DEMON BOOKIE
FOR THE *POWERS*
THAT BE, BUT THAT
DON'T MEAN I'M
FRICKIN' ENCYCLO-
PEDIA BROWN
OVER HERE!



I DON'T UNDER-
STAND -- WHY
WEREN'T THE
MALIGNANT
EMOTIONS
ABSORBED
INTO ME?

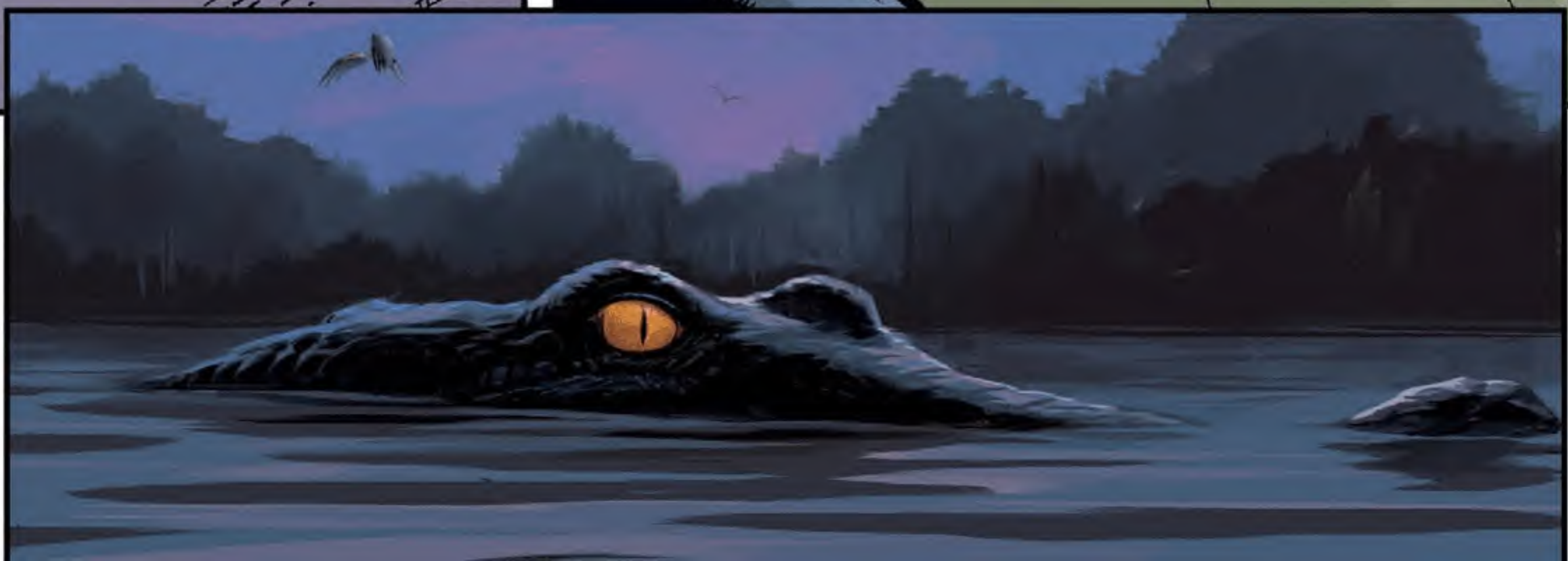
GEE, SOMETHING
WENT WRONG. MUST
BE TUESDAY.

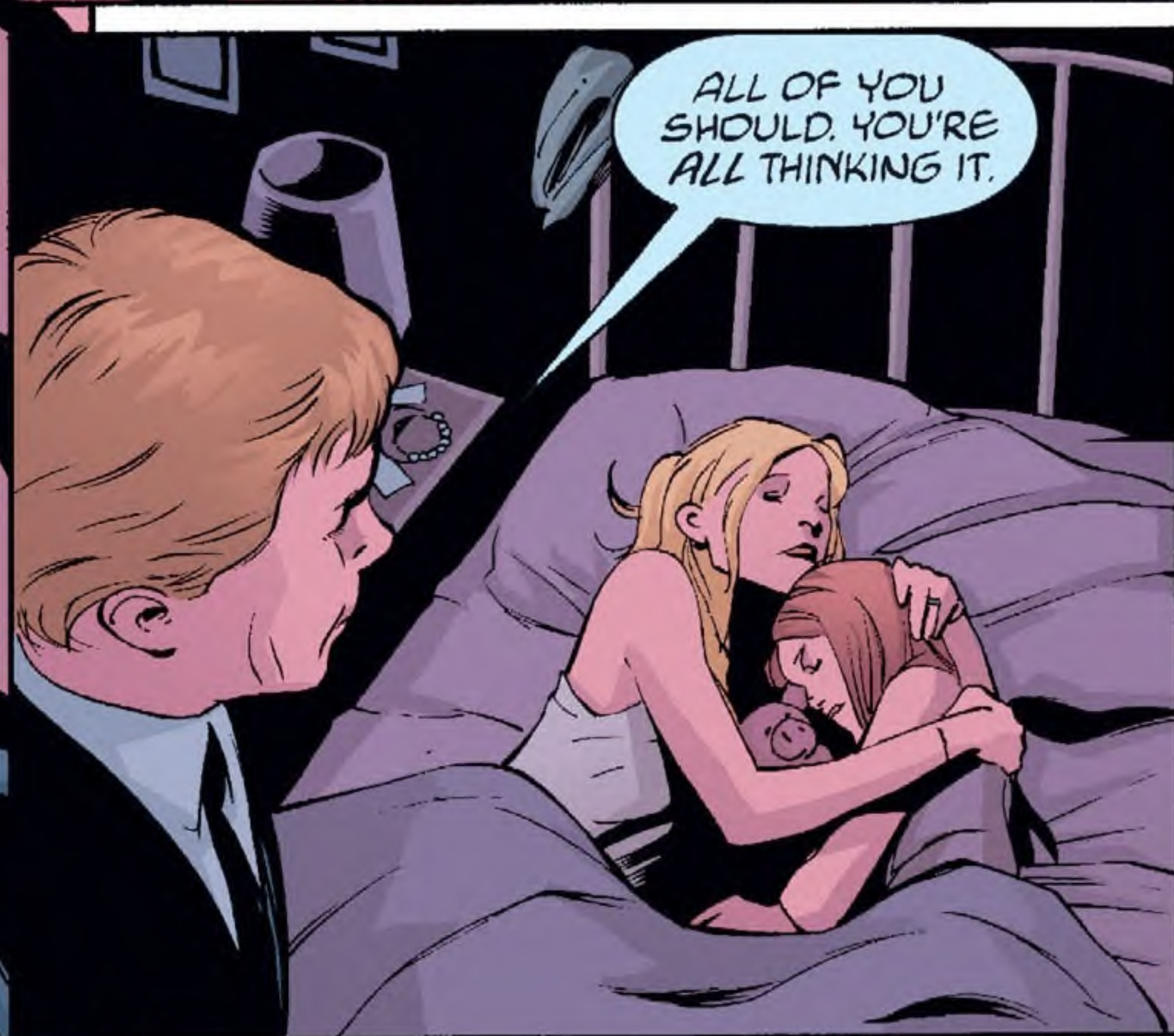
OR WEDNESDAY.
OR MONDAY...
SUNDAYS TOO,
SOMETIMES...

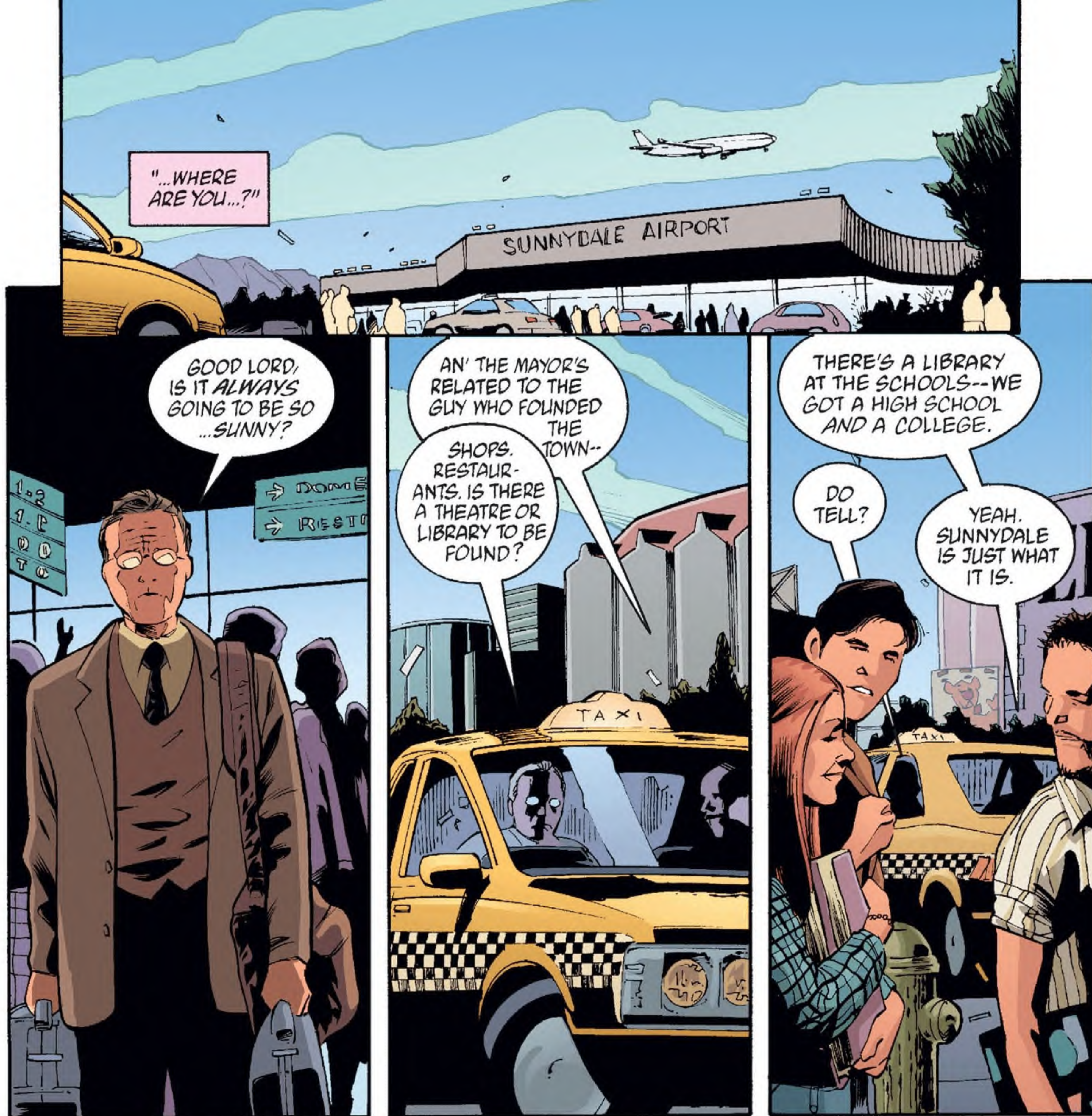
AND A
MORE IMPORTANT
QUESTION AIN'T
WHY THE NIGGLY
EMOTIONS
DIDN'T GO
INTO YOU--



...BUT
WHERE
DID THEY
GO?

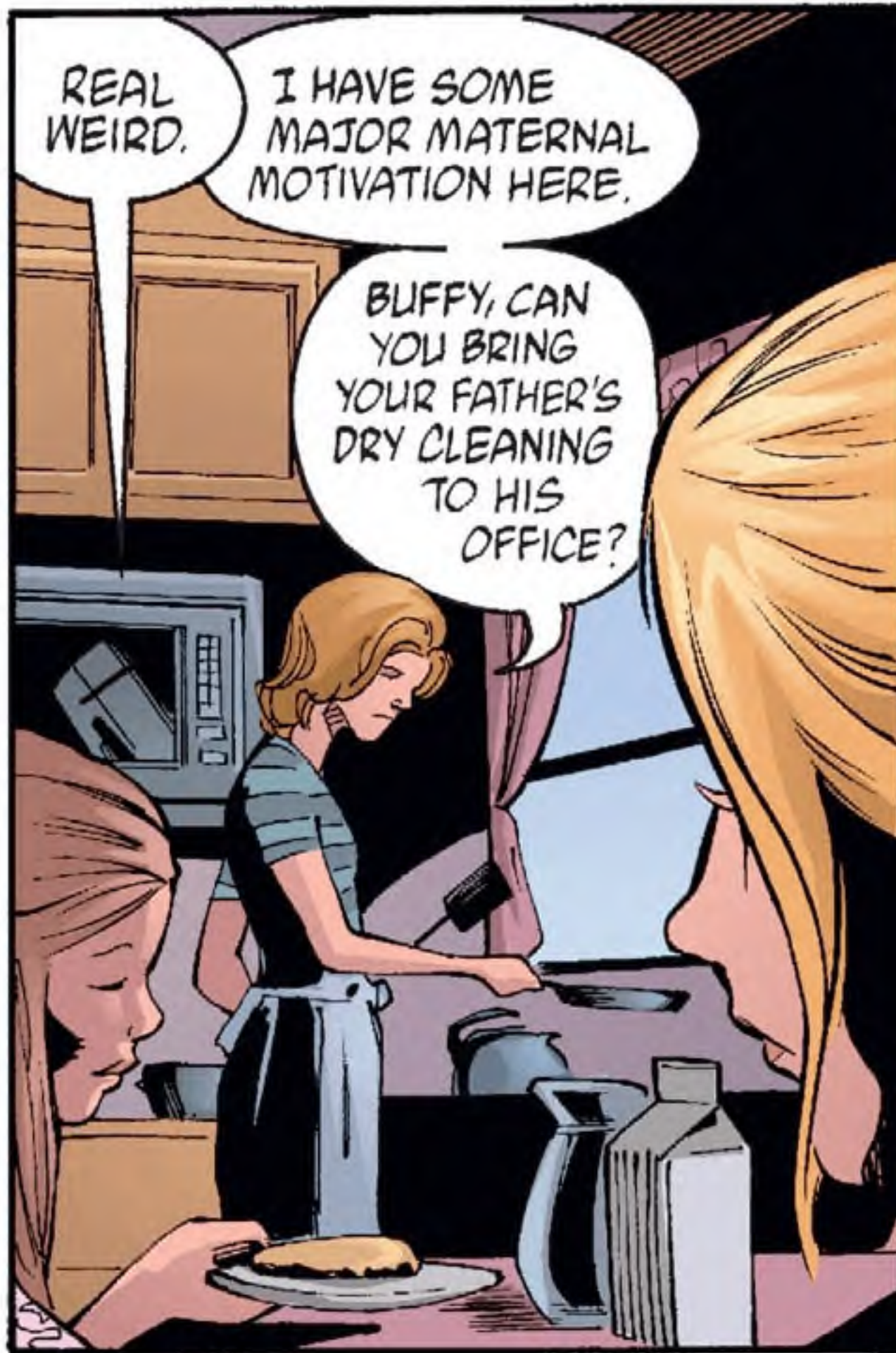








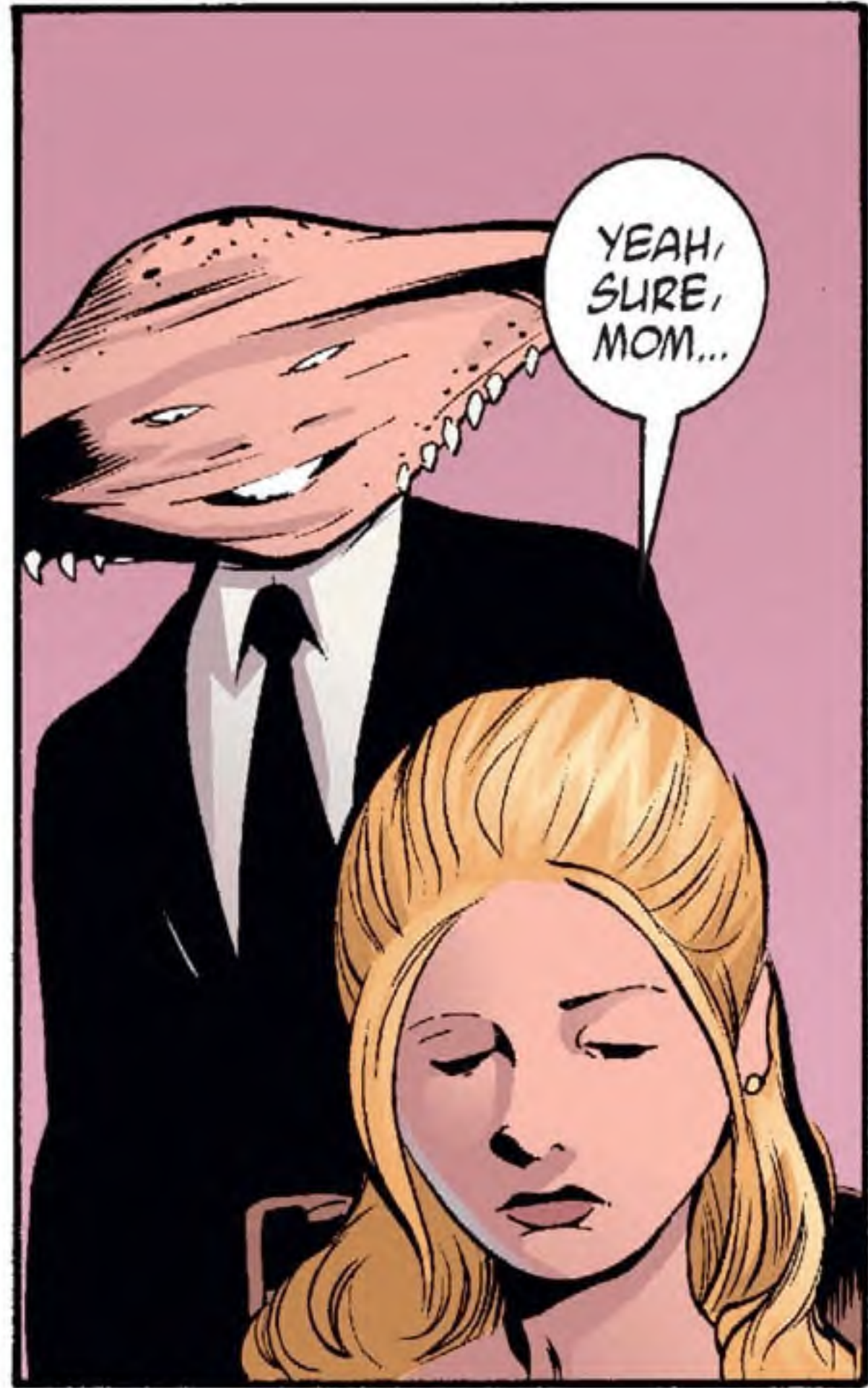
REAL EGGS? REAL BACON?



REAL WEIRD.

I HAVE SOME MAJOR MATERNAL MOTIVATION HERE.

BUFFY, CAN YOU BRING YOUR FATHER'S DRY CLEANING TO HIS OFFICE?



YEAH, SURE, MOM...

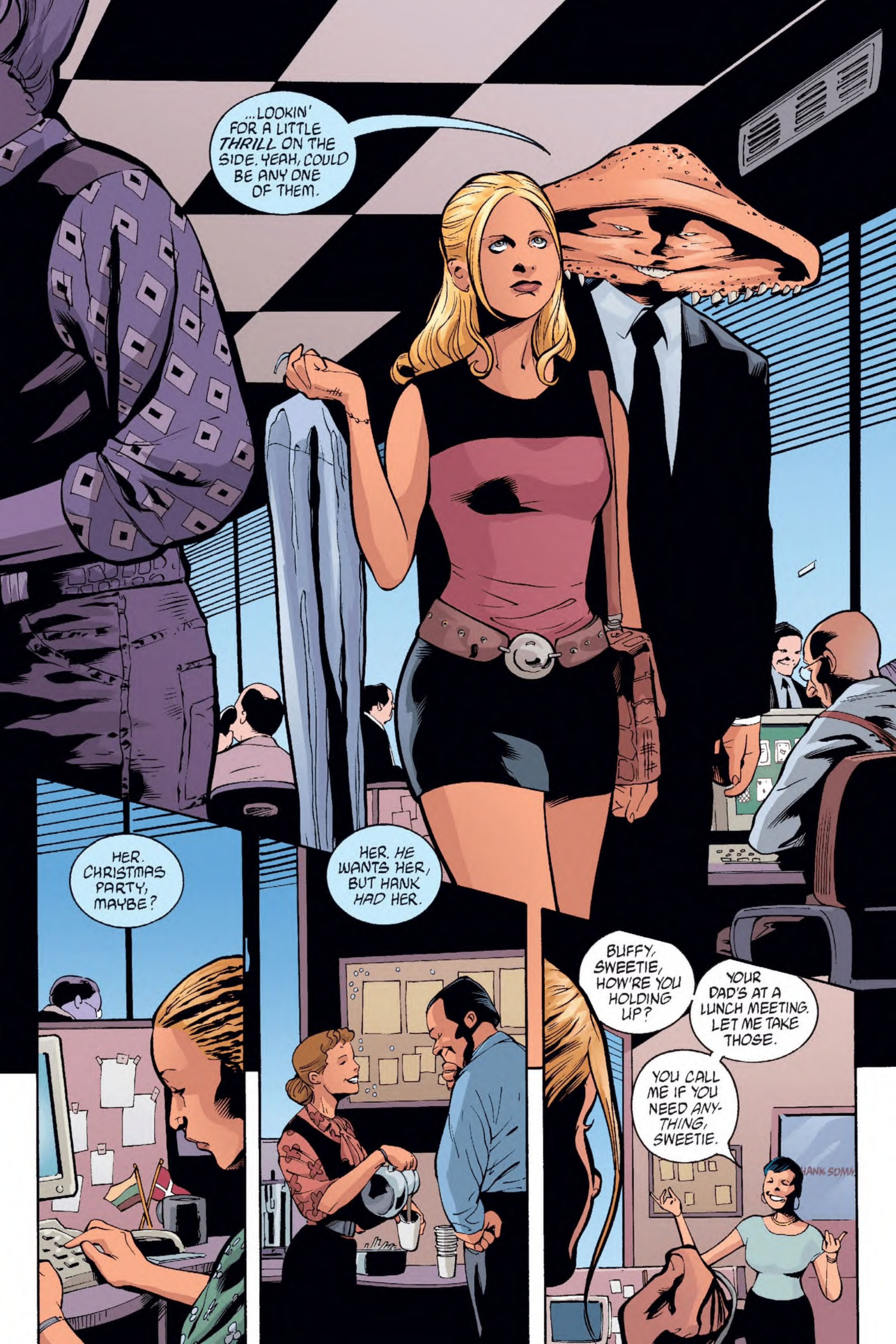


"...I WAS HOPING TO SEE DAD TODAY ANYWAY..."



FEEL THE PULSE POUNDING. CENTURY CITY MAKES THE BLOOD FLOW. THE SUBURBS ONLY SLOW A MAN DOWN.

GUY LIKE HANK, STARING DOWN FORTY, FEELING KIND OF WORN DOWN BY LIFE...



...LOOKIN'
FOR A LITTLE
THRILL ON THE
SIDE. YEAH, COULD
BE ANY ONE
OF THEM.

HER.
CHRISTMAS
PARTY,
MAYBE?

HER. HE
WANTS HER,
BUT HANK
HAD HER.

BUFFY,
SWEETIE,
HOW'RE YOU
HOLDING
UP?

YOUR
DAD'S AT A
LUNCH MEETING.
LET ME TAKE
THOSE.

YOU CALL
ME IF YOU
NEED ANY-
THING,
SWEETIE.

HANK SOMM



LUNCH MEETING. THAT'S HOW IT STARTS. BUSINESS AS USUAL.



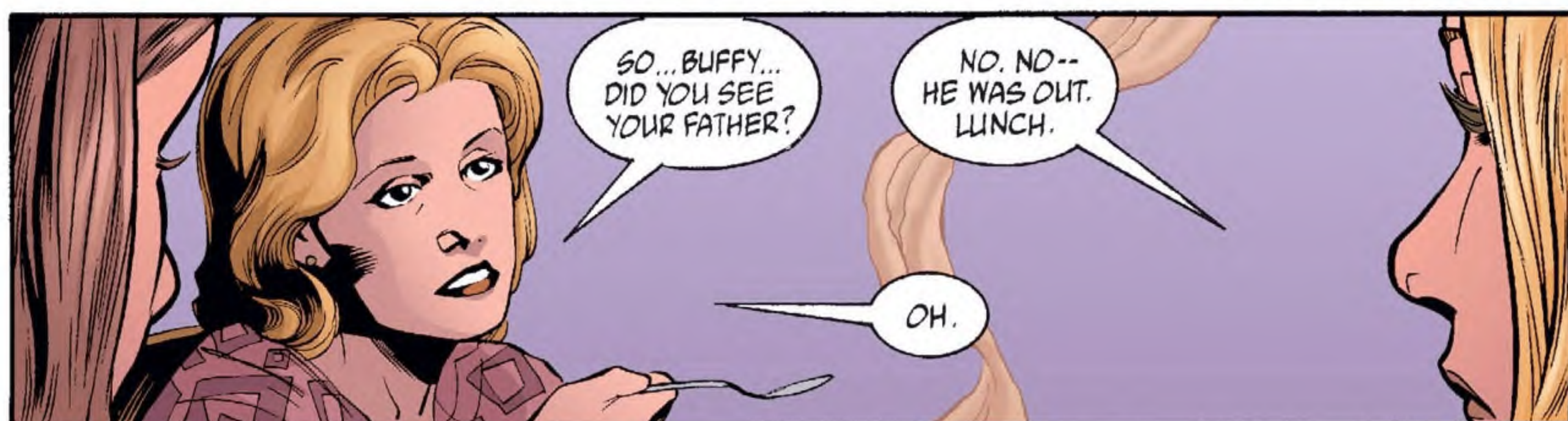
BUSINESS IS AS OLD AS TIME ITSELF.

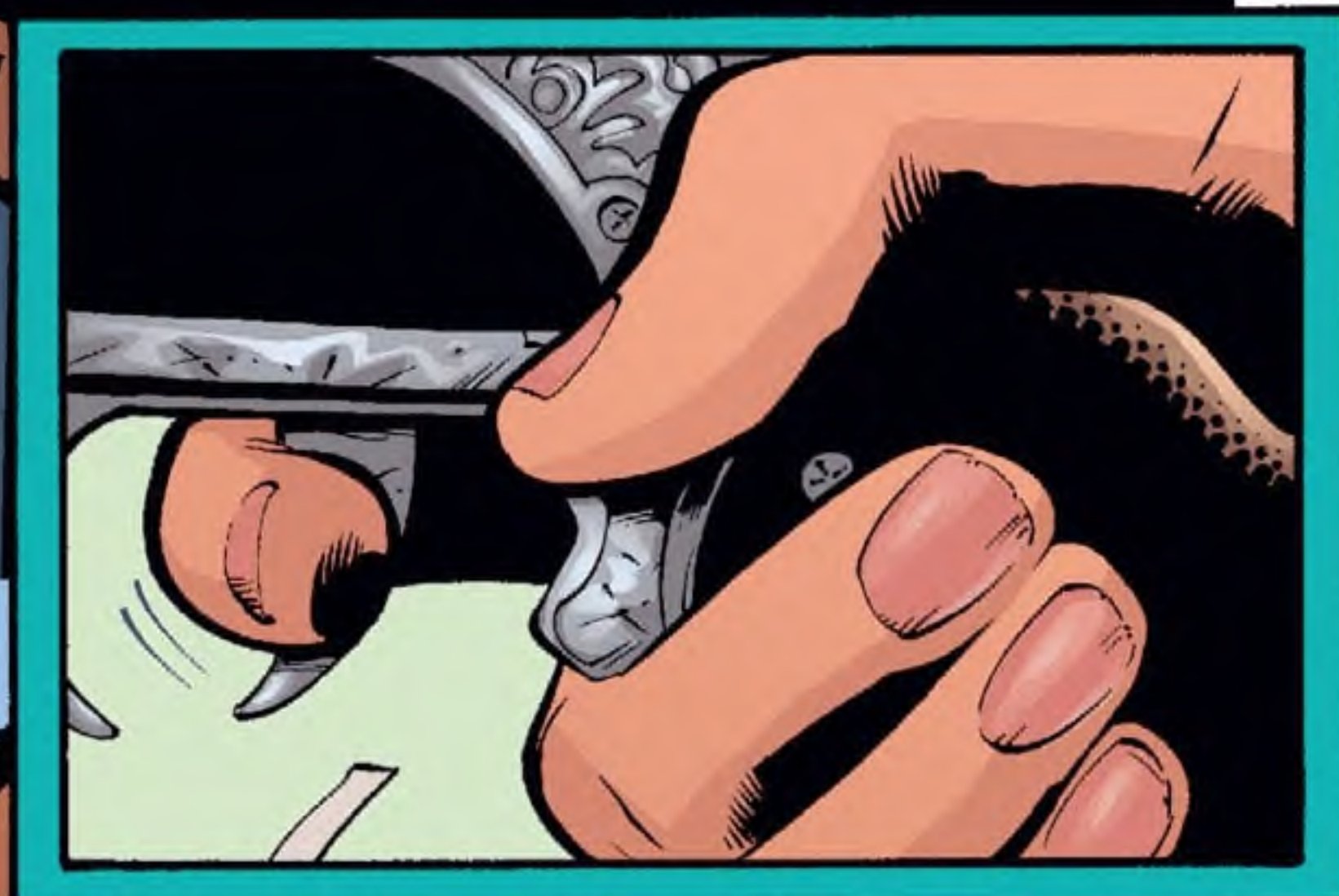
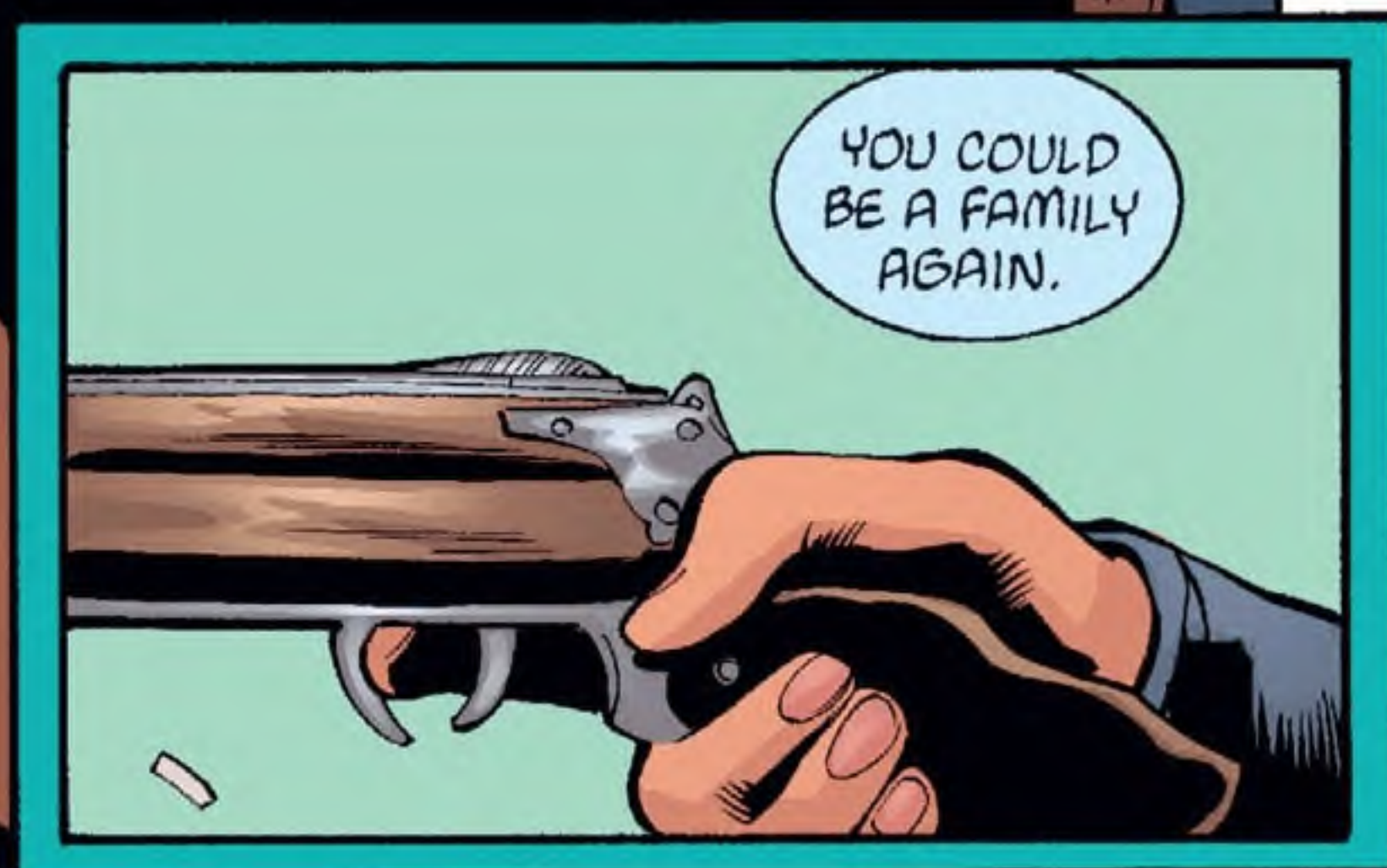
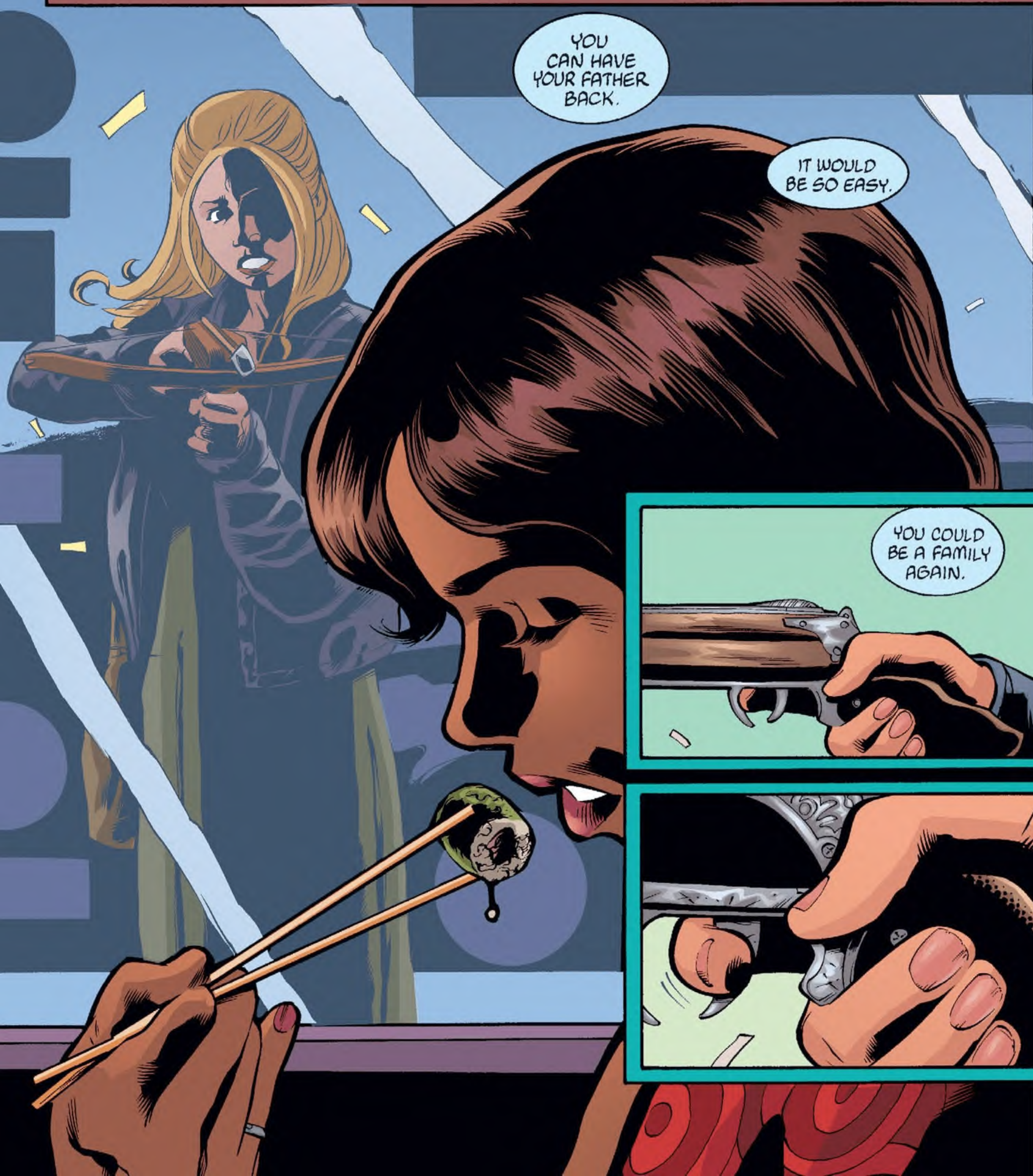
THE WAY OF THE WORLD, AND WHO SUFFERS?

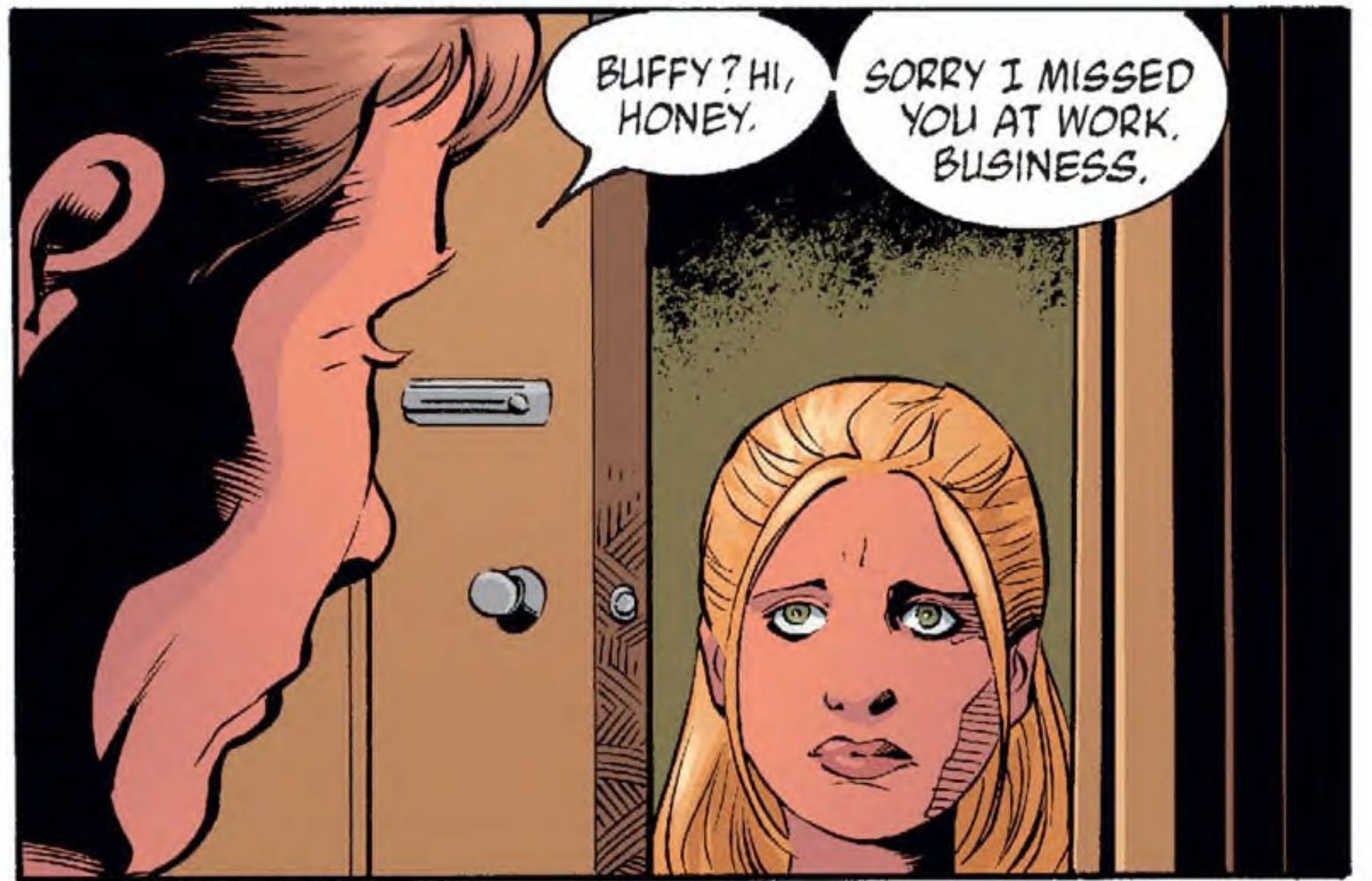


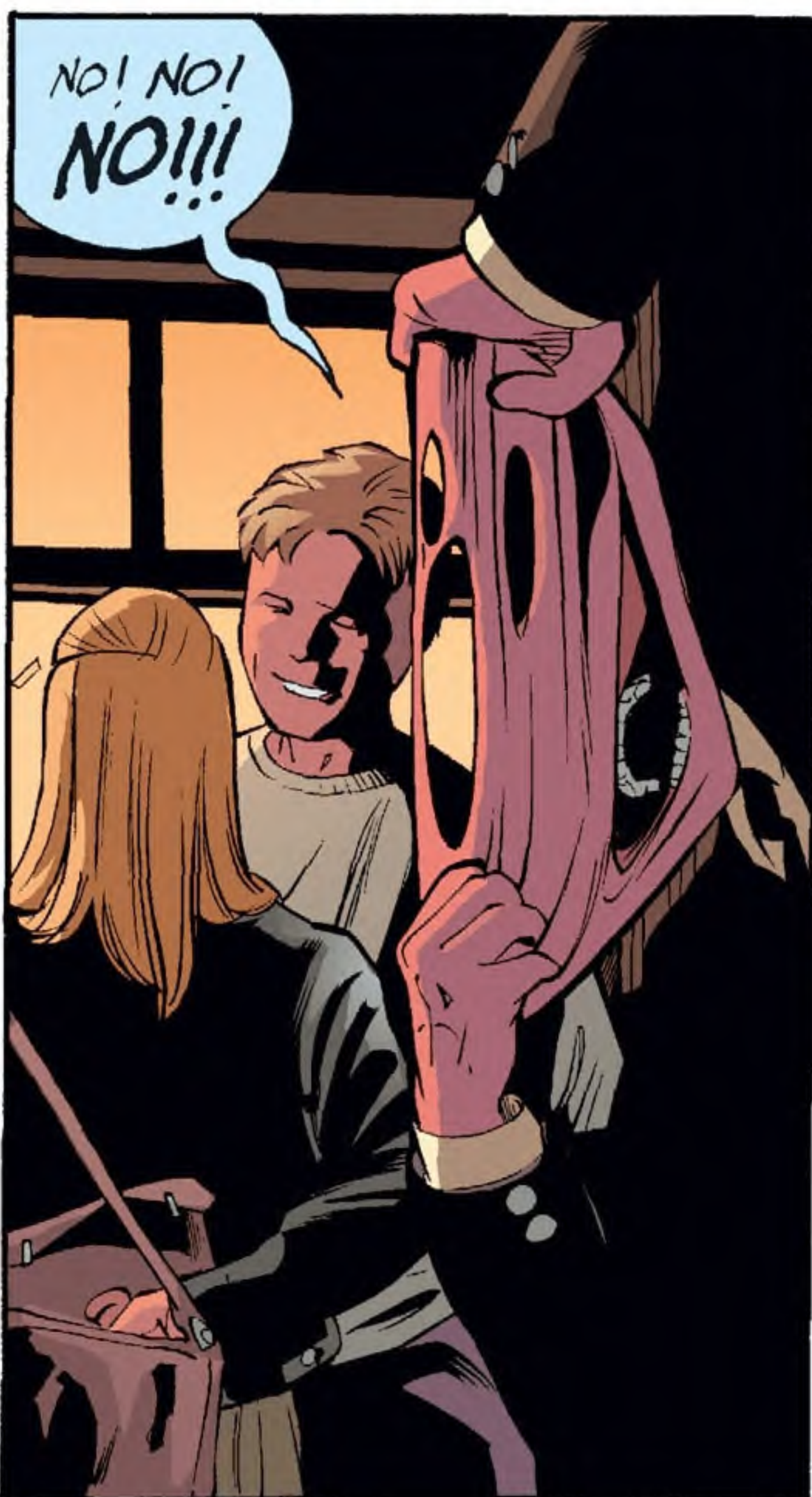
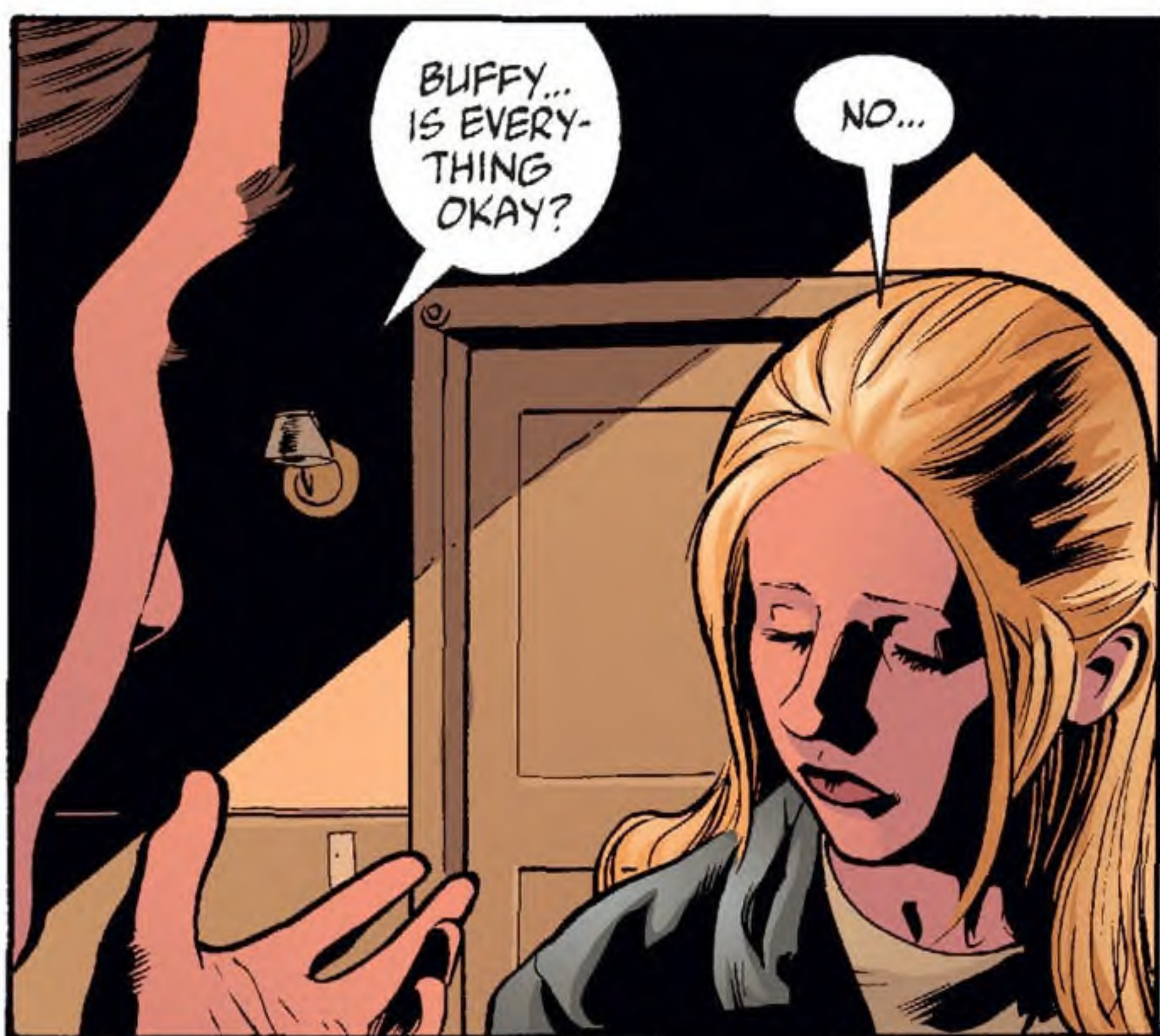
YOU DO.

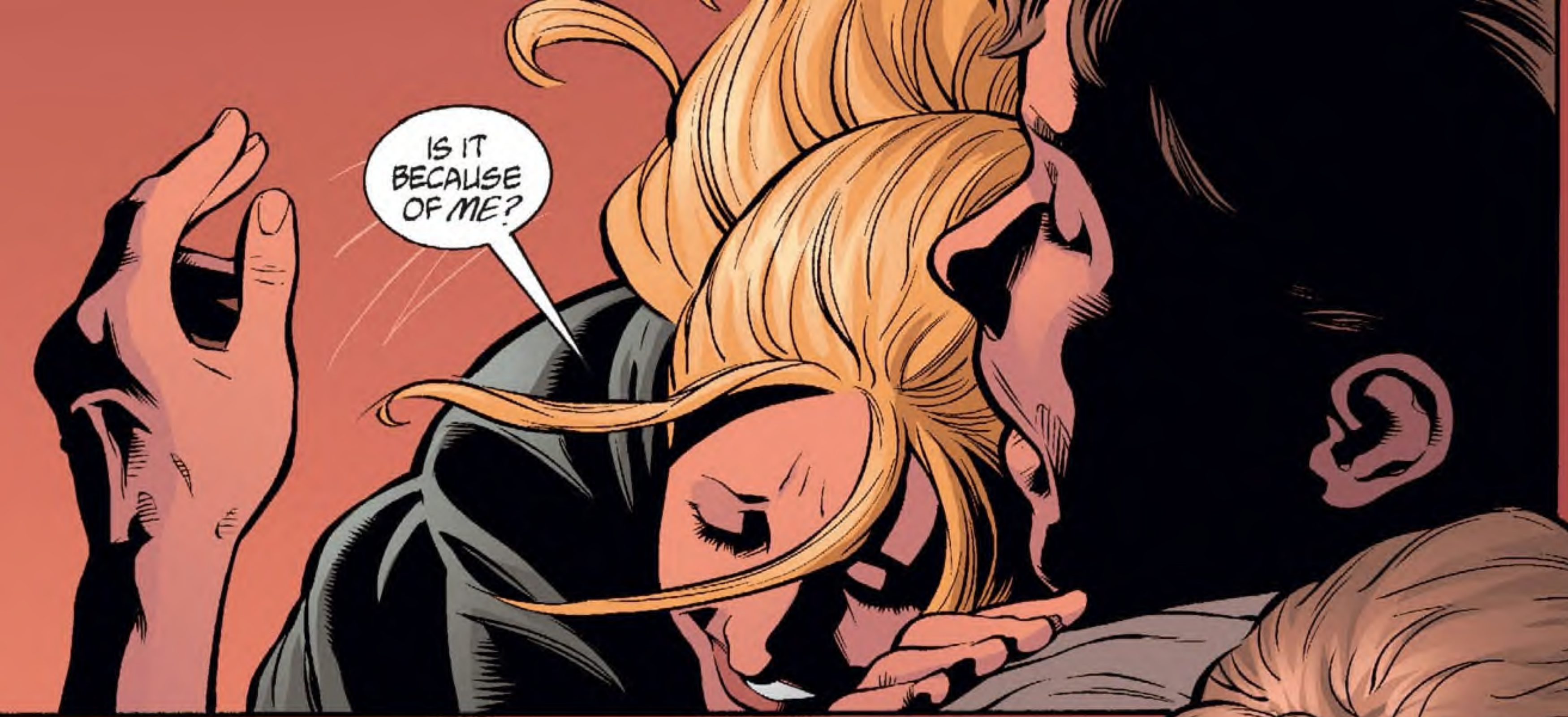


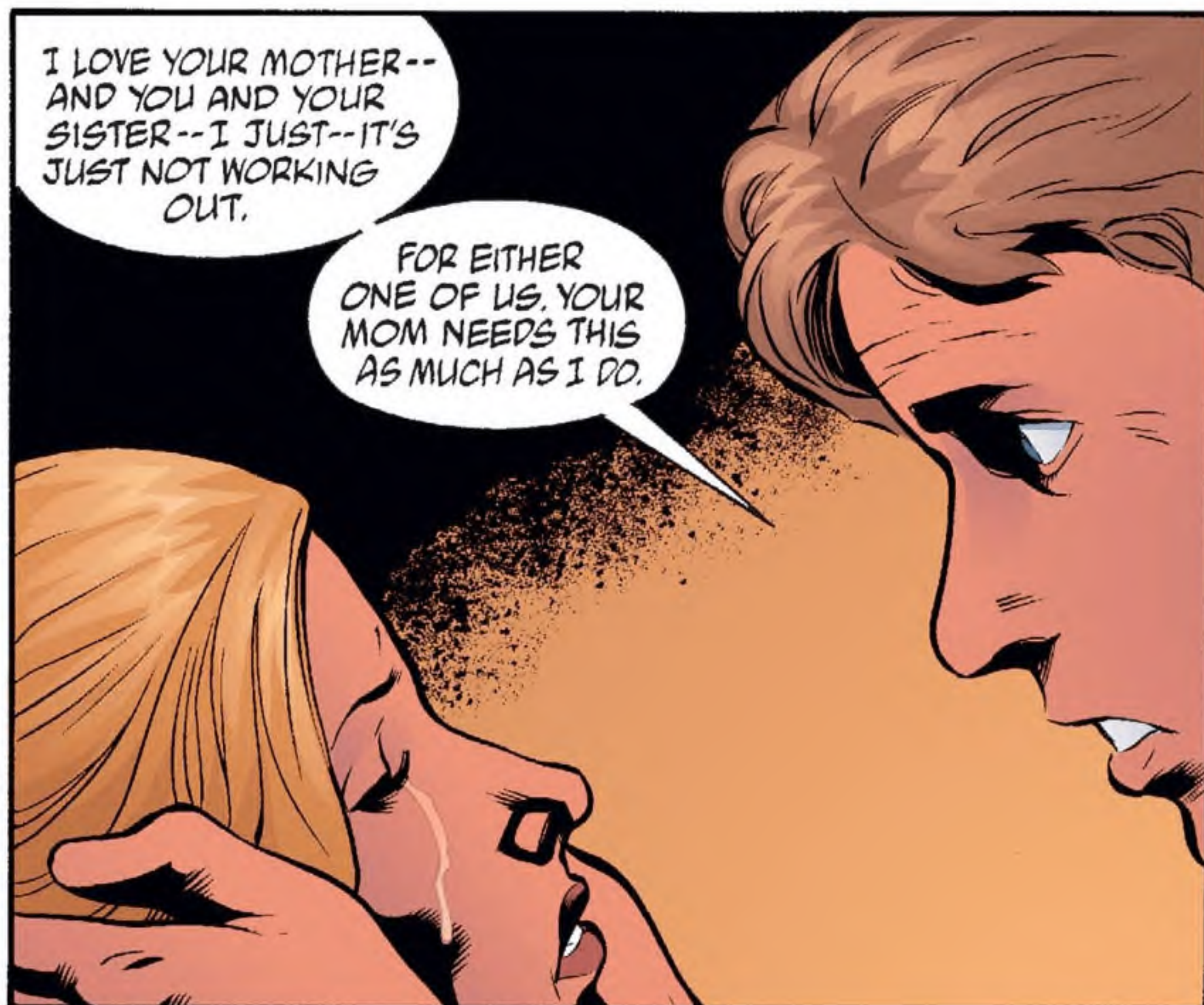


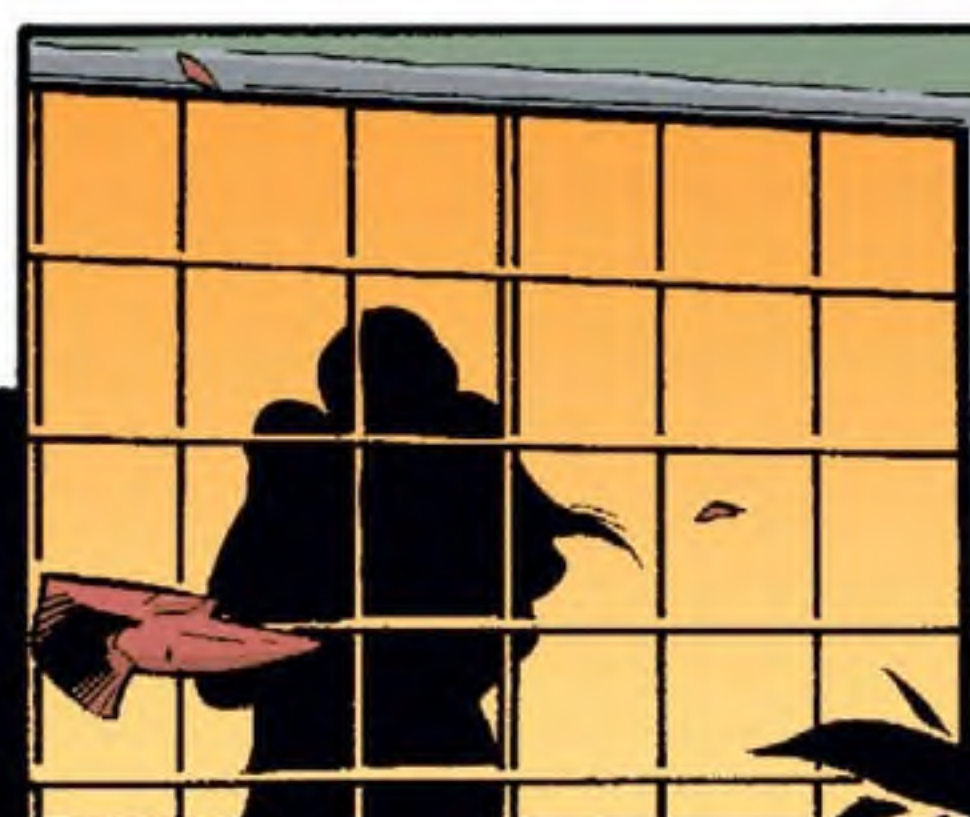










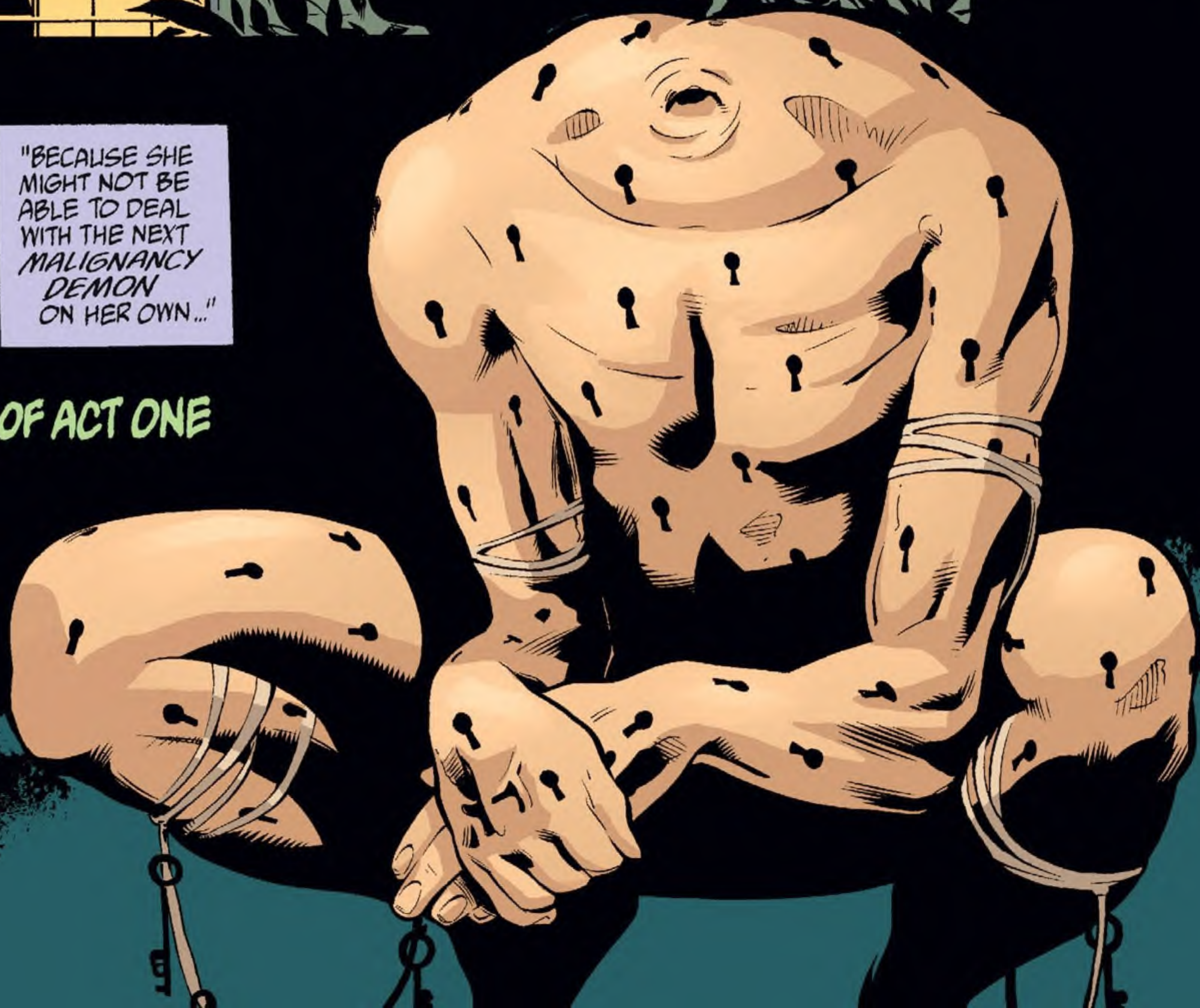


YOU OPEN A POT
OF SIMMERING
STEW, YOU'RE
GONNA SMELL
LOTS OF
DIFFERENT
SCENTS.

I KNOW.
WE HAVE TO FIND
A WAY TO PUT THE
LID BACK ON.

"BECAUSE SHE
MIGHT NOT BE
ABLE TO DEAL
WITH THE NEXT
MALIGNANCY
DEMON
ON HER OWN..."

END OF ACT ONE

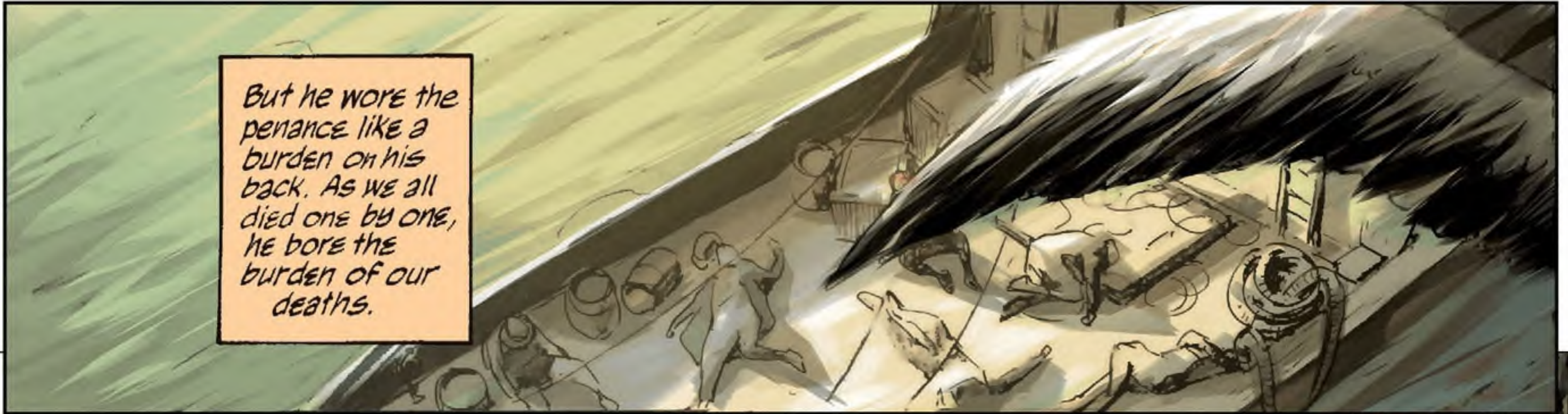


The bird had followed
us for days. A pet, indeed,
a friend to some!

What bade him
to drop the
bird from the
sky, we can
not say.



But he wore the
penance like a
burden on his
back. As we all
died one by one,
he bore the
burden of our
deaths.



My time is nigh
and yet he lives
on. I fad to spy
an albatross
o'erhead, laughing
at its kin, now dead.



One a shackle, a
testament to our
failure, the other
soon to be joined
in flight...

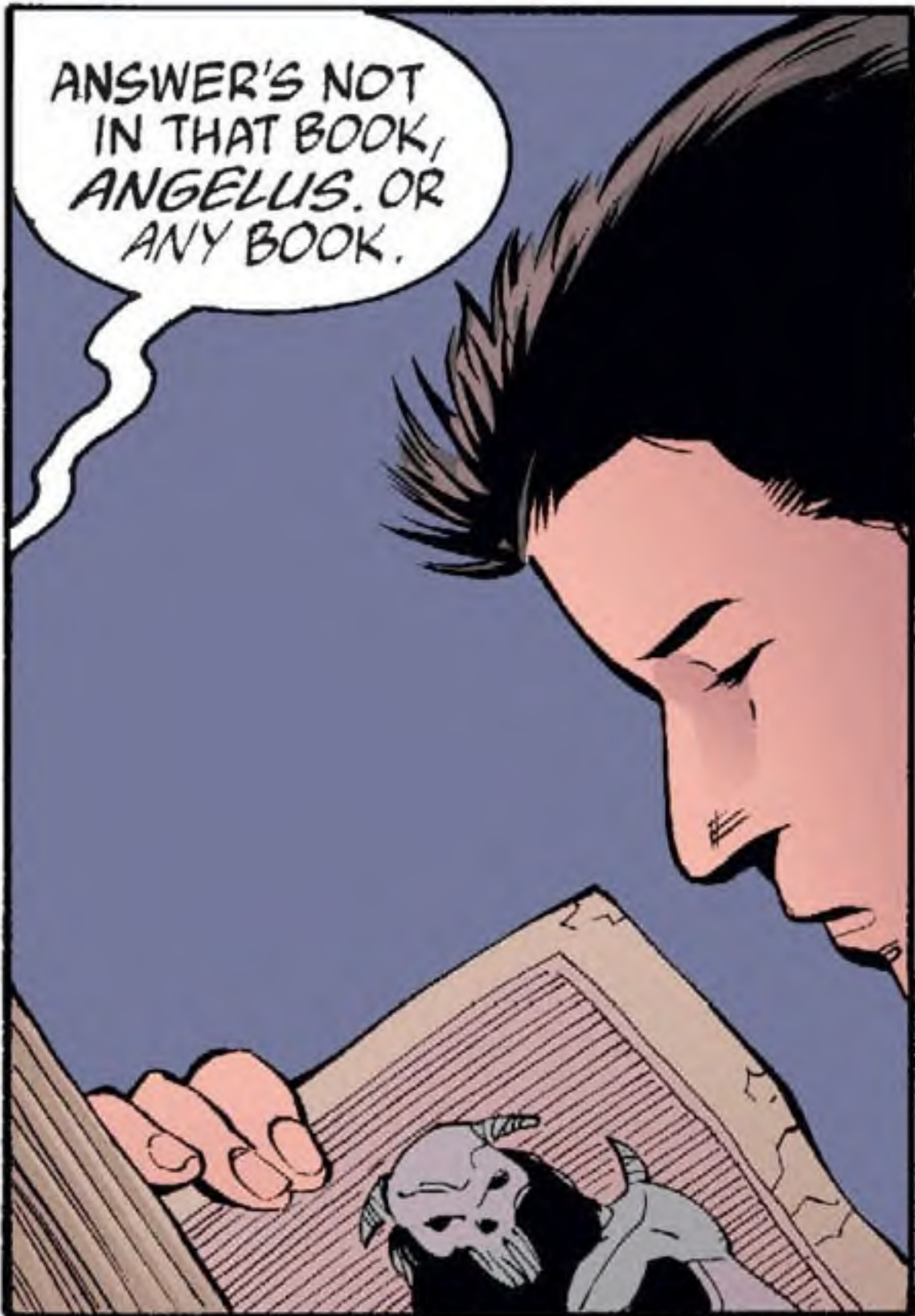
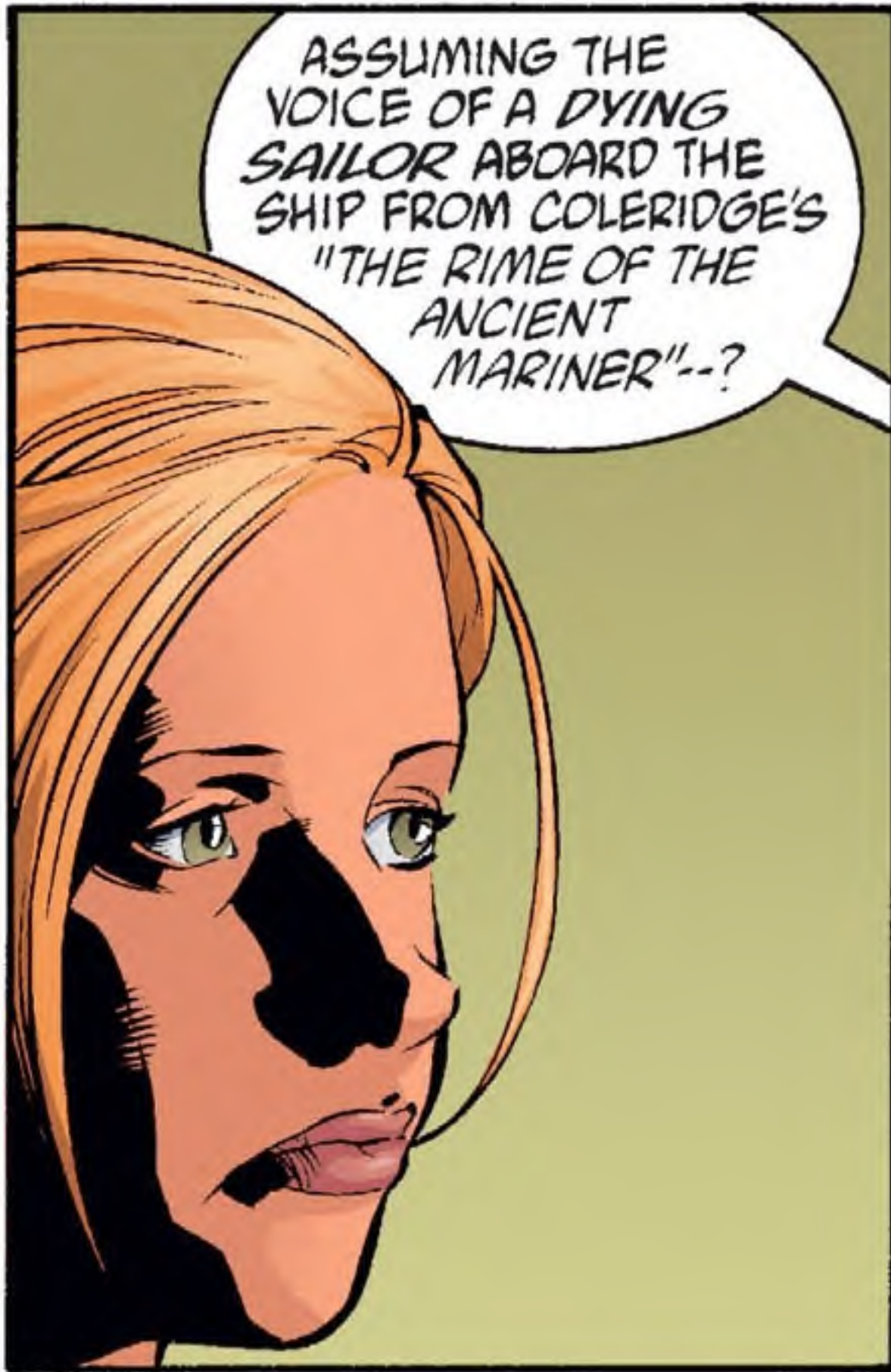


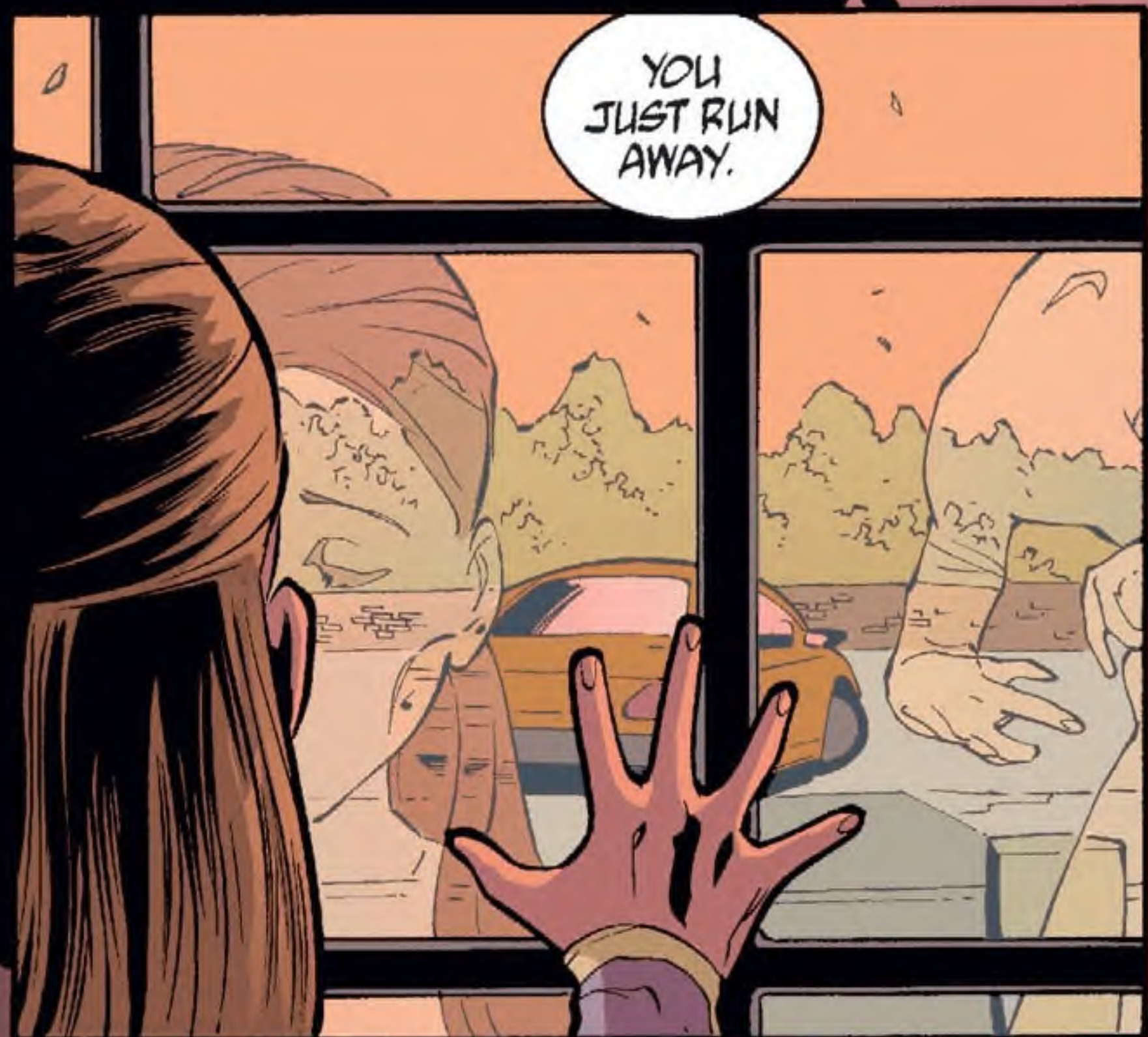
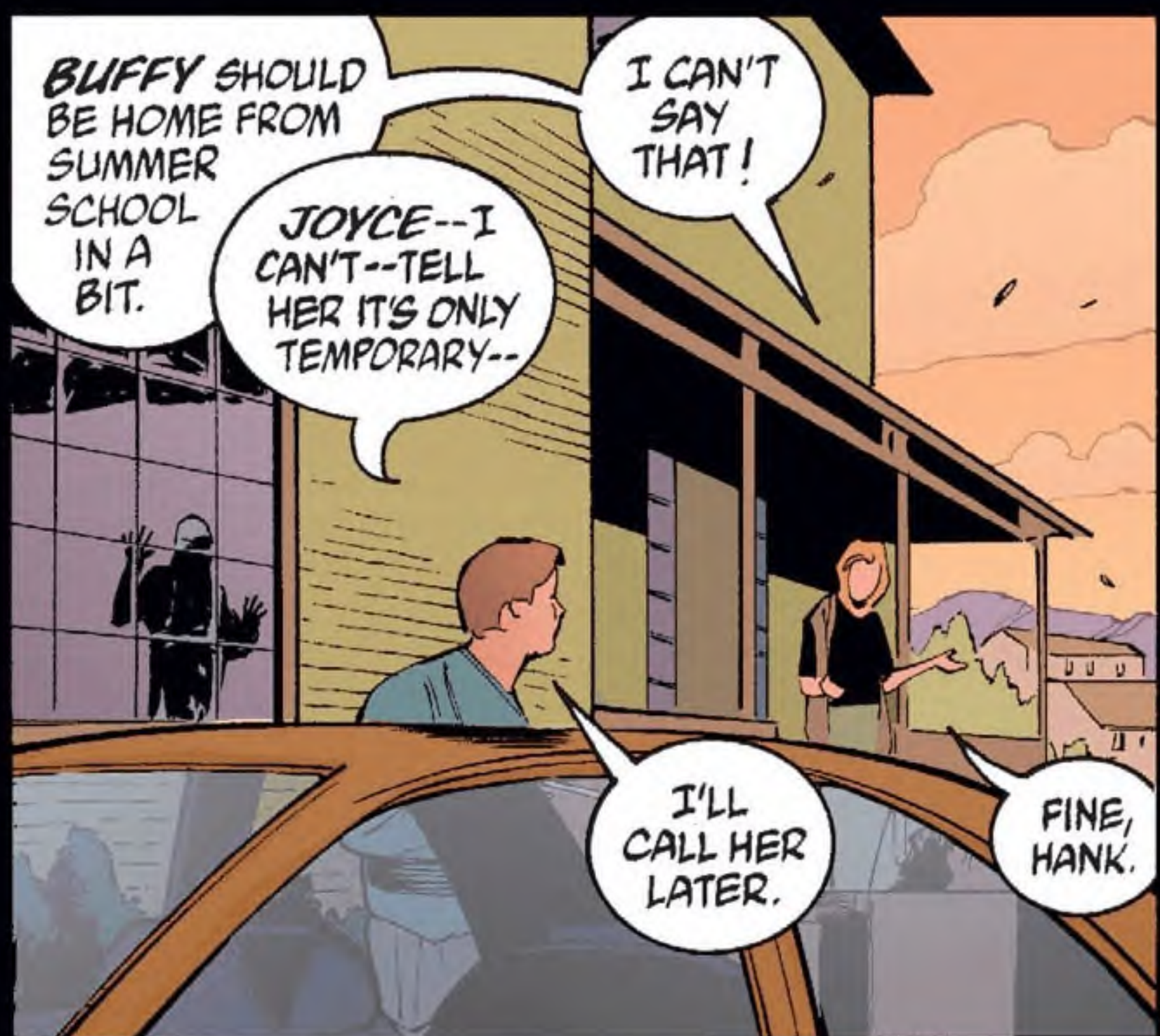
...but not
by he who
caused our
plight...



ACT
TWO:

GUILT









NO--CUT
IT OUT.

C'MON--YOU
PROMISED.



I KNOW,
BUT OUT
HERE?

YOU SAID
OUTDOORS. THIS
QUALIFIES.



NO--C'MON--
CUT IT OUT--



YOU'VE HEARD
THAT "NO" MEANS
"NO," RIGHT?



AND DID YOU KNOW
STAKE ALSO
MEANS DEAD
MEAT...

NO!



NO?



WHAT
IS YOUR
DEFICIENCY,
GIRL?

ARE
YOU OKAY,
HONEY?



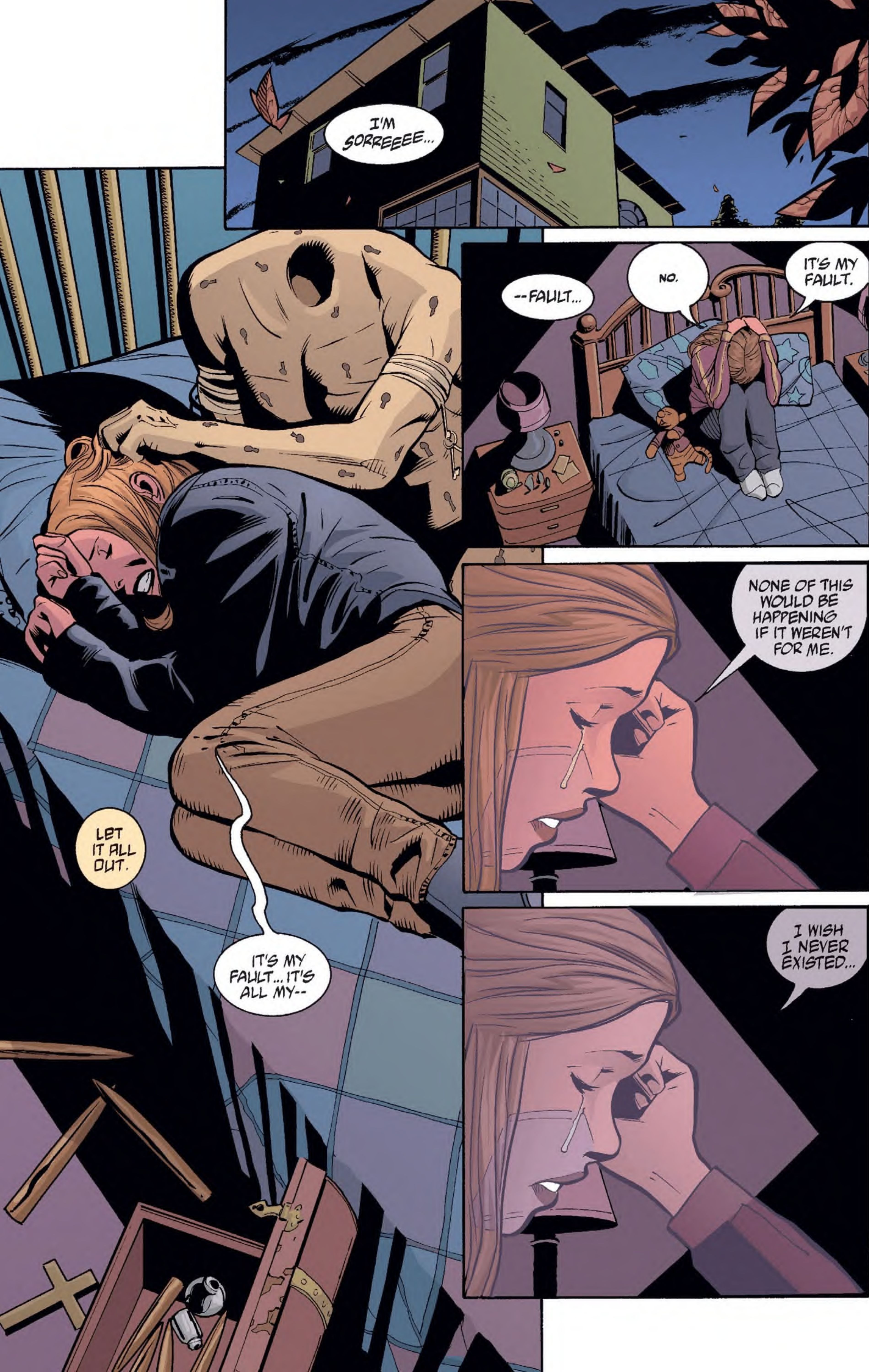
I--YOU--I
THOUGHT HE
WAS A--HMM--
I'M SORRY--

--SORRY
--UHM...
CARRY
ON--



LET
ME HELP
YOU
UP...





I'M
SORREEEE...

LET
IT ALL
OUT.

IT'S MY
FAULT... IT'S
ALL MY--

--FAULT...

NO.

IT'S MY
FAULT.

NONE OF THIS
WOULD BE
HAPPENING
IF IT WEREN'T
FOR ME.

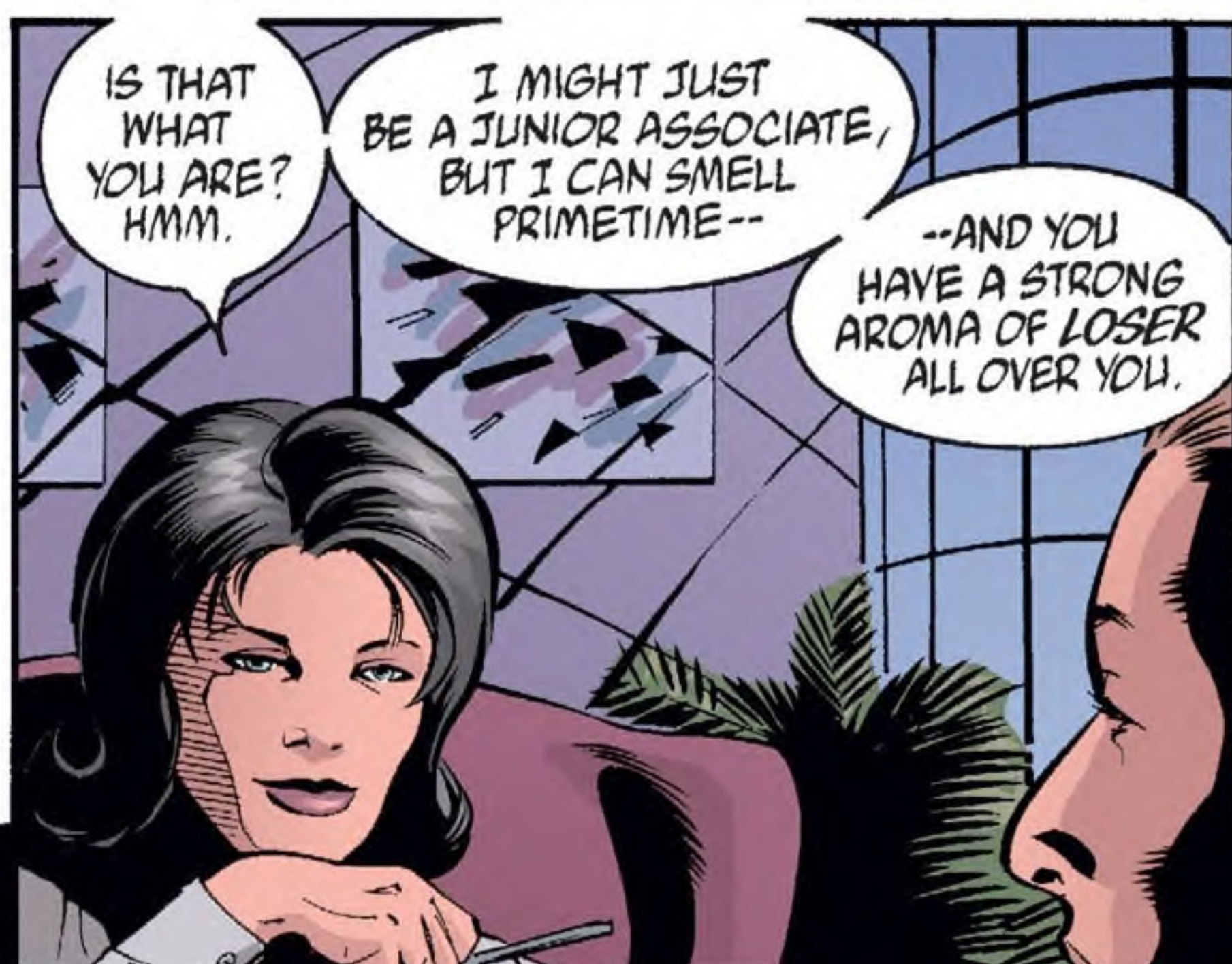
I WISH
I NEVER
EXISTED...



--THEN WHERE WOULD PEOPLE LIKE YOU COME FOR HELP, MR. WHISTLER?



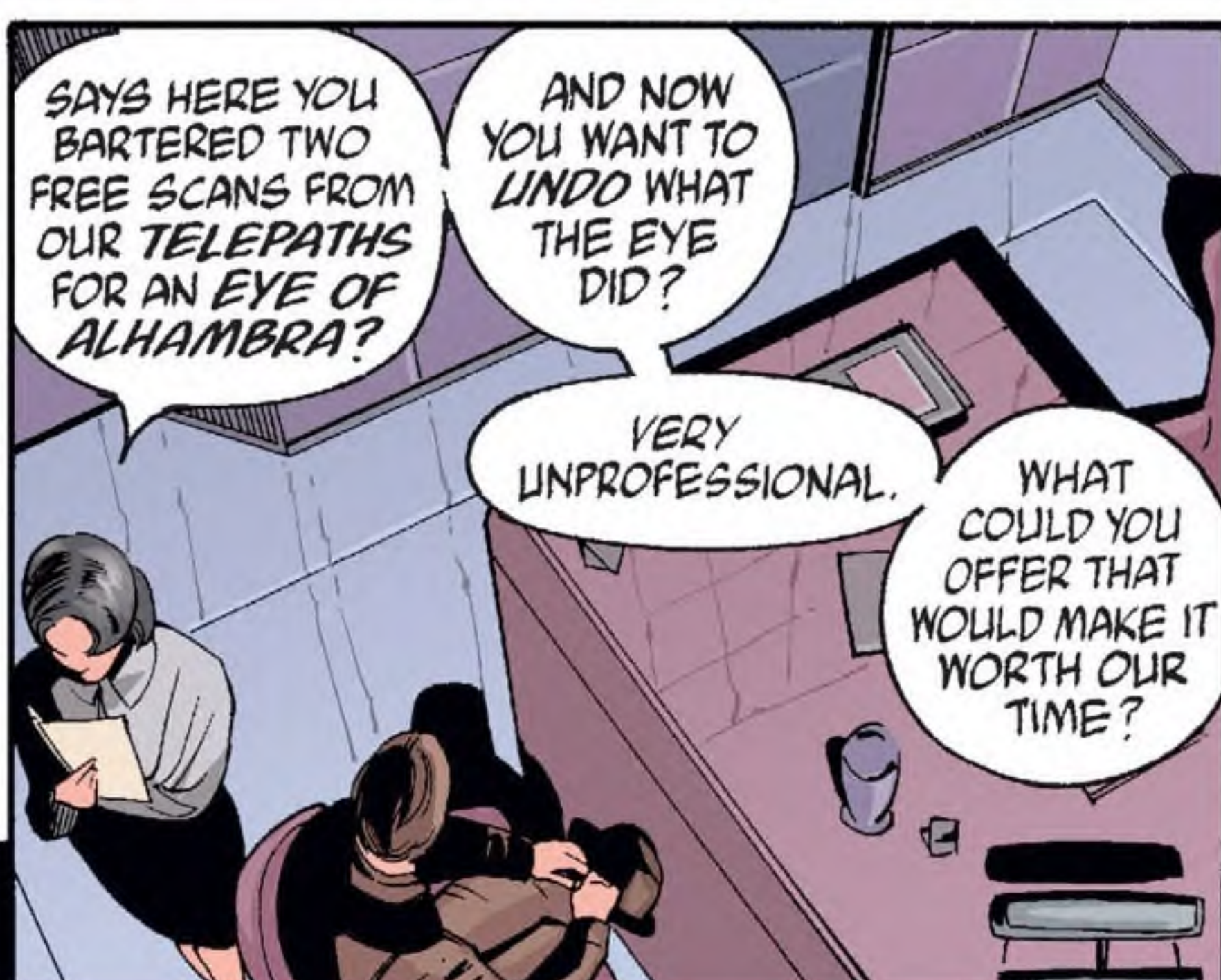
HONEY, YOU'RE A ROOKIE 'ROUND THESE PARTS, DON'T TRY TO PLAY A PLAYER.



IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE? HMM.

I MIGHT JUST BE A JUNIOR ASSOCIATE, BUT I CAN SMELL PRIMETIME--

--AND YOU HAVE A STRONG AROMA OF LOSER ALL OVER YOU.



SAYS HERE YOU BARTERED TWO FREE SCANS FROM OUR TELEPATHS FOR AN EYE OF ALHAMBRA?

AND NOW YOU WANT TO LINDO WHAT THE EYE DID?

VERY UNPROFESSIONAL.

WHAT COULD YOU OFFER THAT WOULD MAKE IT WORTH OUR TIME?



A NAME.

MUST BE SOME NAME.

ANGELUS.

THAT'S AN INTERESTING NAME...

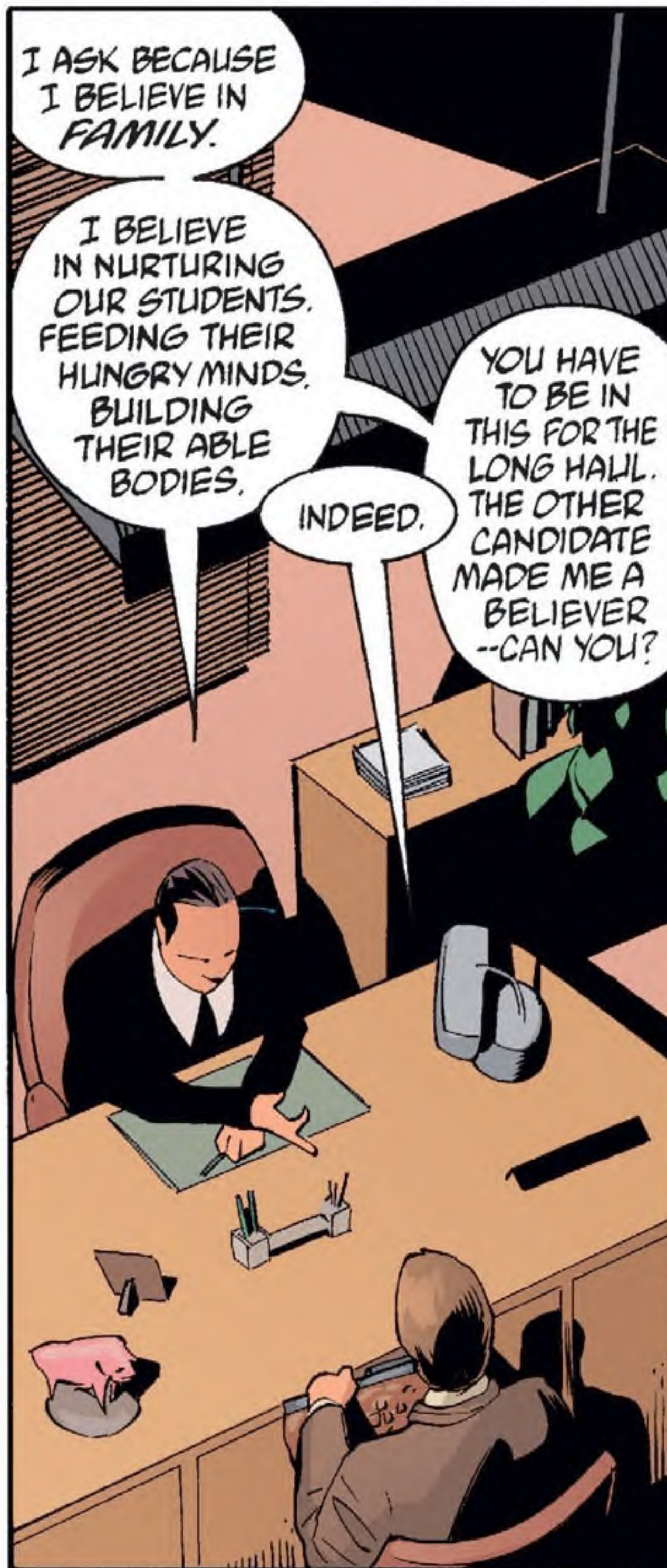


RUPERT GILES. IMPRESSIVE RESUME FOR A LIBRARIAN. THE BRITISH MUSEUM?



AH. YES. A BRITISH MUSEUM, ACTUALLY, MR. FLUTIE.

YOU PLAN ON STAYING IN SUNNYDALE A LONG TIME, MR. GILES?



I ASK BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN FAMILY.

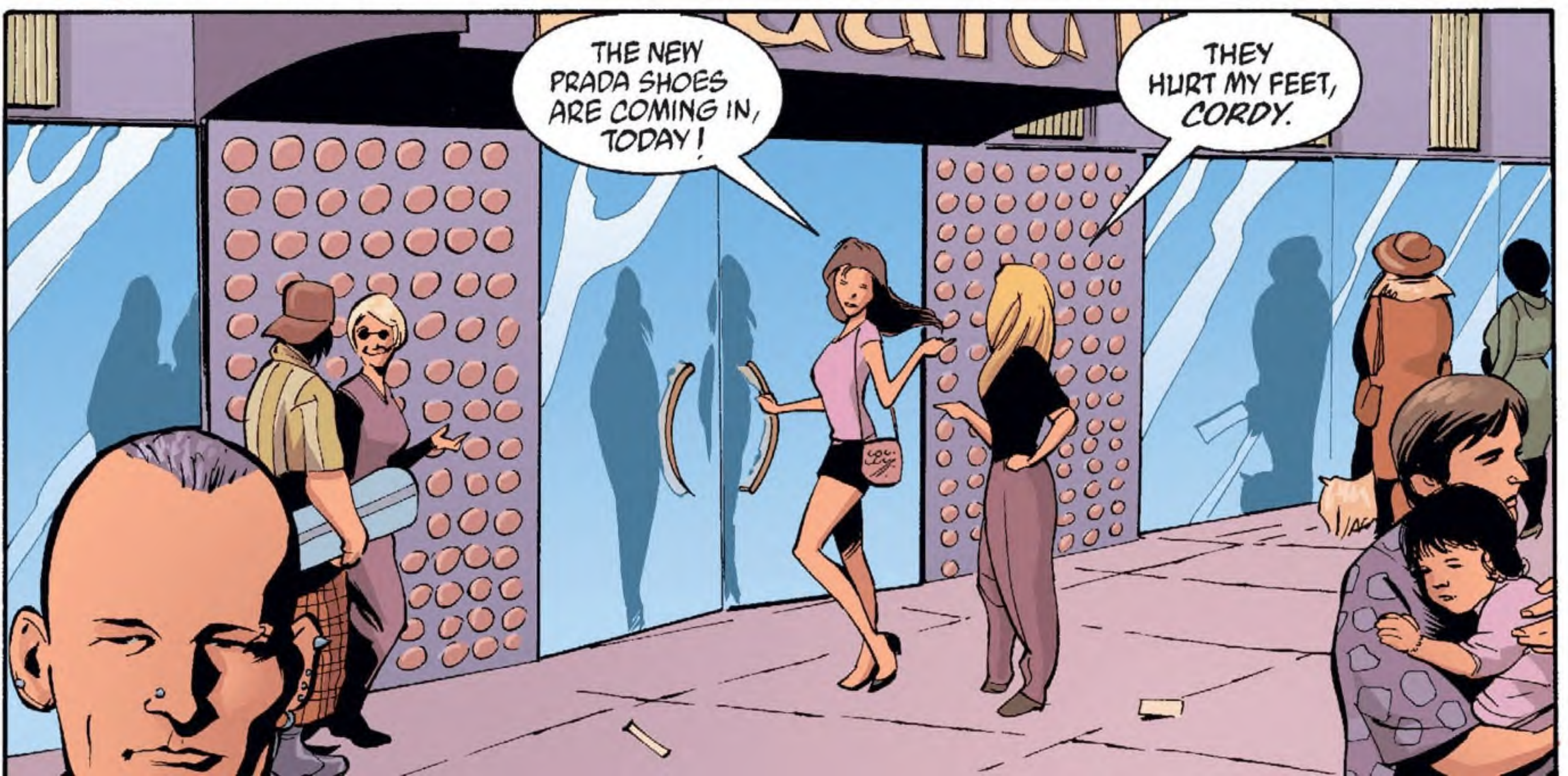
I BELIEVE IN NURTURING OUR STUDENTS. FEEDING THEIR HUNGRY MINDS. BUILDING THEIR ABLE BODIES.

INDEED.

YOU HAVE TO BE IN THIS FOR THE LONG HAIL. THE OTHER CANDIDATE MADE ME A BELIEVER --CAN YOU?

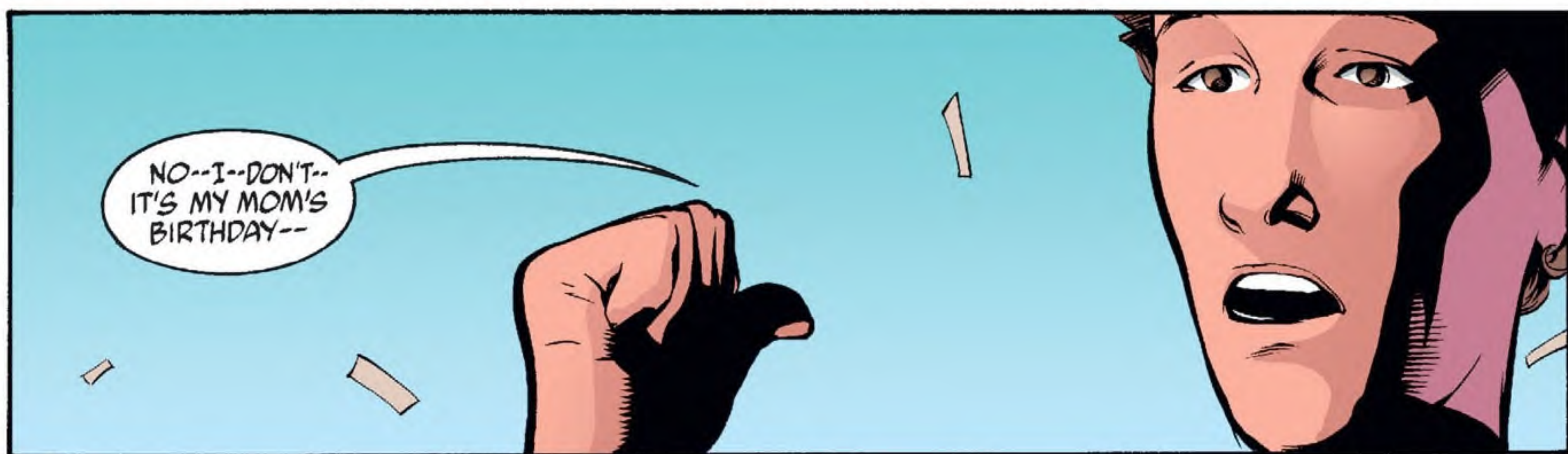
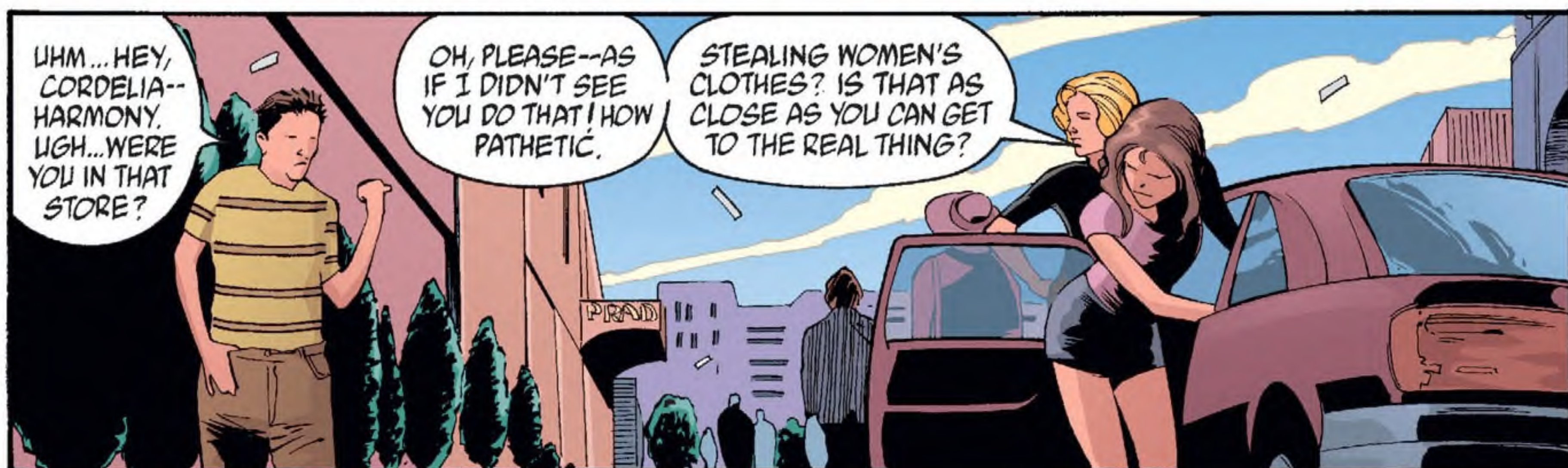


Uhm--YES-- OTHER CANDIDATE?



THE NEW PRADA SHOES ARE COMING IN, TODAY!

THEY HURT MY FEET, CORDY.







DID YOUR FATHER CALL THIS AFTER-NOON?



NO.

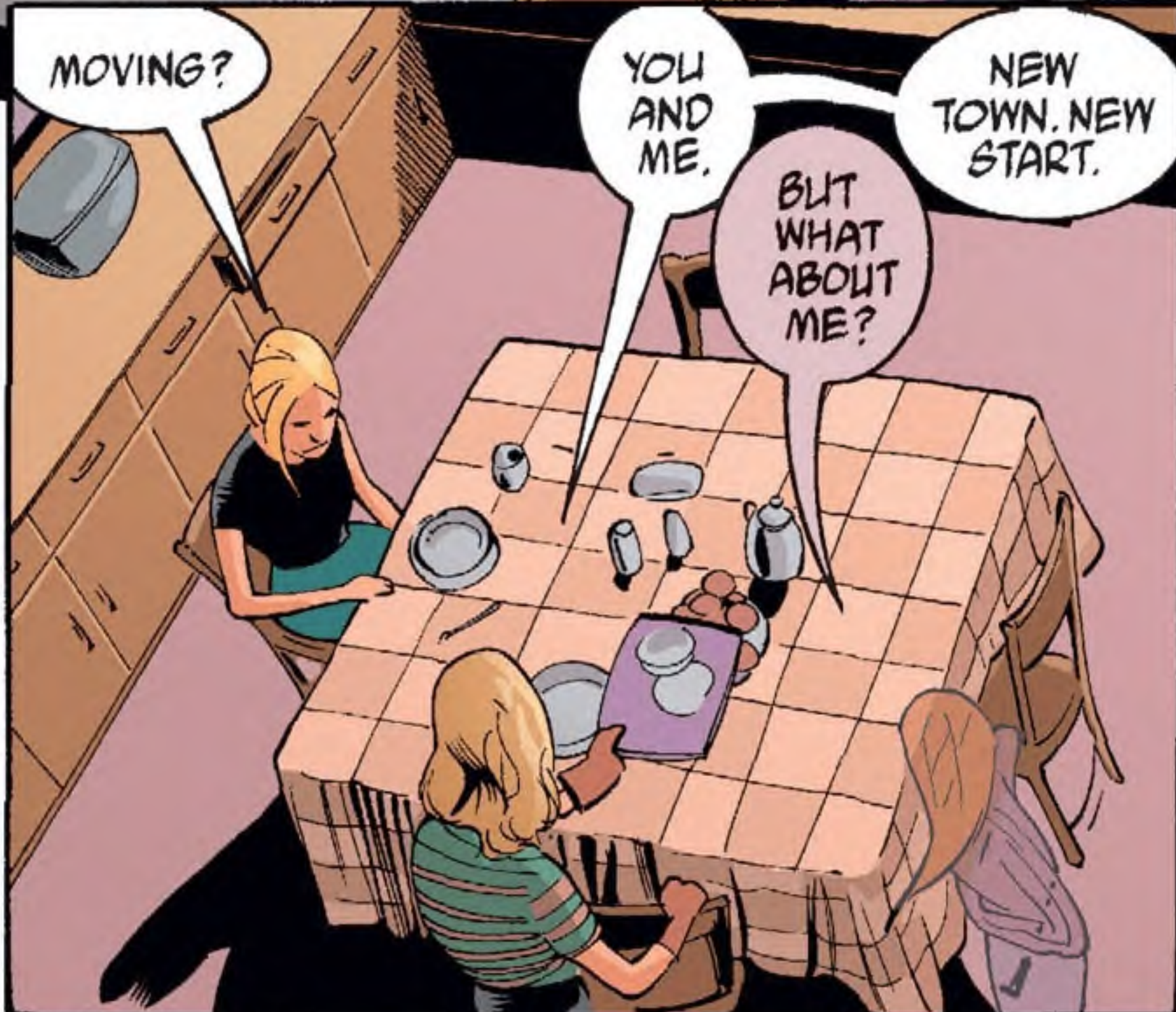
NO.

HE SAID HE WOULD. ANYWAY, I KEEP THINKING L.A. HAS TOO MANY GALLERIES ALREADY.



MOM--?

SO I THOUGHT MAYBE WE SHOULD CONSIDER...MOVING?



MOVING?

YOU AND ME.

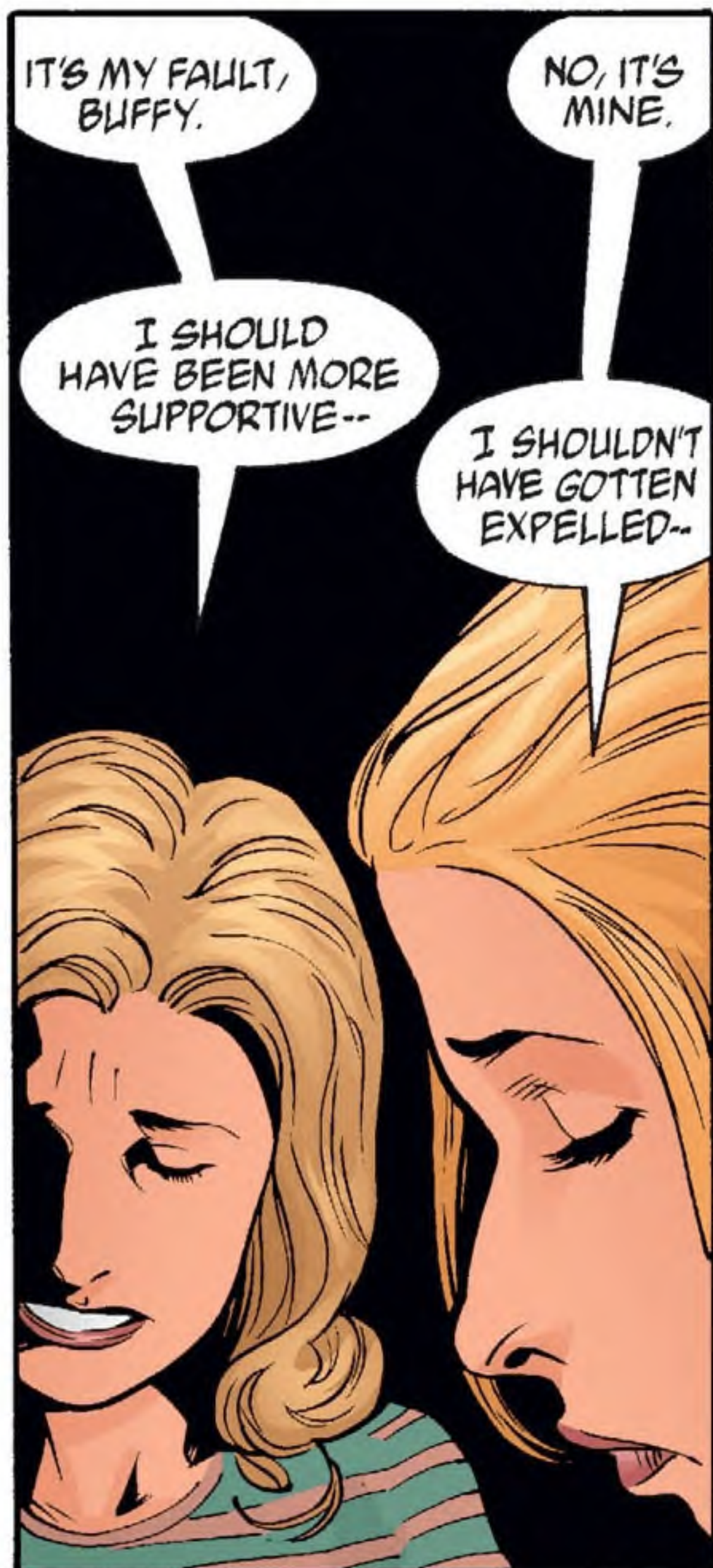
NEW TOWN. NEW START.

BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

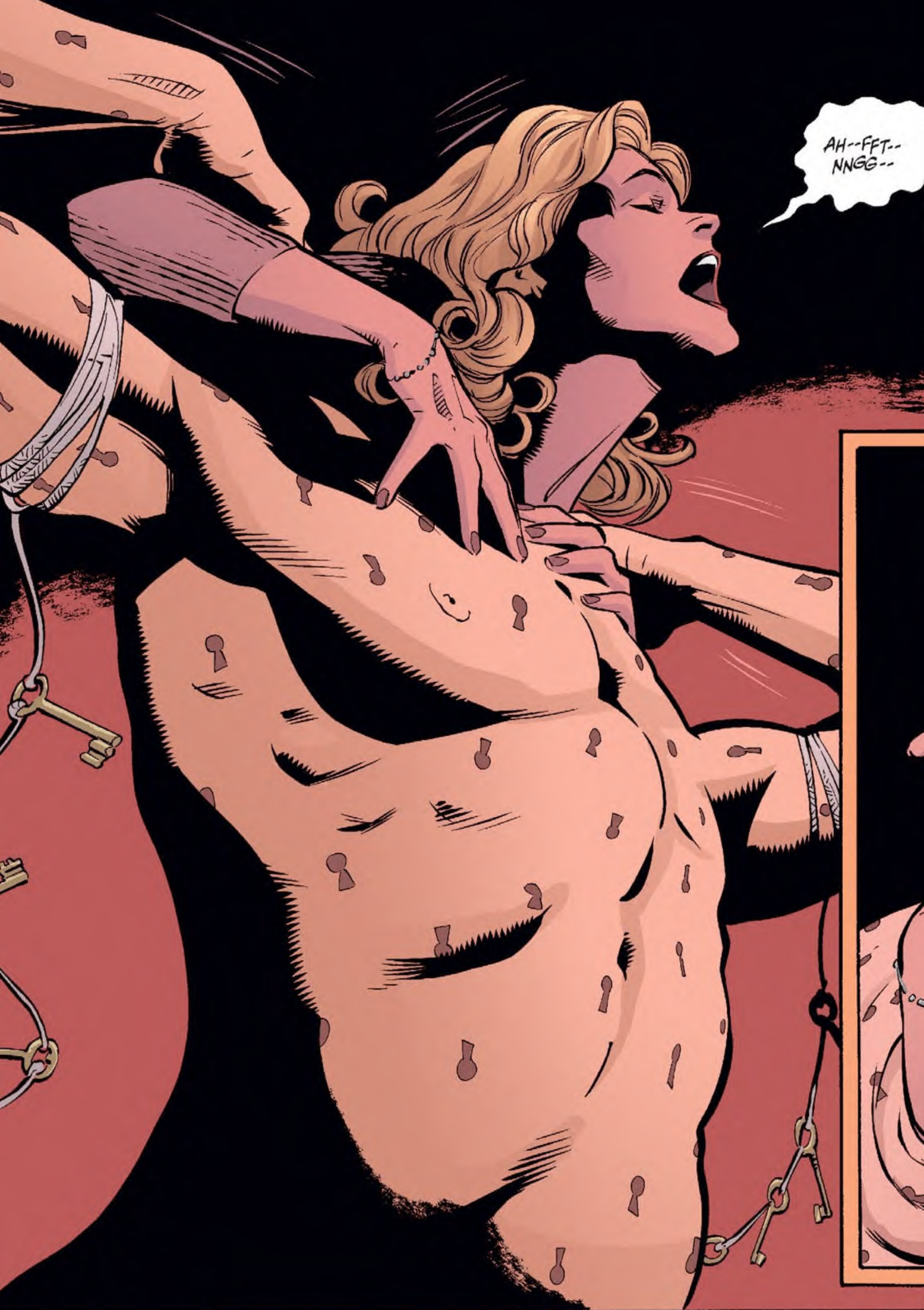


WHAT DO YOU THINK?

YOU'RE NOT GETTING BACK TOGETHER, ARE YOU?







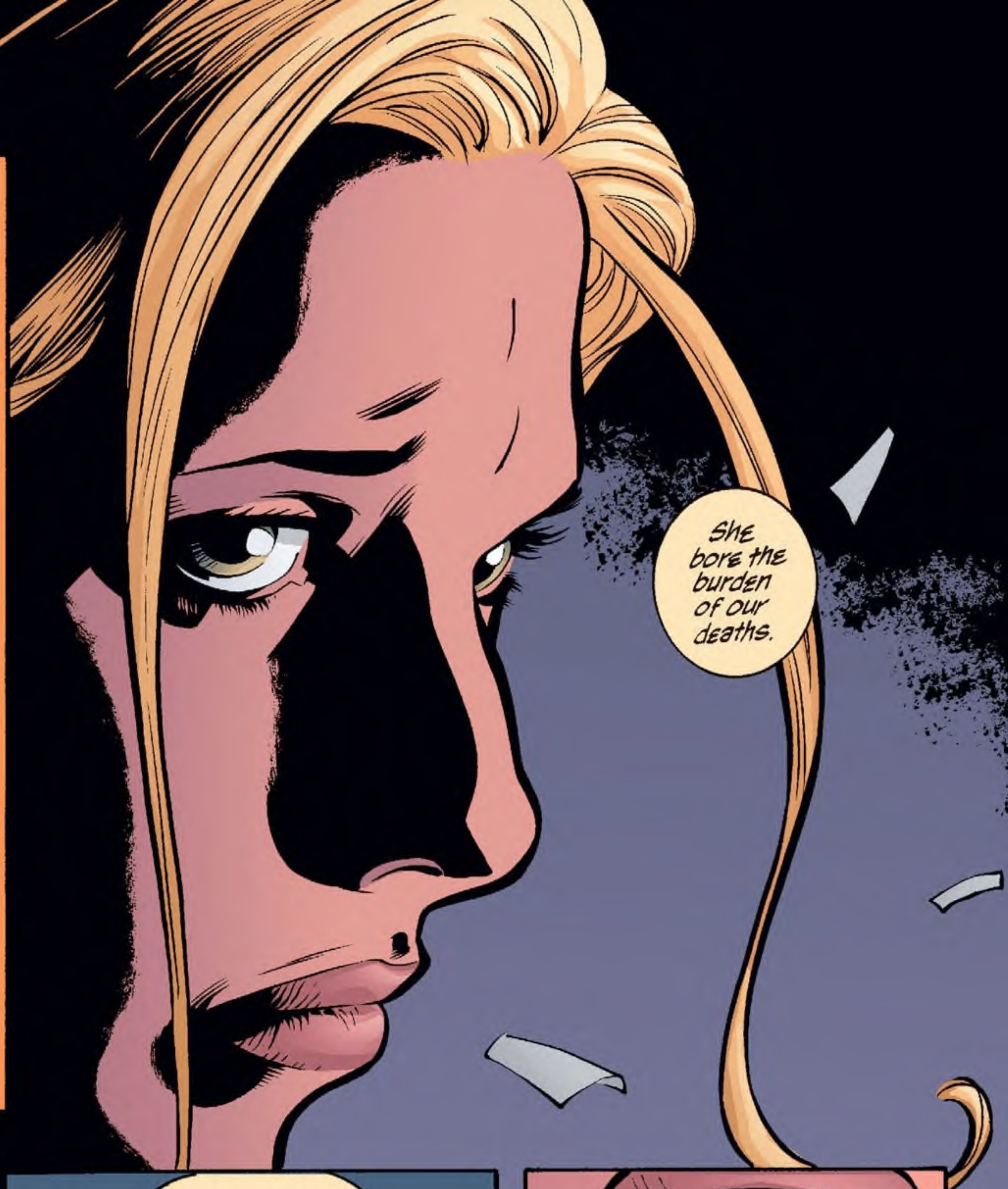
AH--FFT--
NNGG--



MOM--?

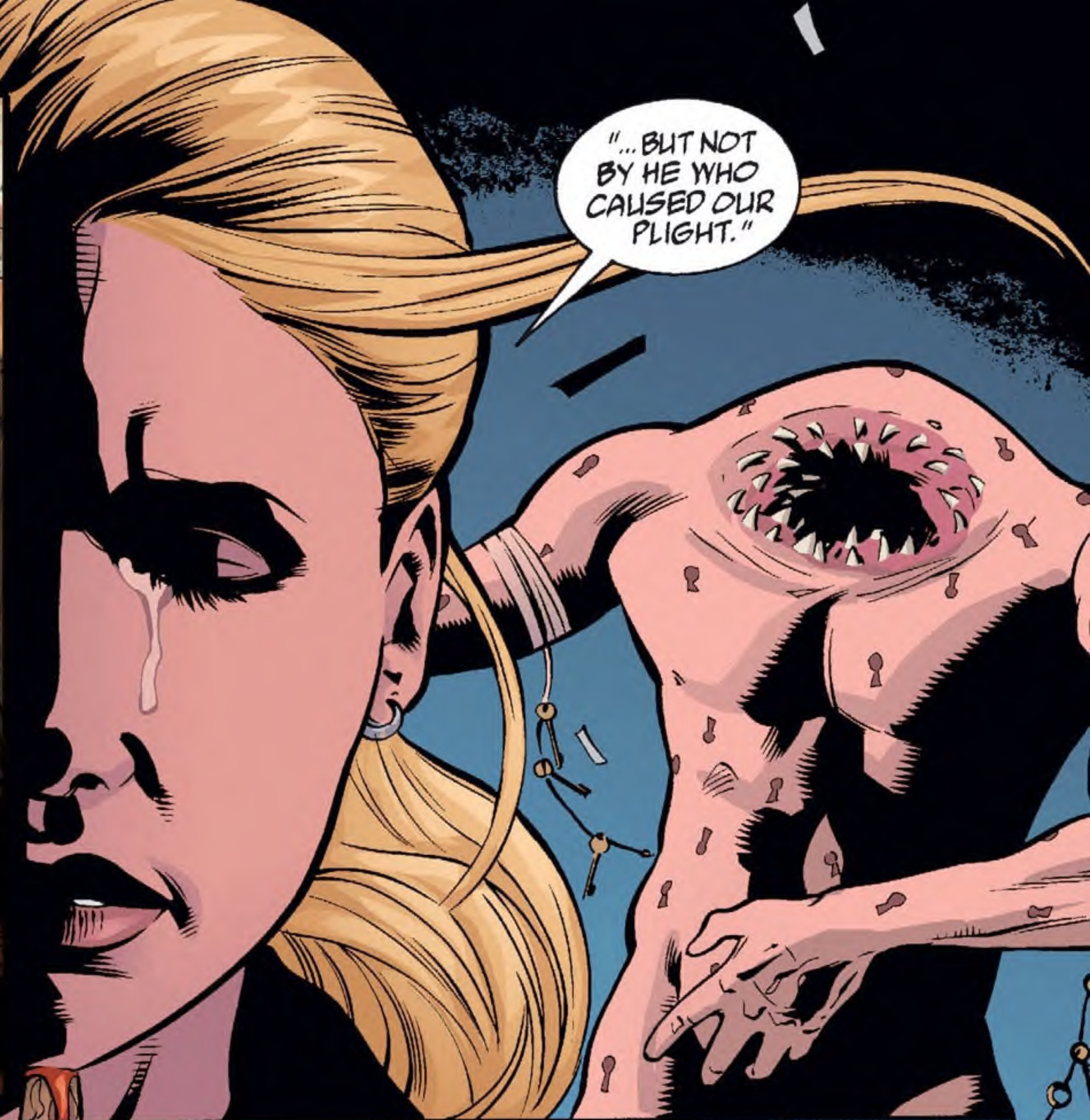
HELLO?
MOM?
BUFFY?

ANYONE...?





One a shackle, a testament to our failure, the other soon to be joined in flight...

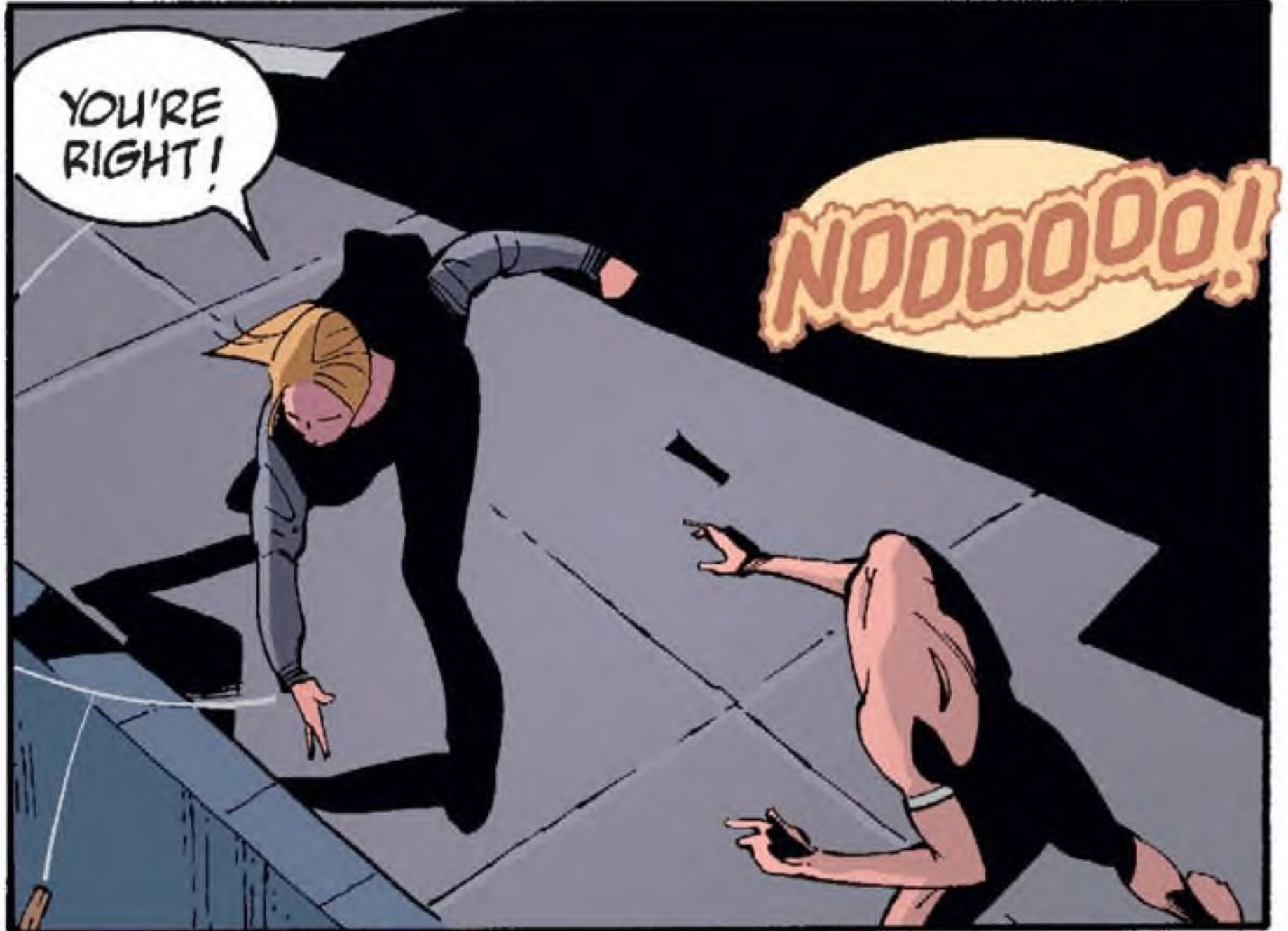
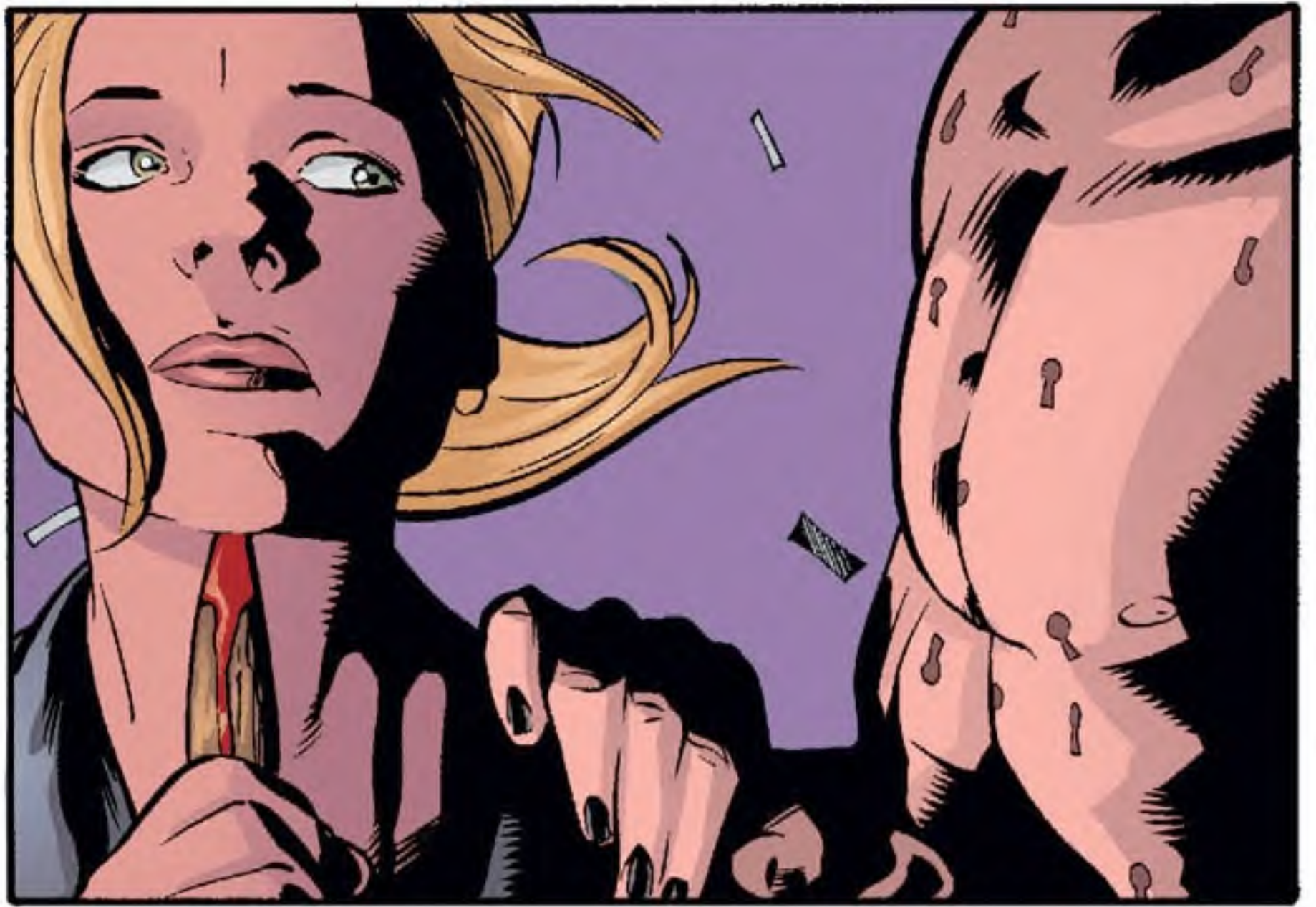
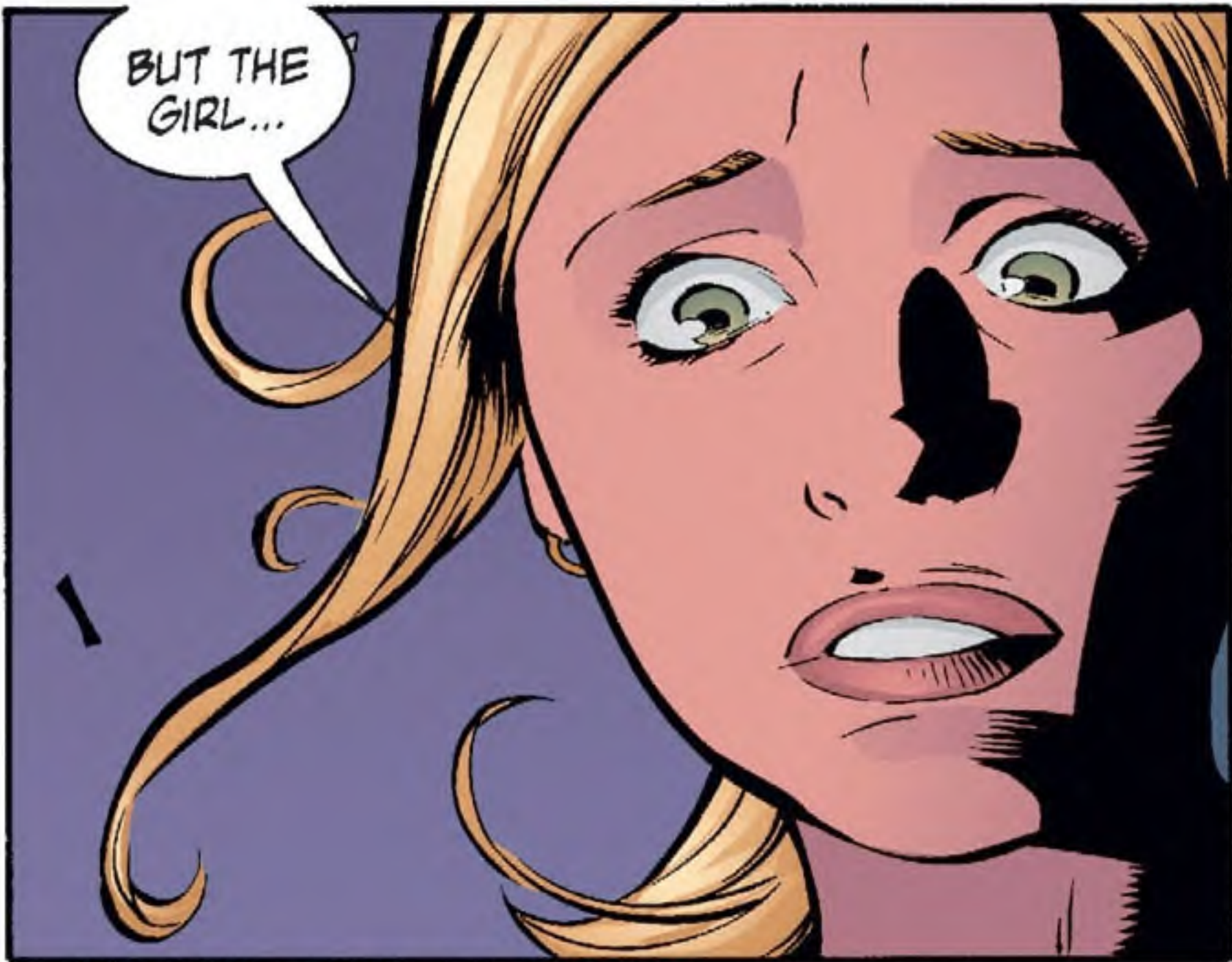


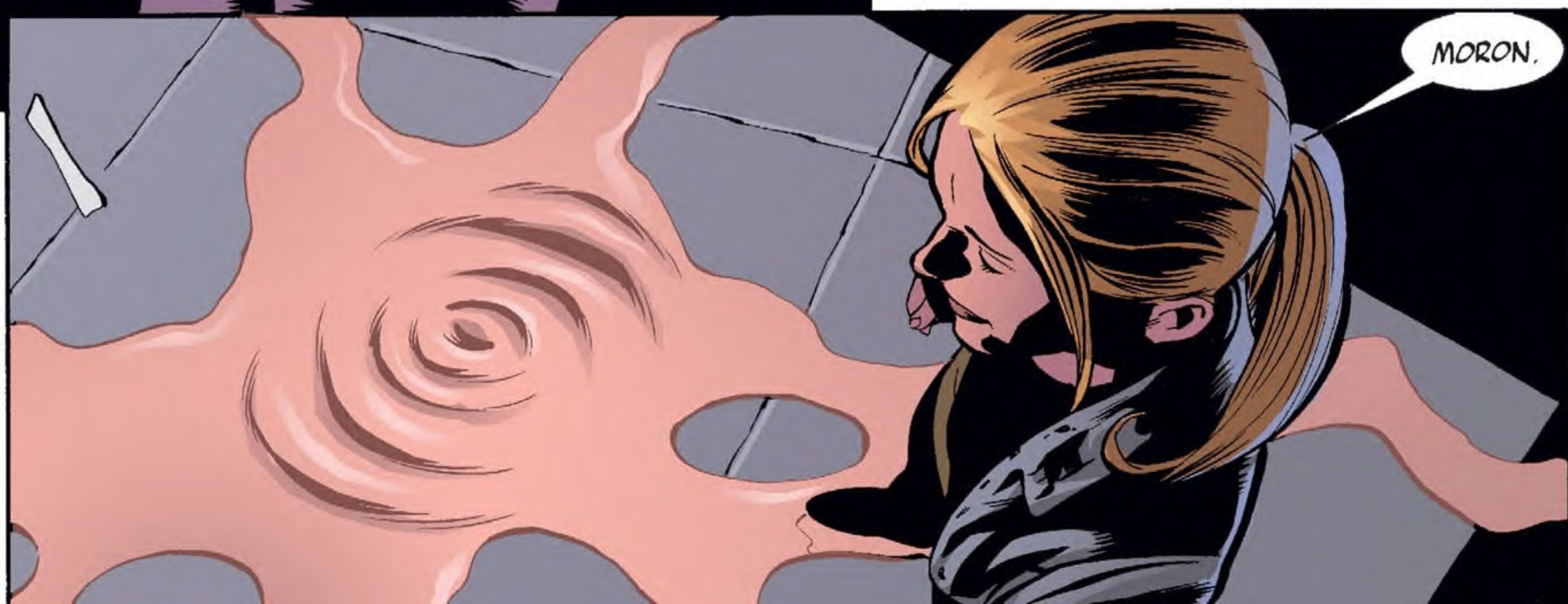
"...BUT NOT BY HE WHO CAUSED OUR FLIGHT."

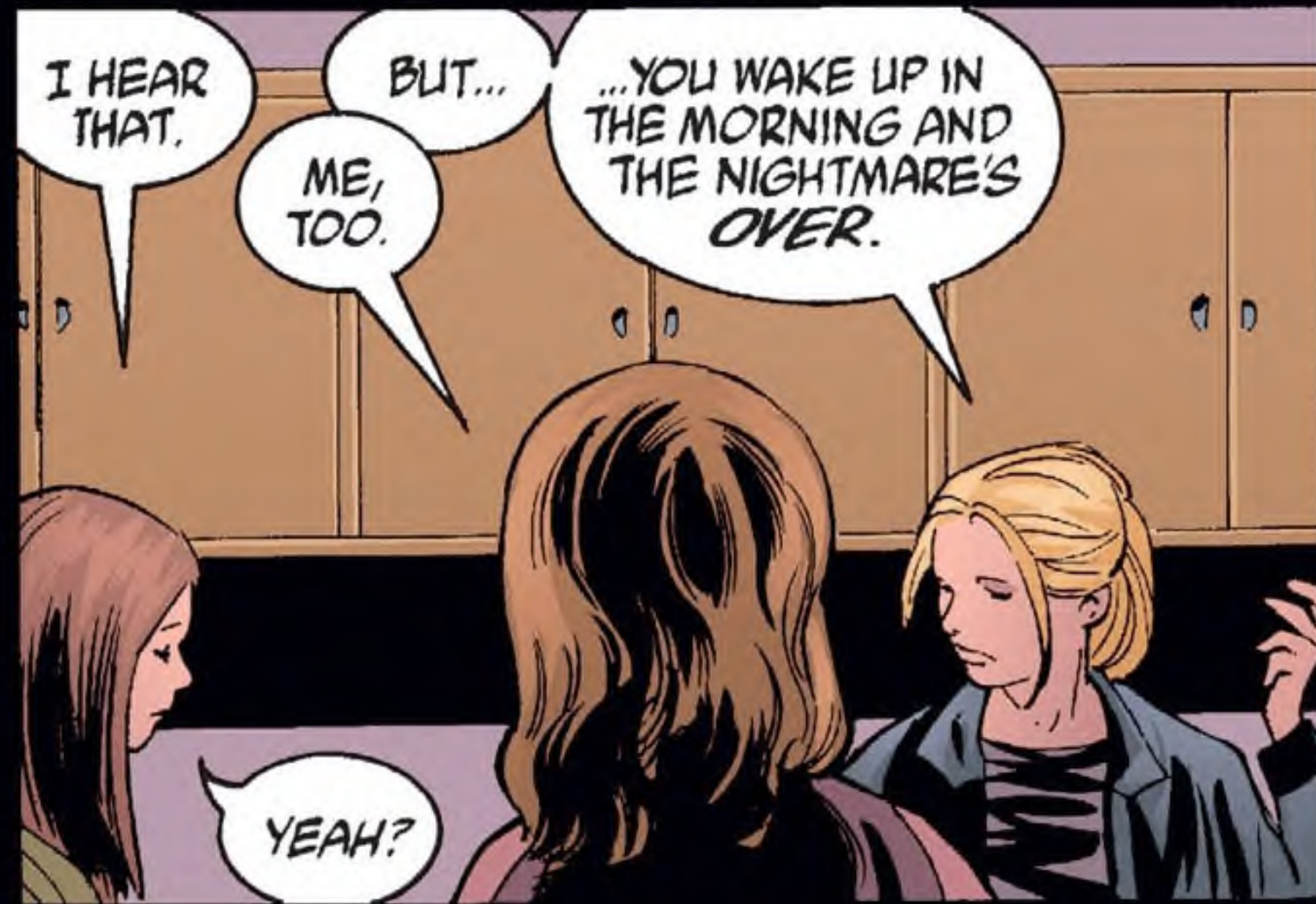
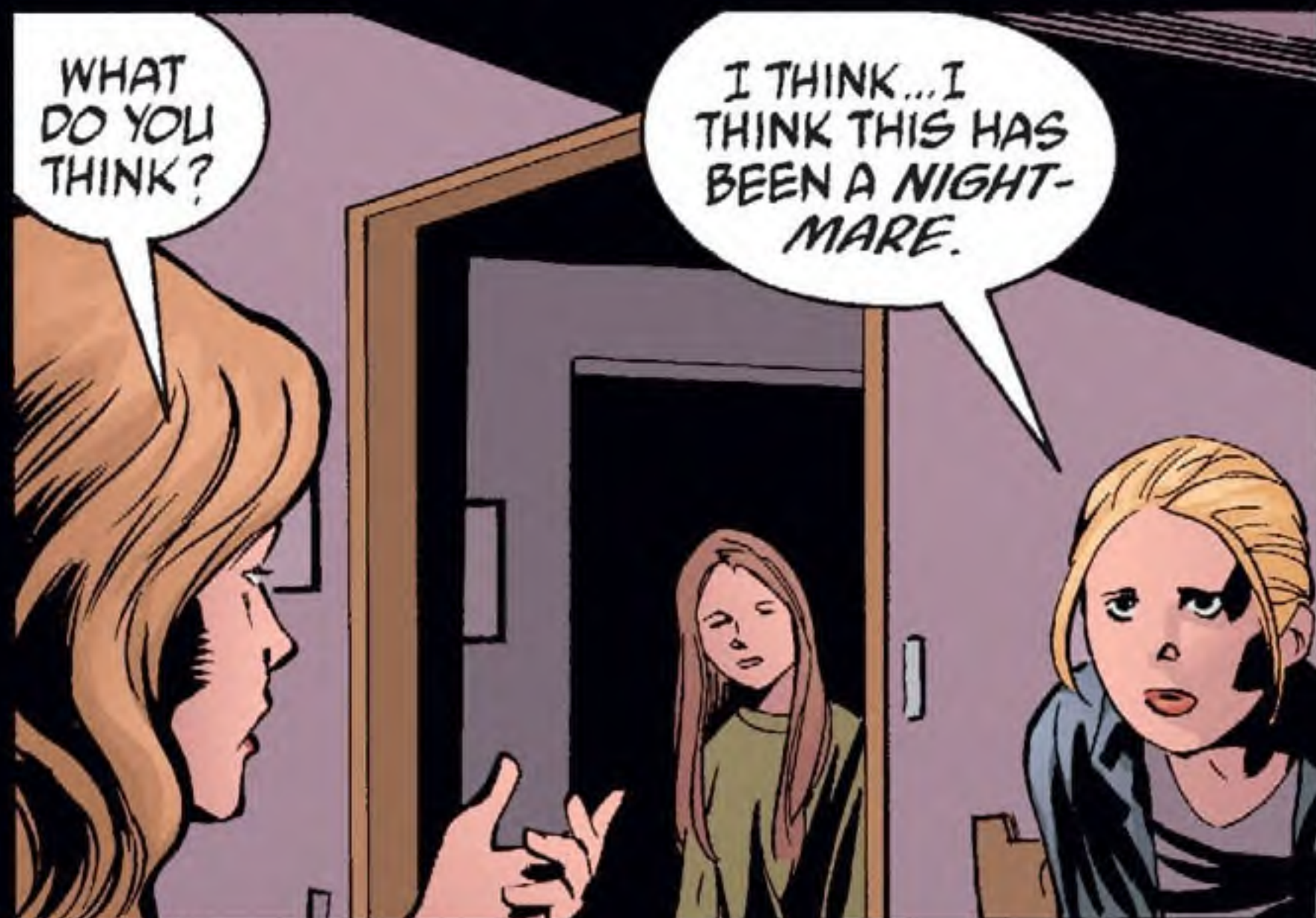
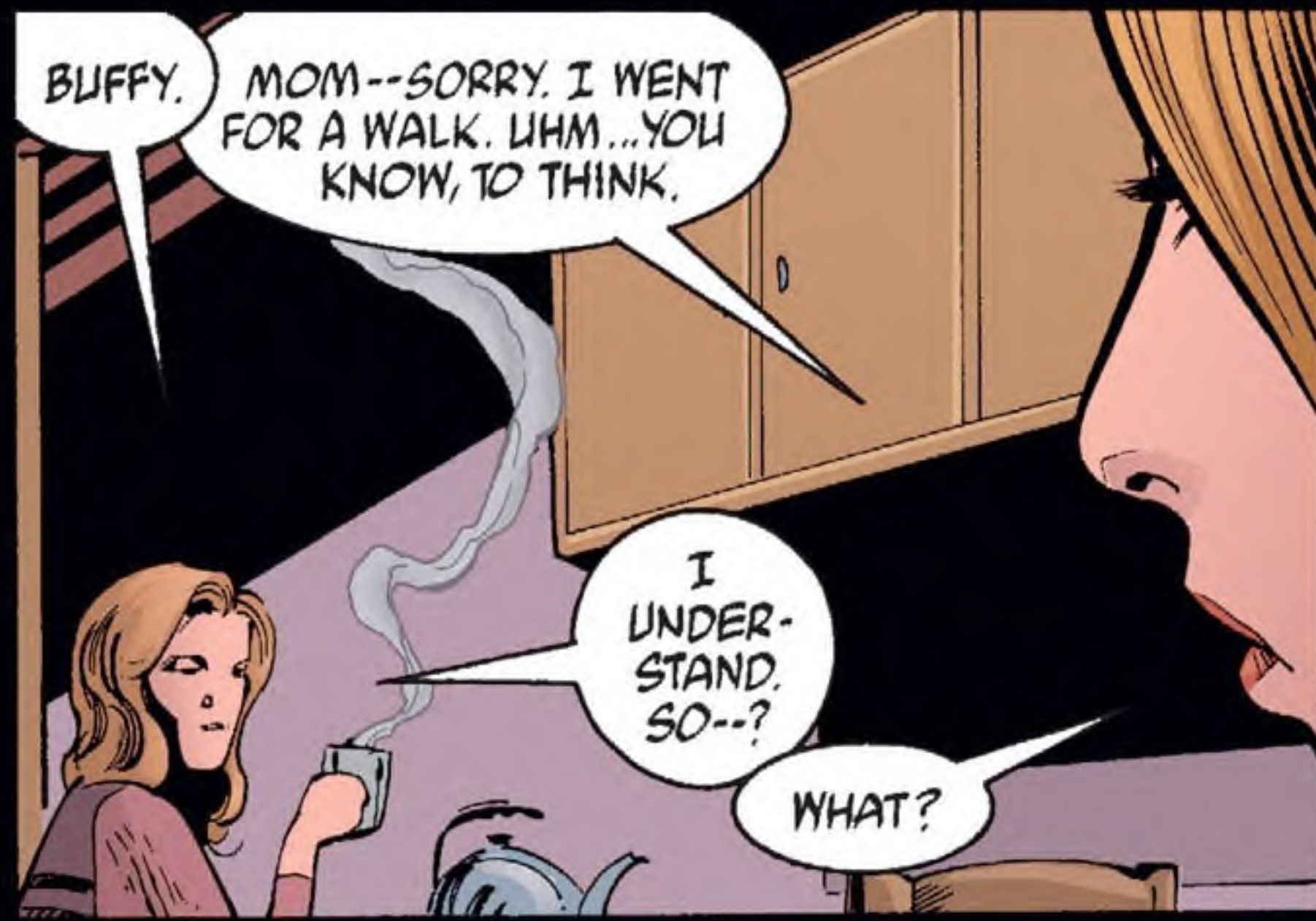


YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING.

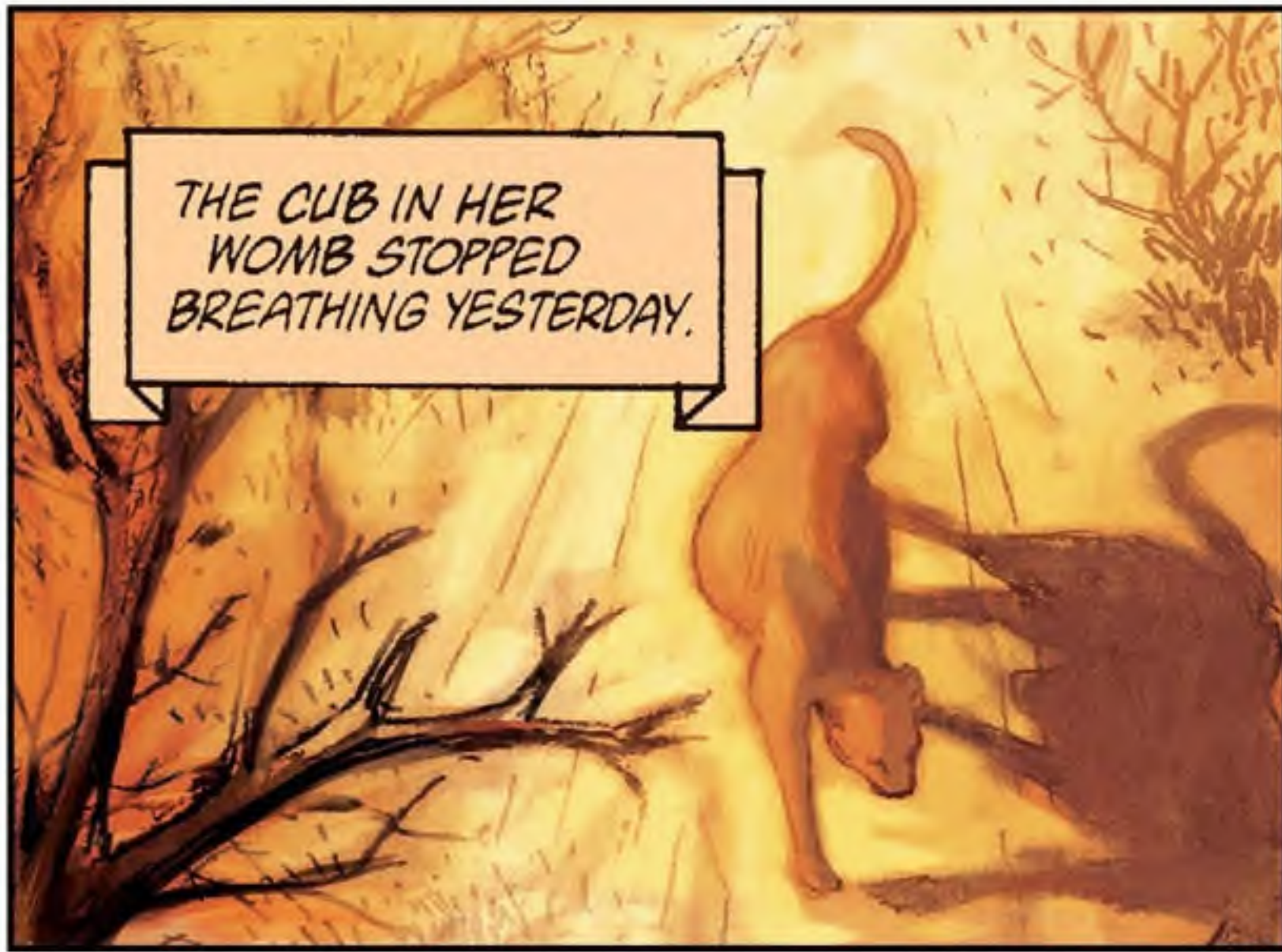
FORGET ABOUT ALL OF THIS. LET SOMEONE ELSE BE THE SLAYER.



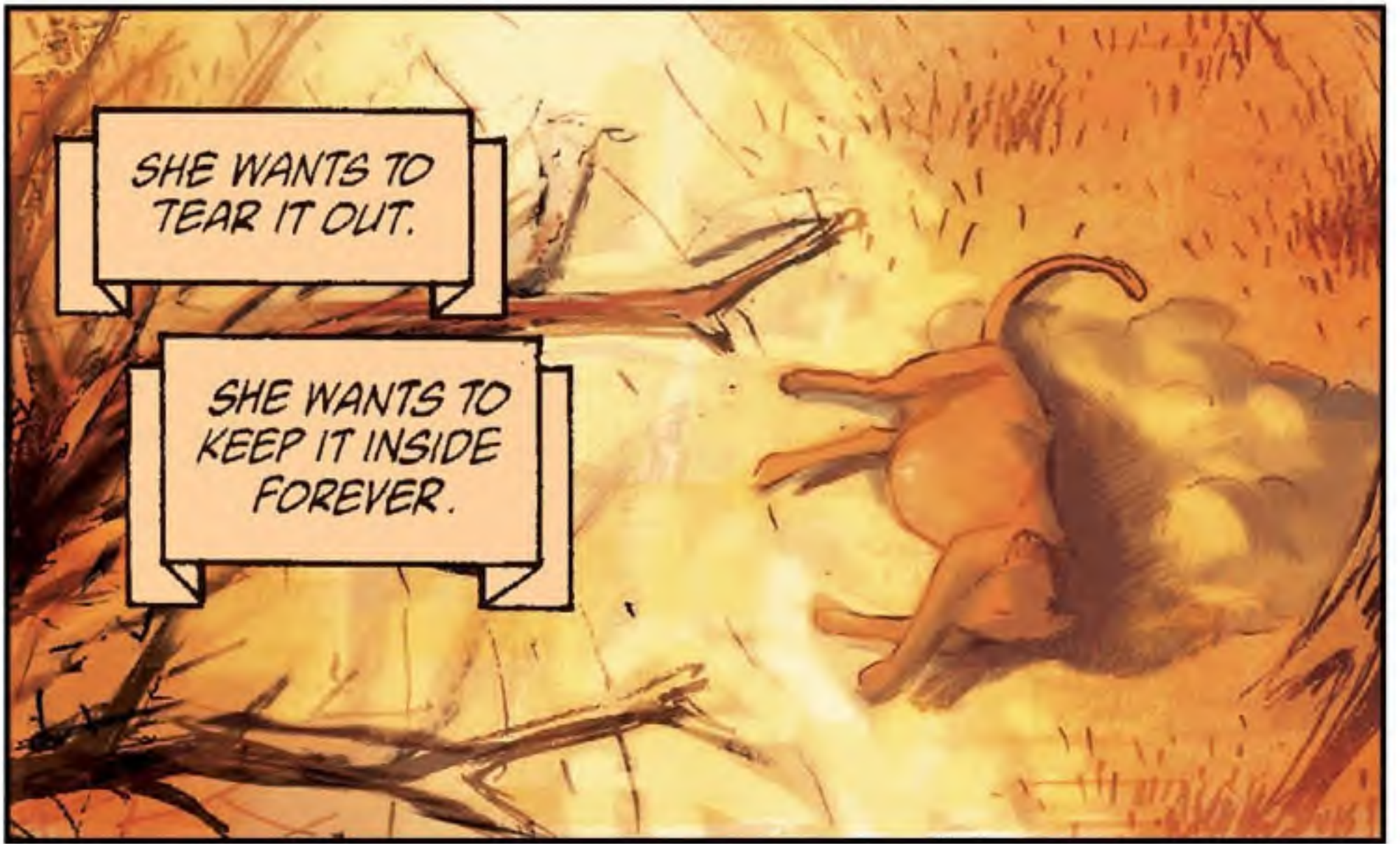




END OF ACT TWO



THE CUB IN HER
WOMB STOPPED
BREATHING YESTERDAY.



SHE WANTS TO
TEAR IT OUT.

SHE WANTS TO
KEEP IT INSIDE
FOREVER.



HOW COULD IT
HAVE LEFT HER
SO... *EMPTY*?

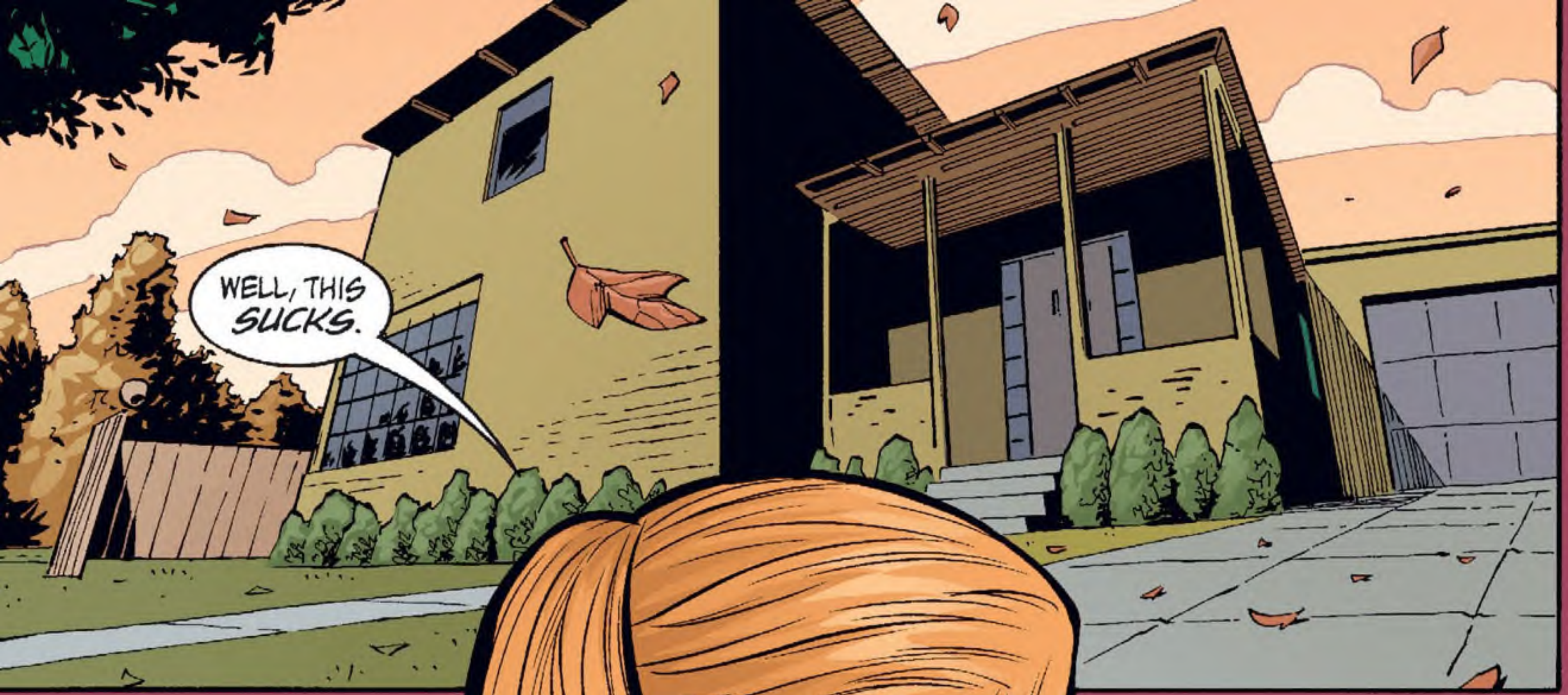


HOW COULD
SHE HAVE
FAILED IT?

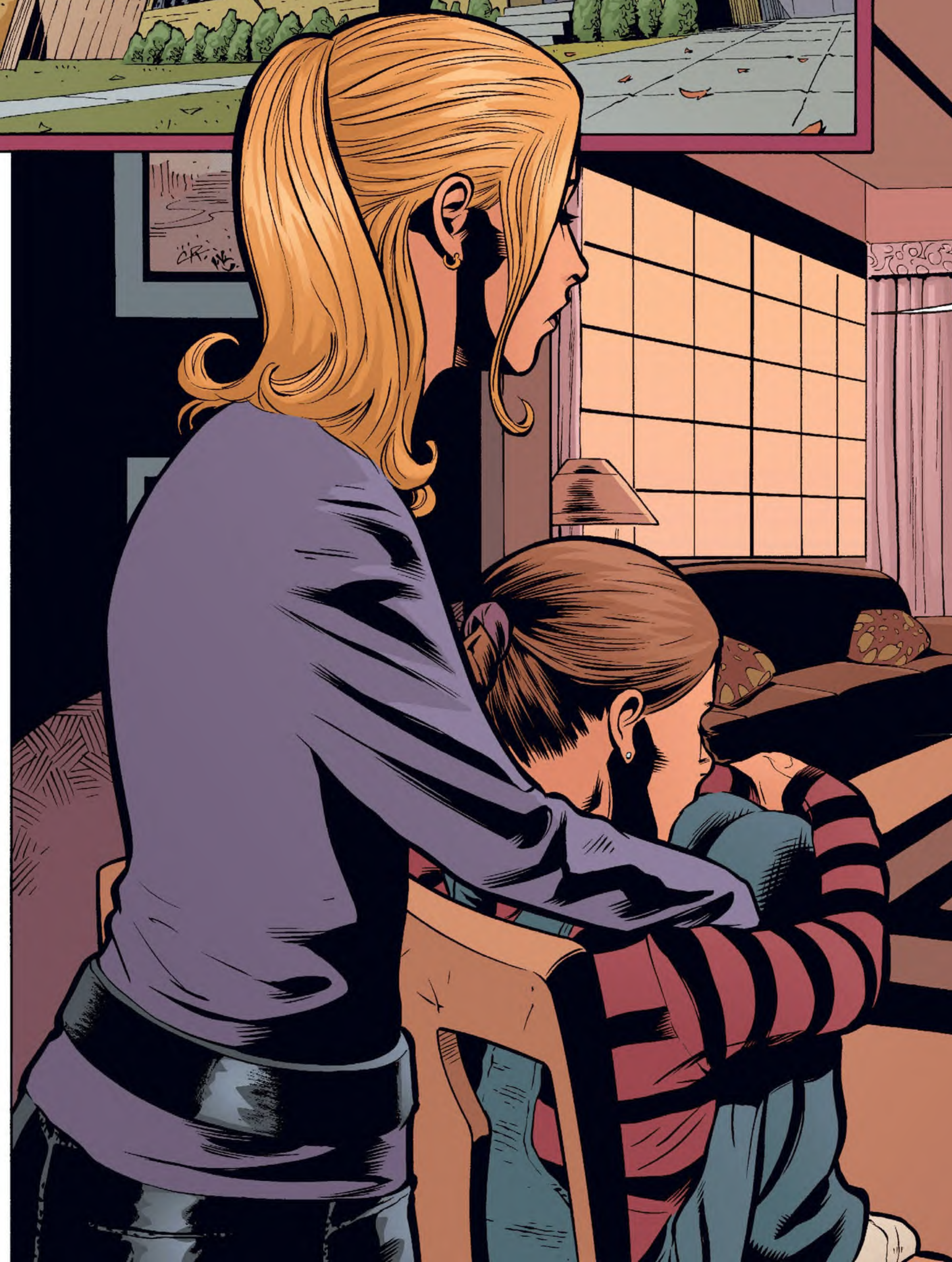


ABANDONED,
BOTH...LEFT
EMPTY OF HEART
AND SOUL.

act
three: **ABANDONMENT**



WELL, THIS SUCKS.



YEAH.

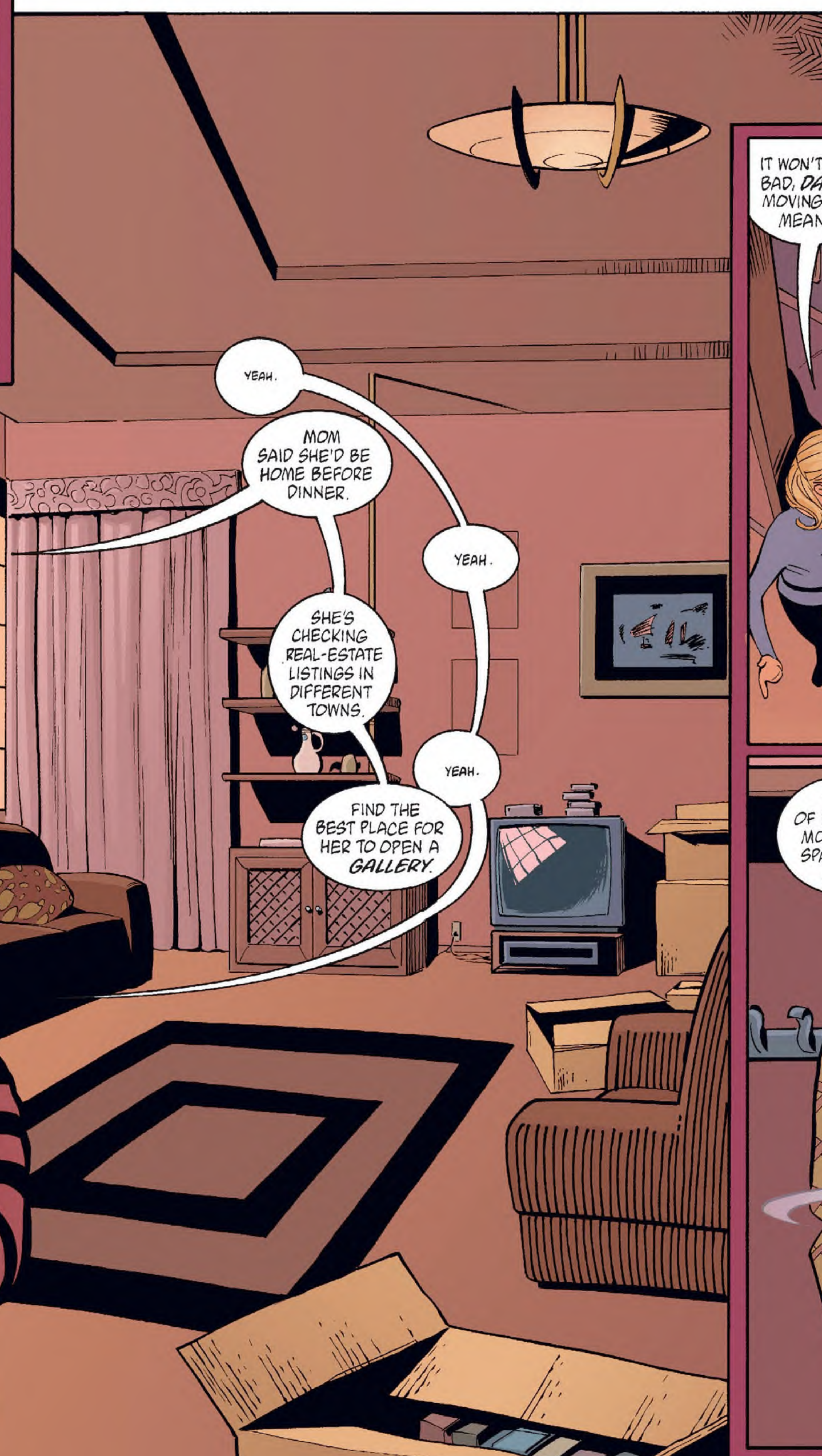
MOM SAID SHE'D BE HOME BEFORE DINNER.

SHE'S CHECKING REAL-ESTATE LISTINGS IN DIFFERENT TOWNS.

YEAH.

FIND THE BEST PLACE FOR HER TO OPEN A GALLERY.

YEAH.



IT WON'T BE BAD, DAWN-- MOVING, I MEAN.

UH-HUH.

'CAUSE SO FAR, IT SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF FUN.



THINK OF IT THIS WAY-- MORE CLOSET SPACE. ALWAYS A PLUS.





AND HE TOOK
ALL THE **CLASH**
RECORDS.
ANOTHER
BONUS.

DAD LEFT
US. HE LEFT
US ALL
ALONE.



**SHIFF
SHIFF
SHIFF**

WE'RE
NOT
ALONE.



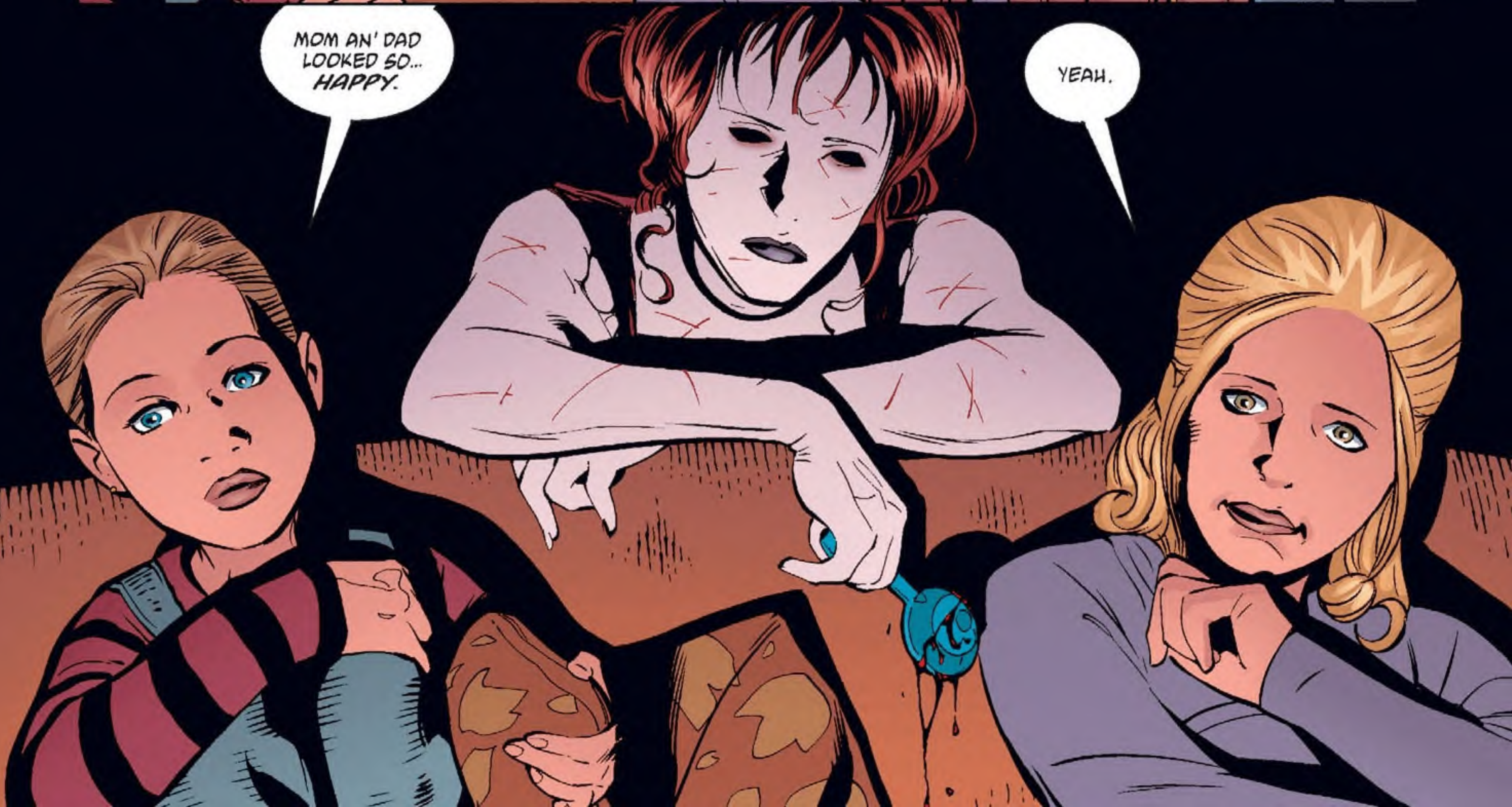
AND WE'RE
STILL A FAMILY--
IN AN OLD
VIDEOTAPEY
KIND OF WAY.



I'M NOT
IN ANY OF
THESE.

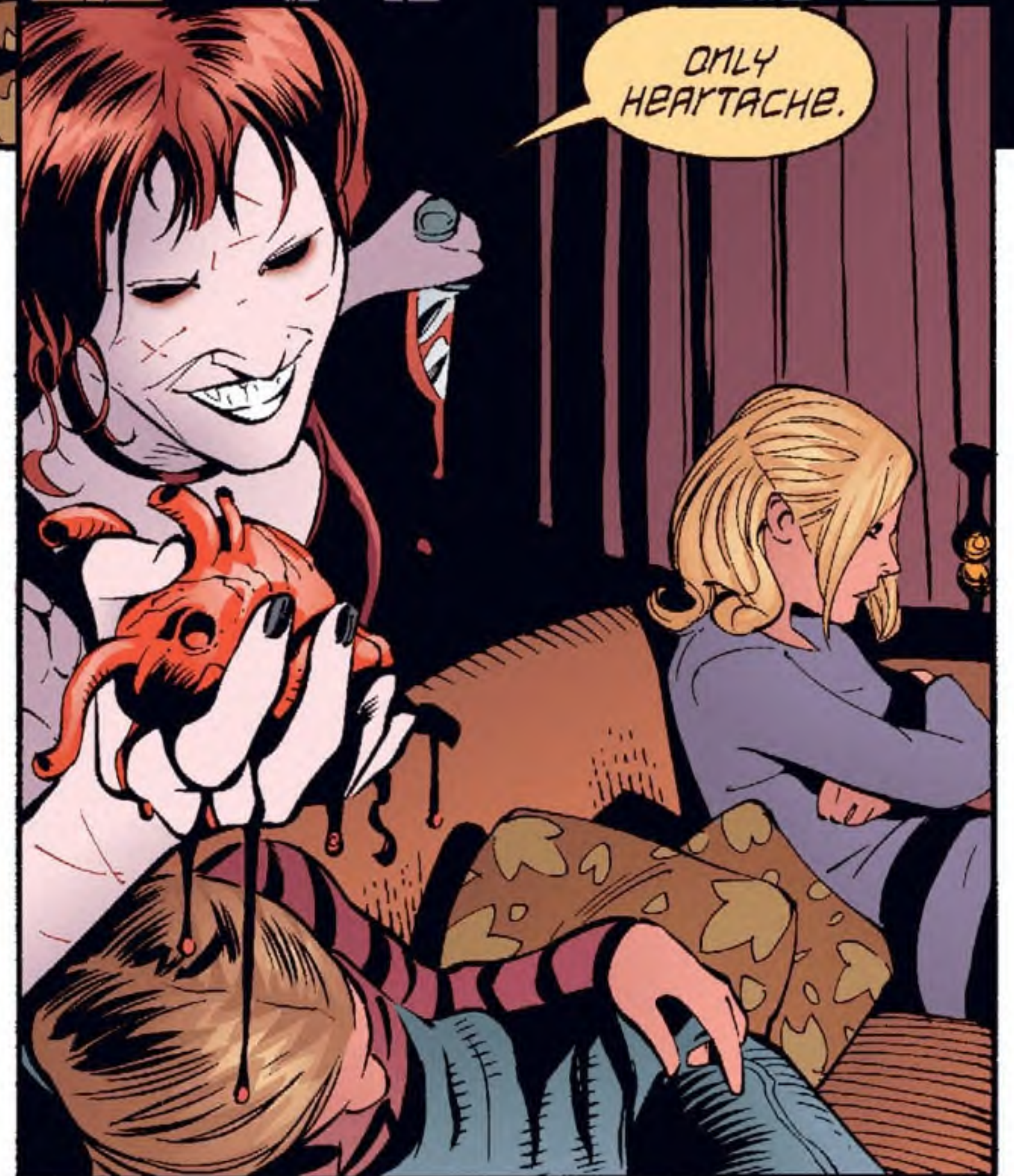
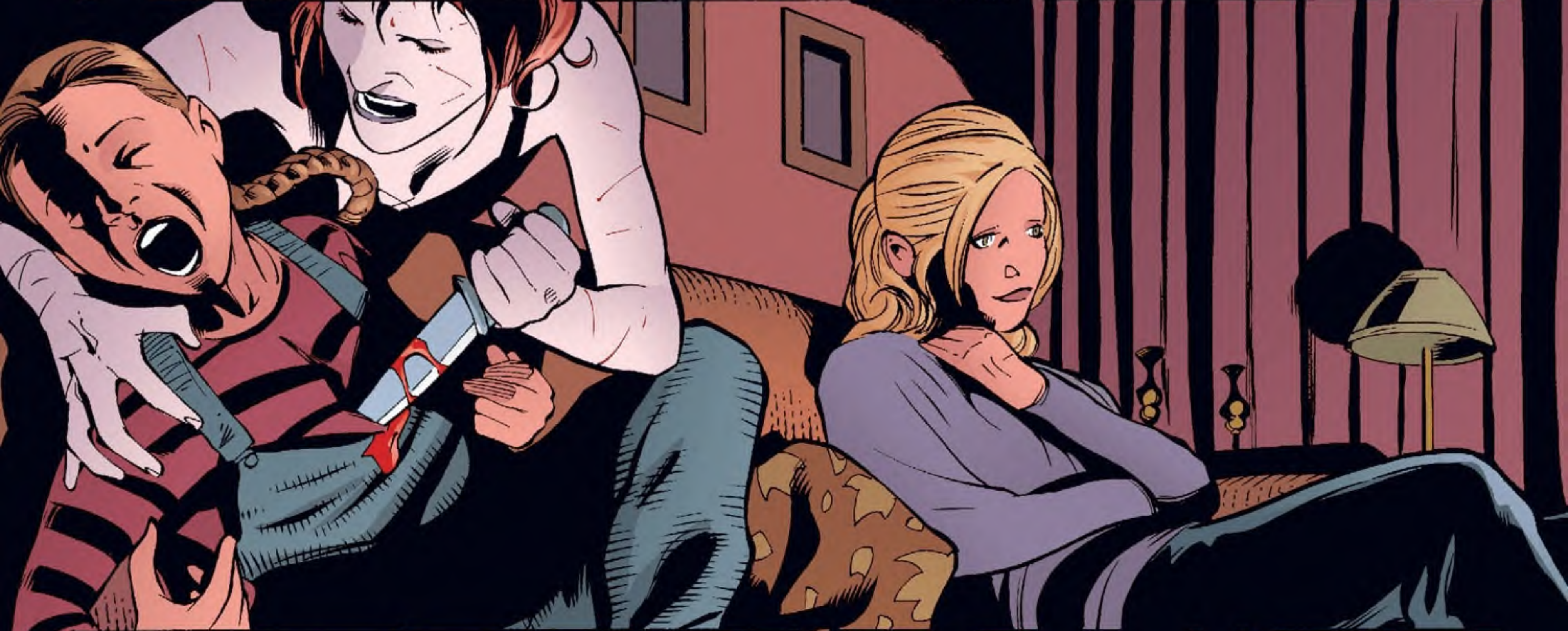
YOU
WEREN'T
BORN
YET.

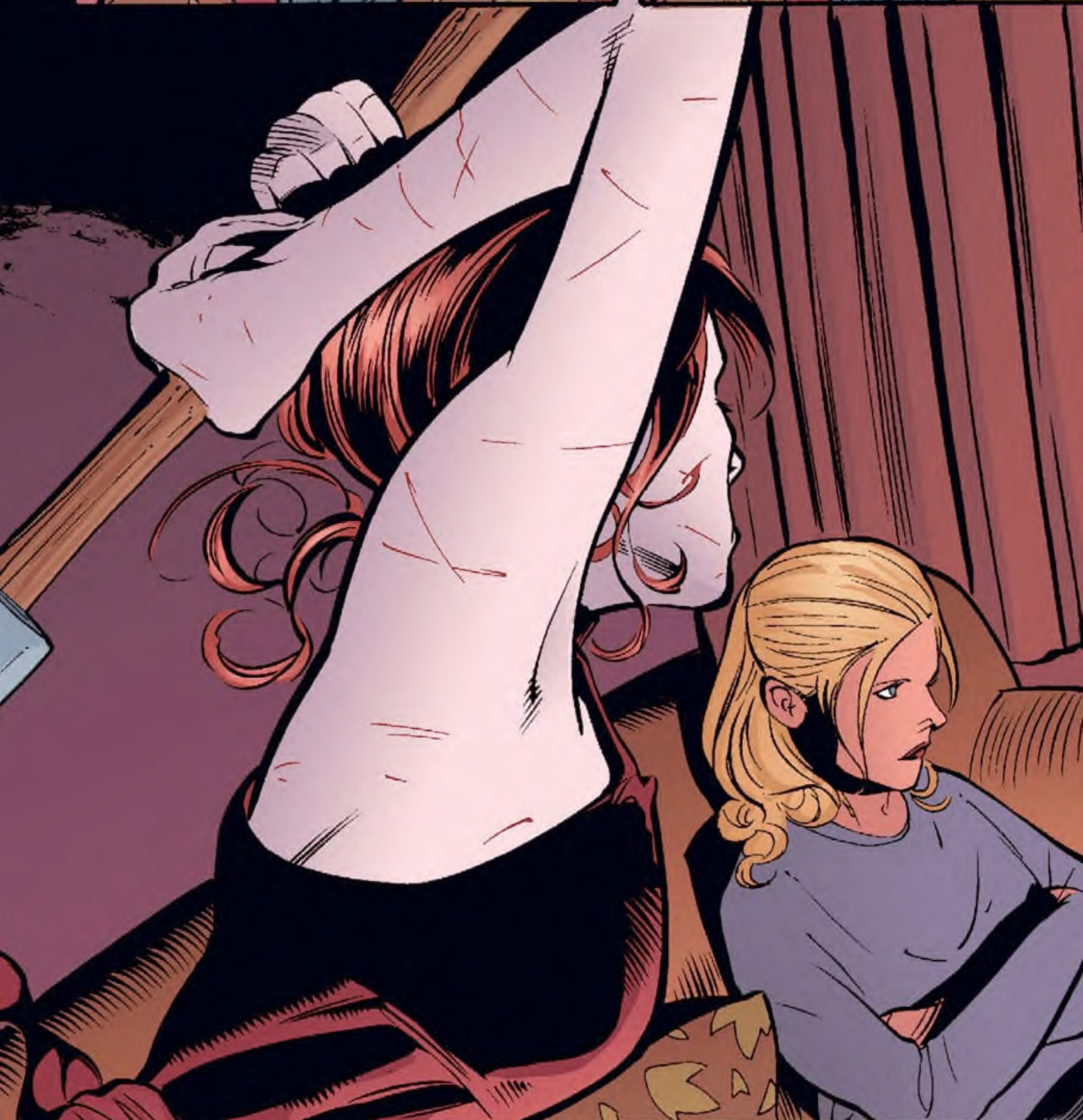
SEEMS LIKE I'M
NOT IN ANY OF
THOSE EITHER.



MOM AN' DAD
LOOKED SO...
HAPPY.

YEAH.







"--HOW DID YOU GET HERE?"

YOU GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED?



YEAH, *ANGELUS*-- AN' YOU OWE ME EIGHTY-FOUR BUCKS.

WHICH, OH YEAH, YOU DON'T HAVE, SINCE *VAMPIRES* DON'T CARE ABOUT MONEY, THEY JUST TAKE WHAT THEY WANT.

BUT MR. *VAMPIRE-WITH-A-SOUL* DON'T DO THAT--*BOO-HOO*--BUT YOU *STILL* AIN'T GOT MONEY!



I'LL FIND A WAY TO PAY YOU BACK, *WHISTLER*.

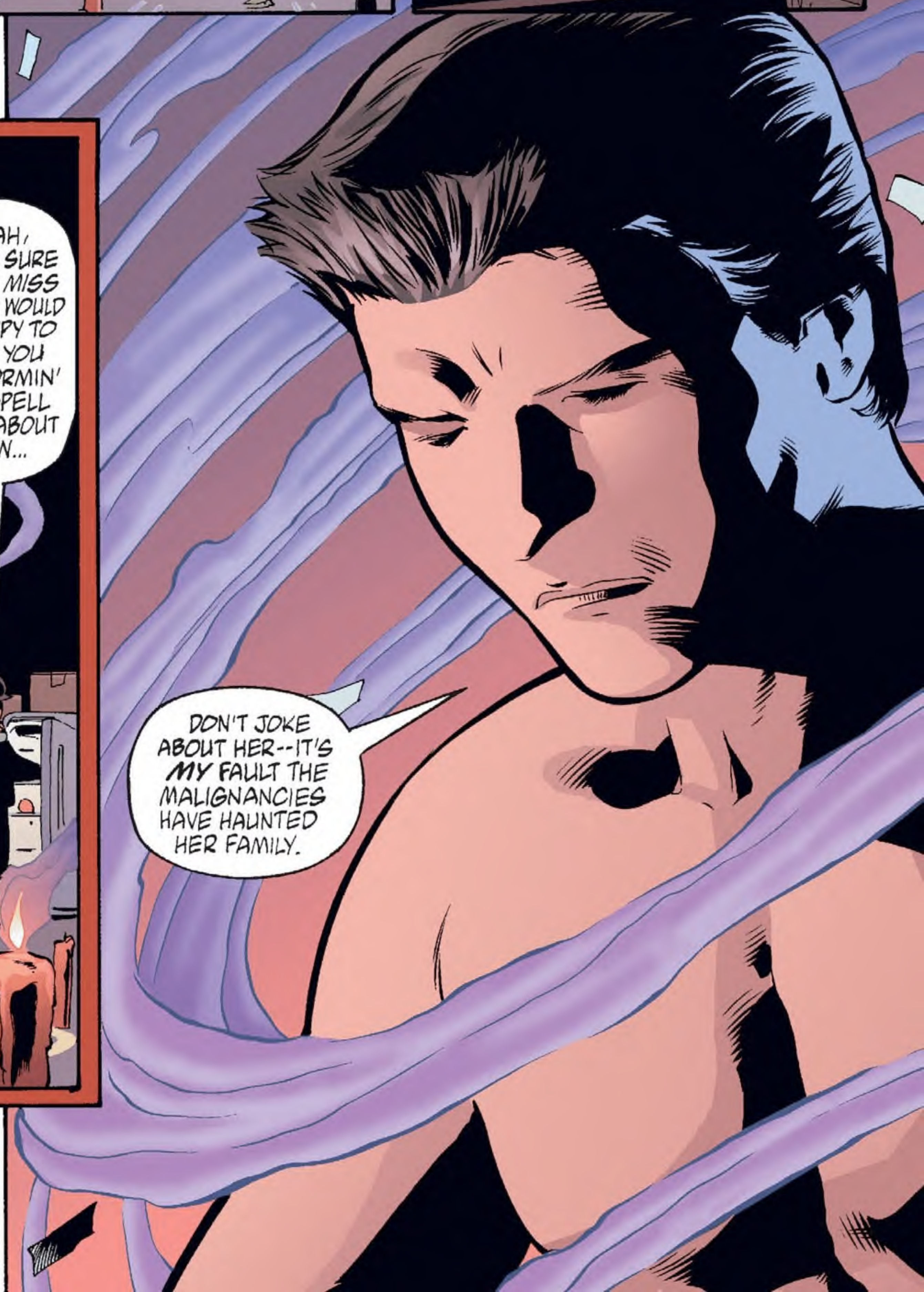
NO, REALLY, YOUR HAPPINESS IS PAYMENT *ENOUGH*.



THAT AN' MAYBE PUTTIN' ON SOME *BOXERS*...

YOU KNOW THE SPELL TO RETRIEVE THE *MALIGNANCY SPIRITS* REQUIRES A "PURE STATE OF BEING."

YEAH, AN' I'M SURE LITTLE MISS *SLAYER* WOULD BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU PERFORMIN' THAT SPELL RIGHT ABOUT NOW...



DON'T JOKE ABOUT HER--IT'S *MY* FAULT THE *MALIGNANCIES* HAVE HAUNTED HER FAMILY.



HEY, YOU
WERE ONLY TRYIN'
T'HELP THE RIPE LITTLE
THING OUT ON ACCOUNT
OF HER CRAPPY
LIFE AN' ALL.

NOT YOUR
FAULT THE SPELL
DIDN'T SUCK THE BAD
EMOTIONS AWAY FROM
HER, BUT INSTEAD
COVER HER NOW
LIKE A *WET*
BLANKET.



SPEAKING
OF WHICH...



...I HATE
TO BE ONE HERE,
BUT NOTHING CAN
BE *THIS* EASY!

POP

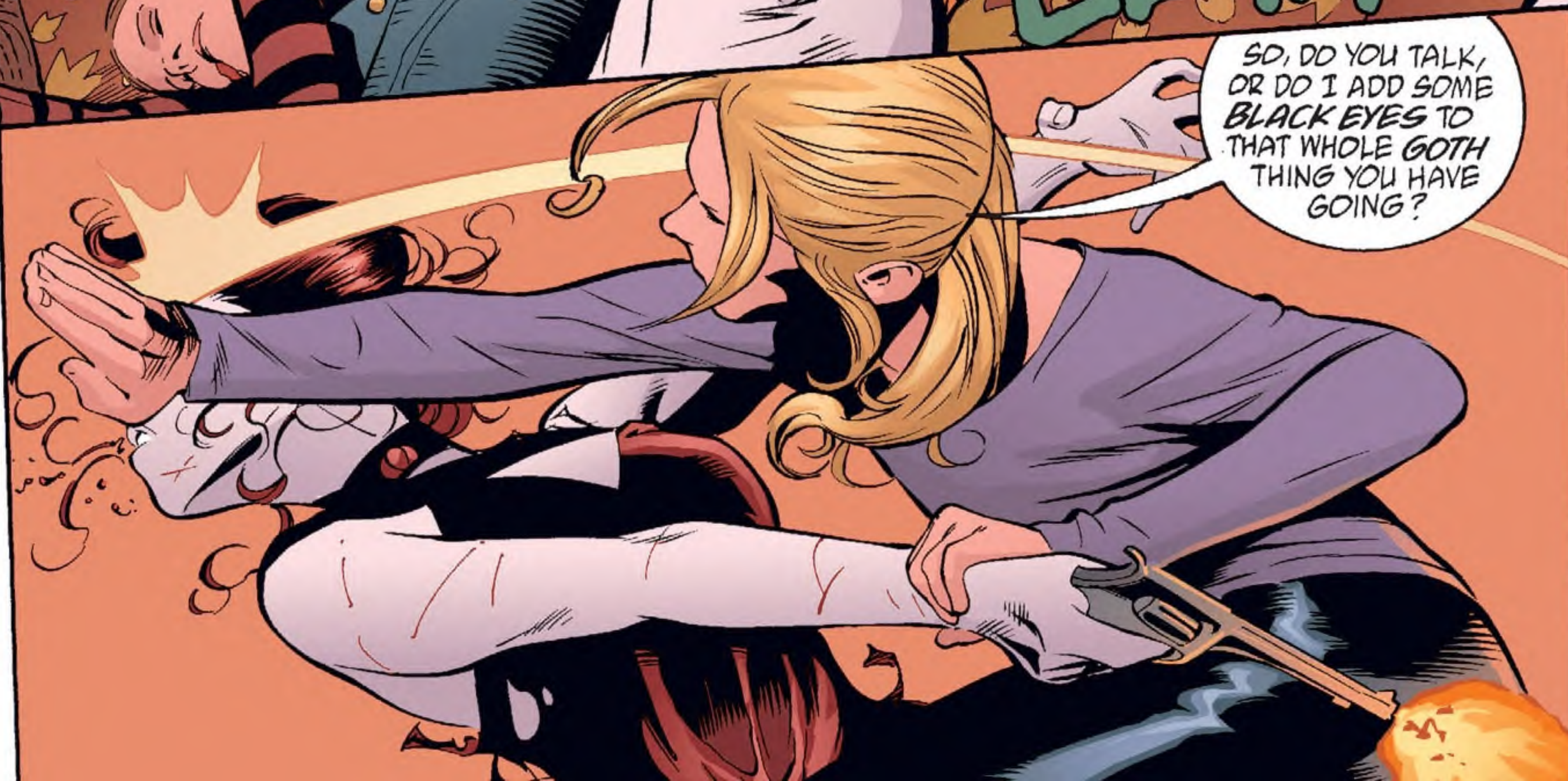
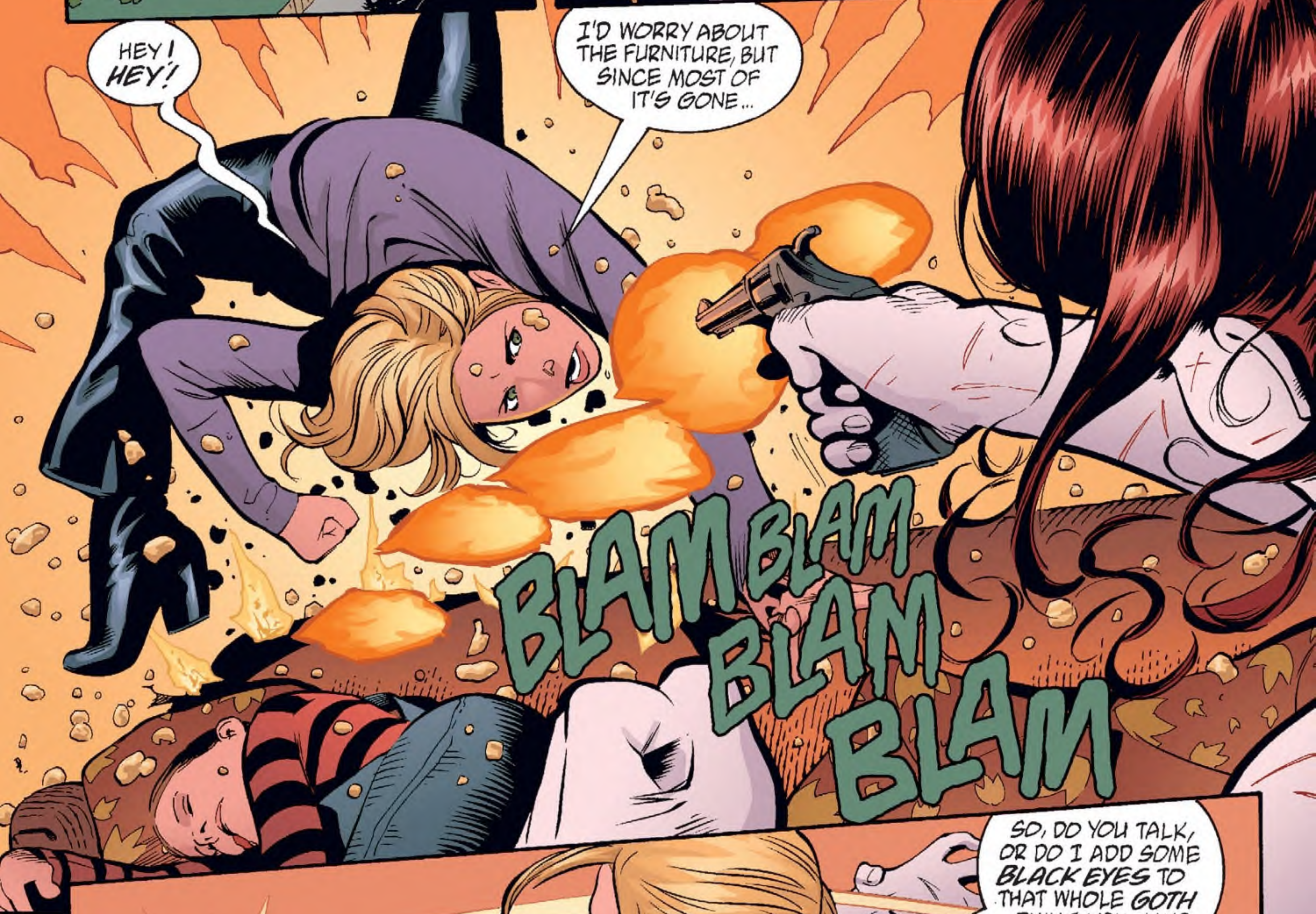
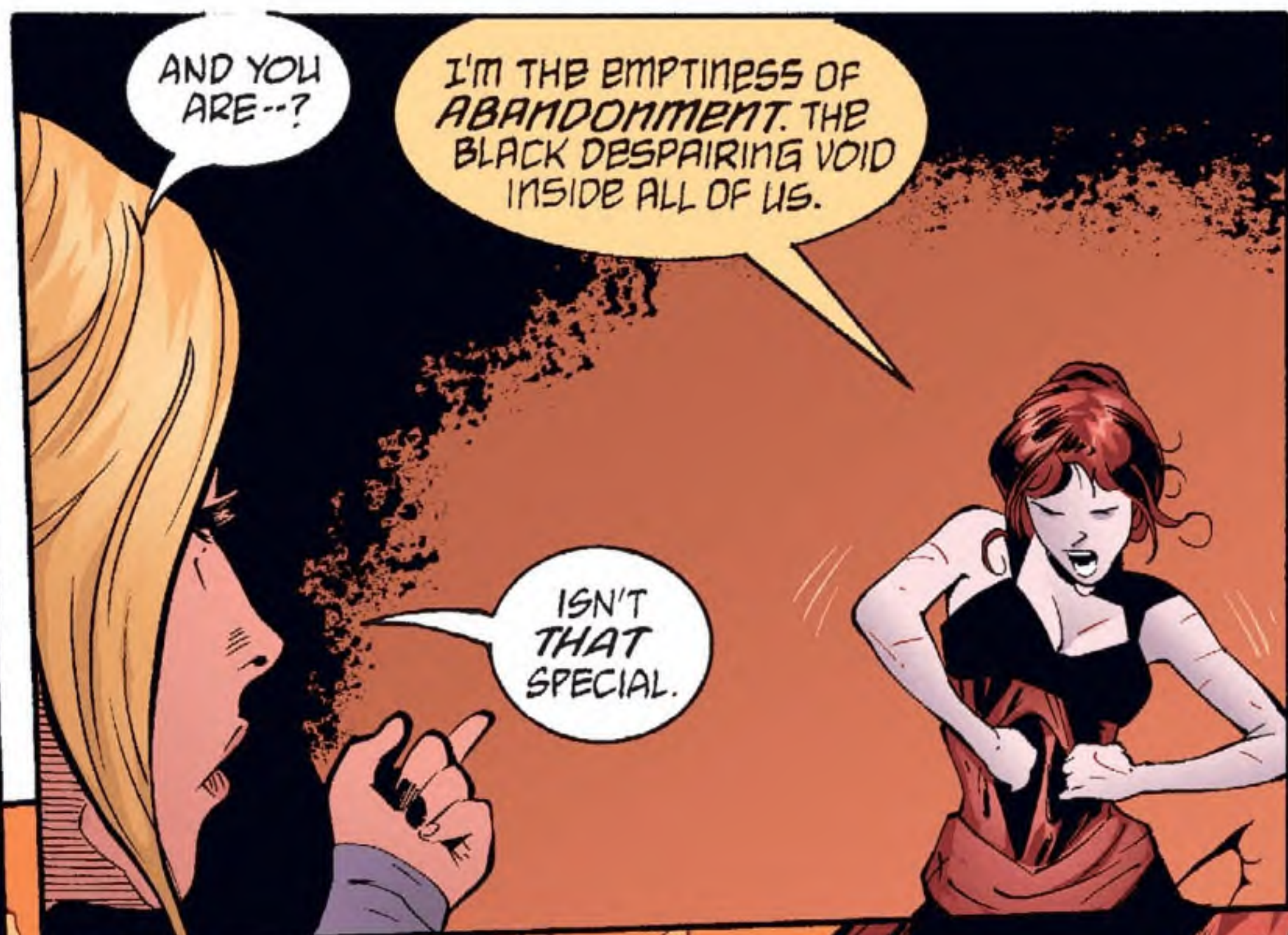


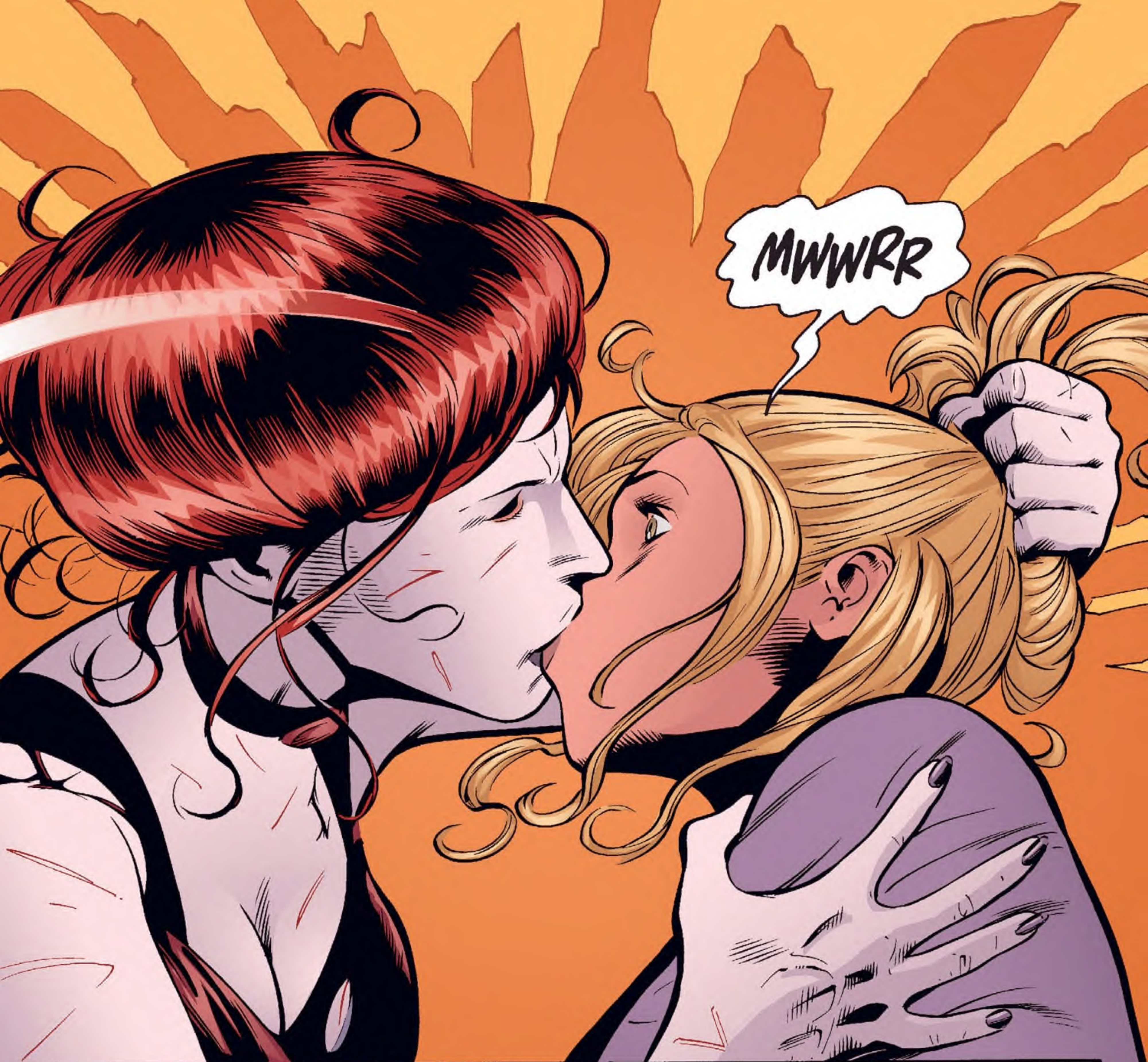
IS THAT
IT? DID IT
WORK?

BEATS ME. ALL
I KNOW'S IT MADE
YOU A HELLUVA LOT
MORE EXCITABLE THAN
I CARE TO SEE!



I WAS
JUST
THINKING
OF--

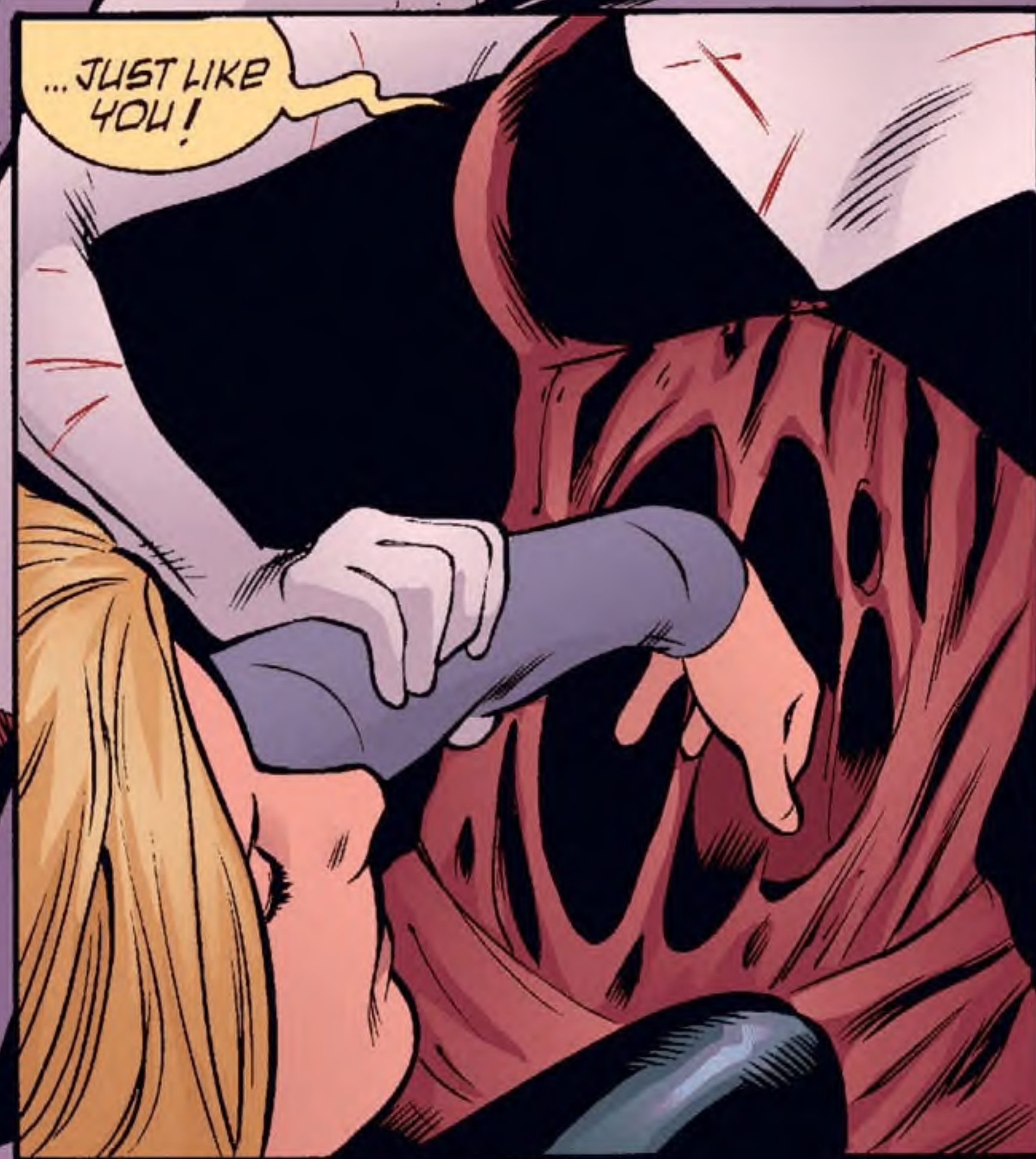




MWWRR



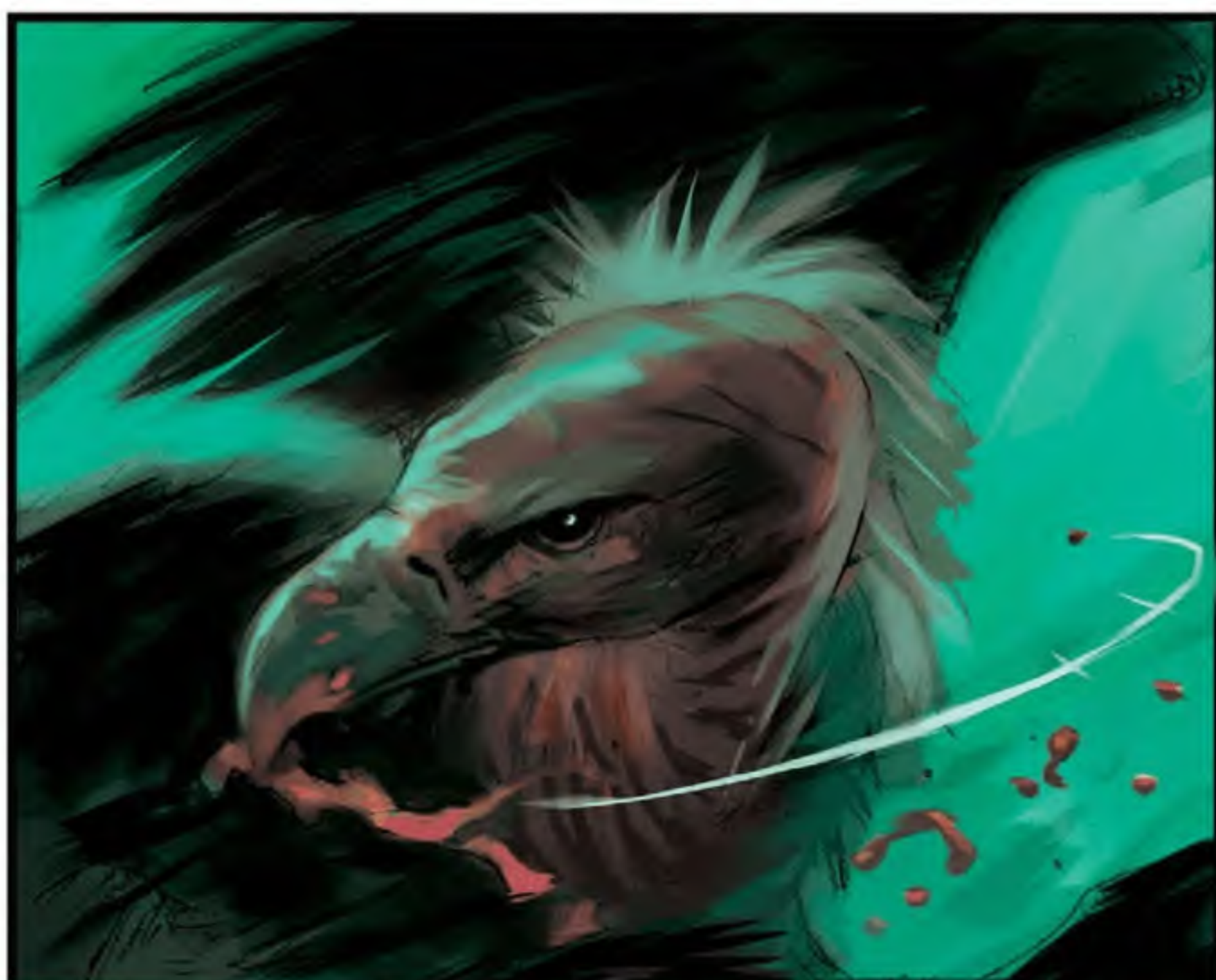
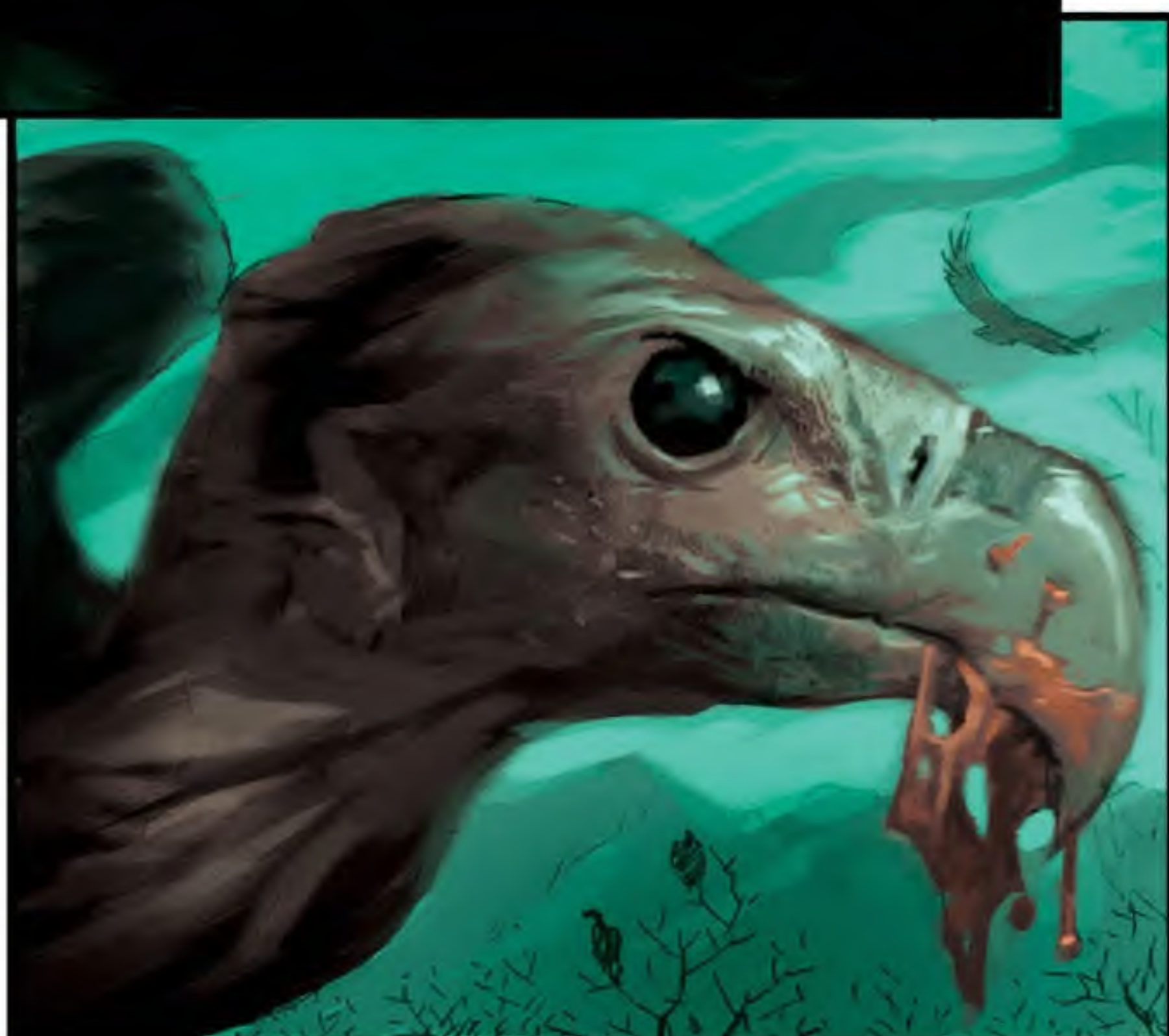
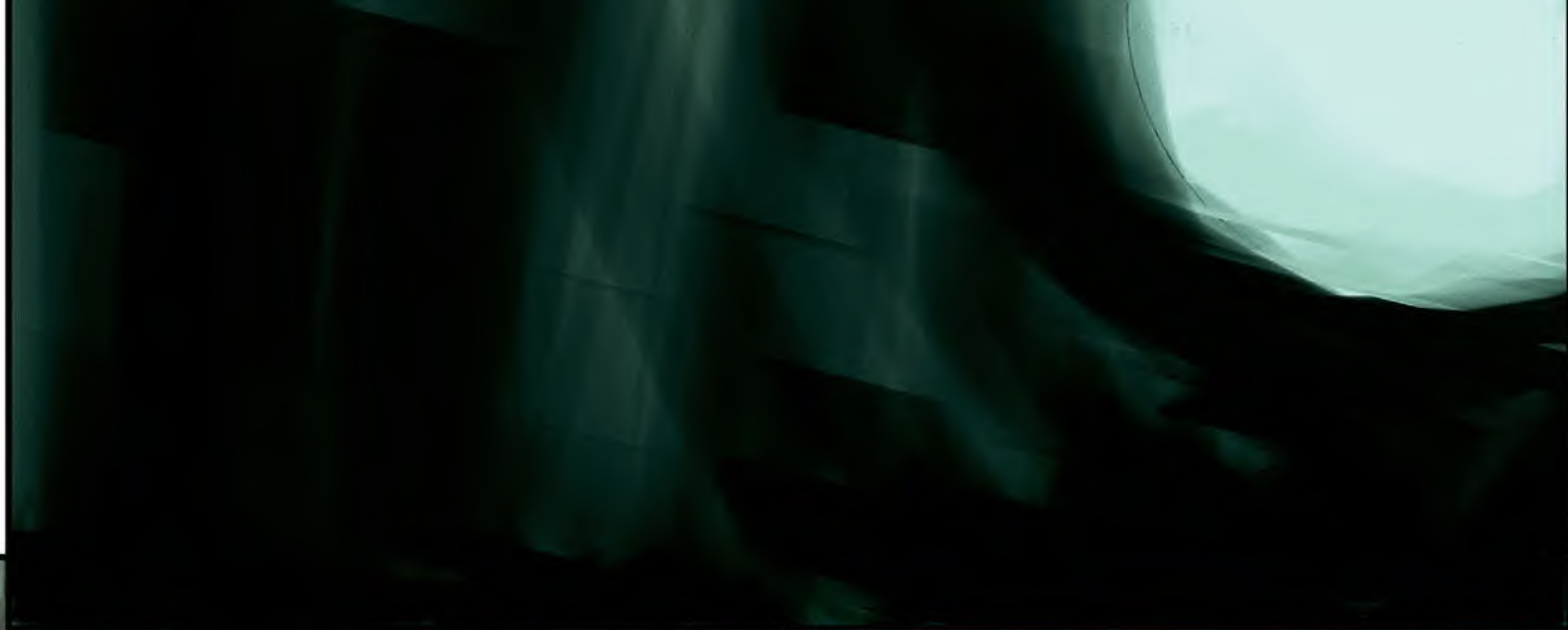
WORDS
ARE EMPTY,
LUV...

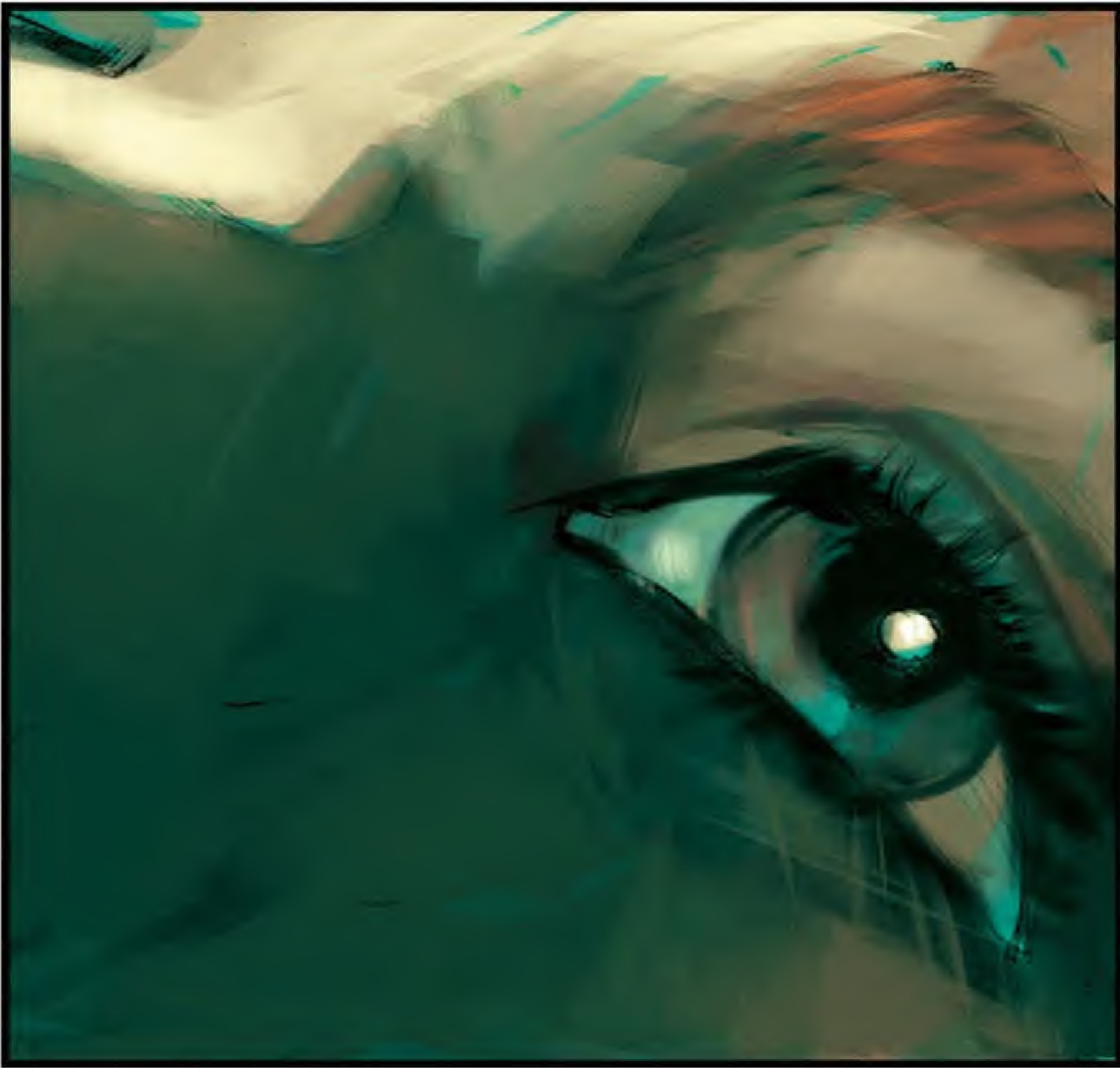
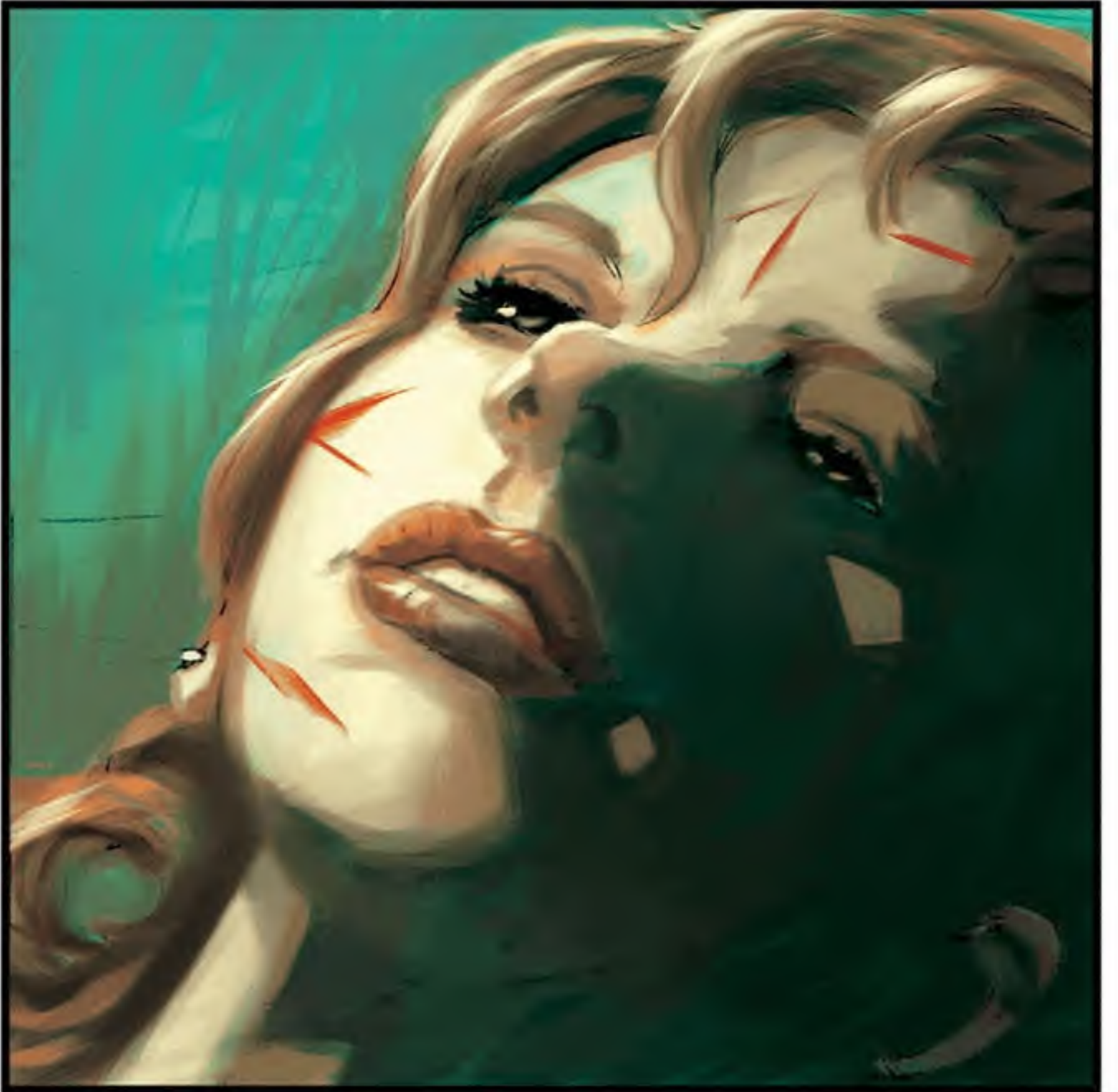
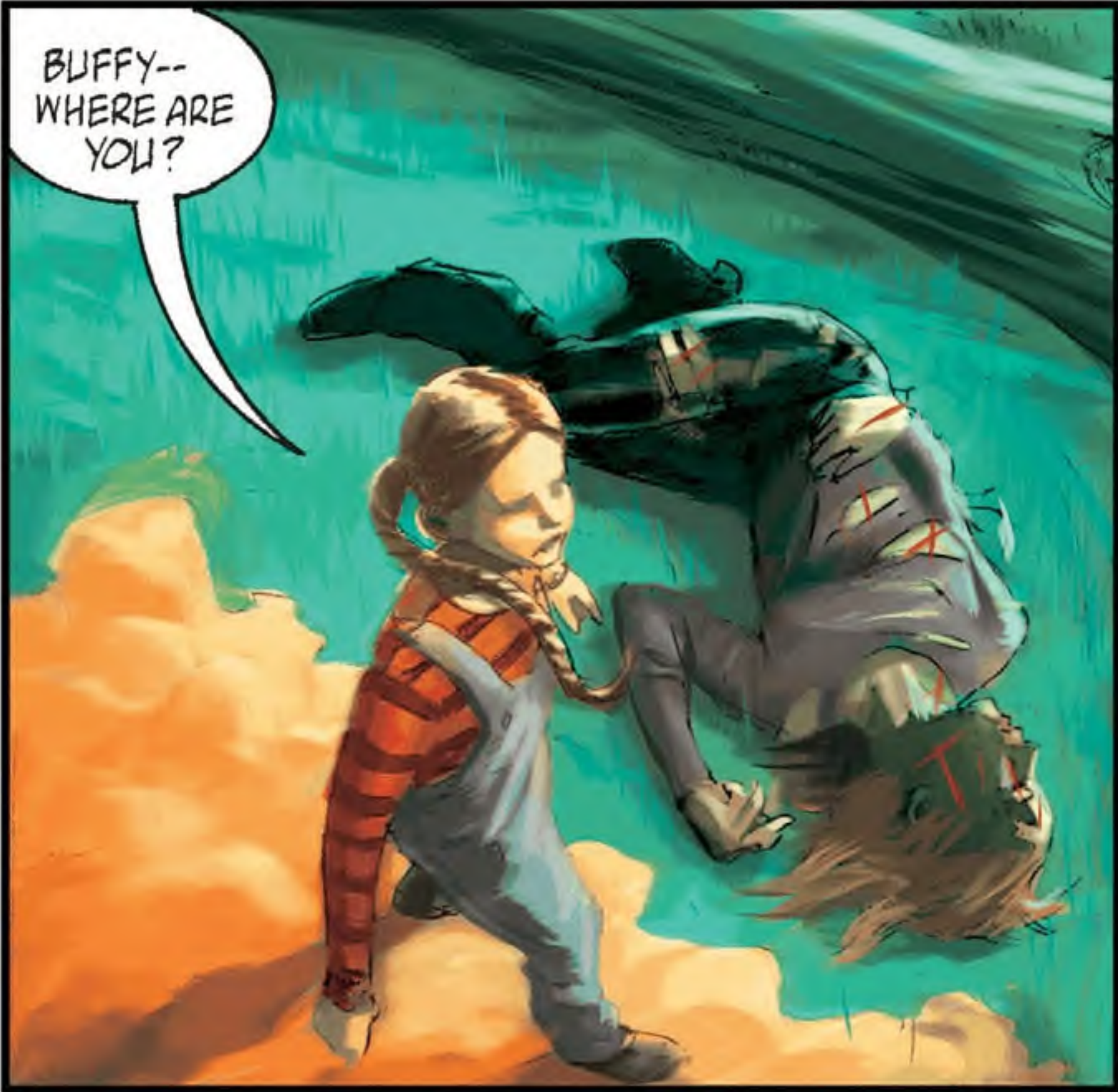


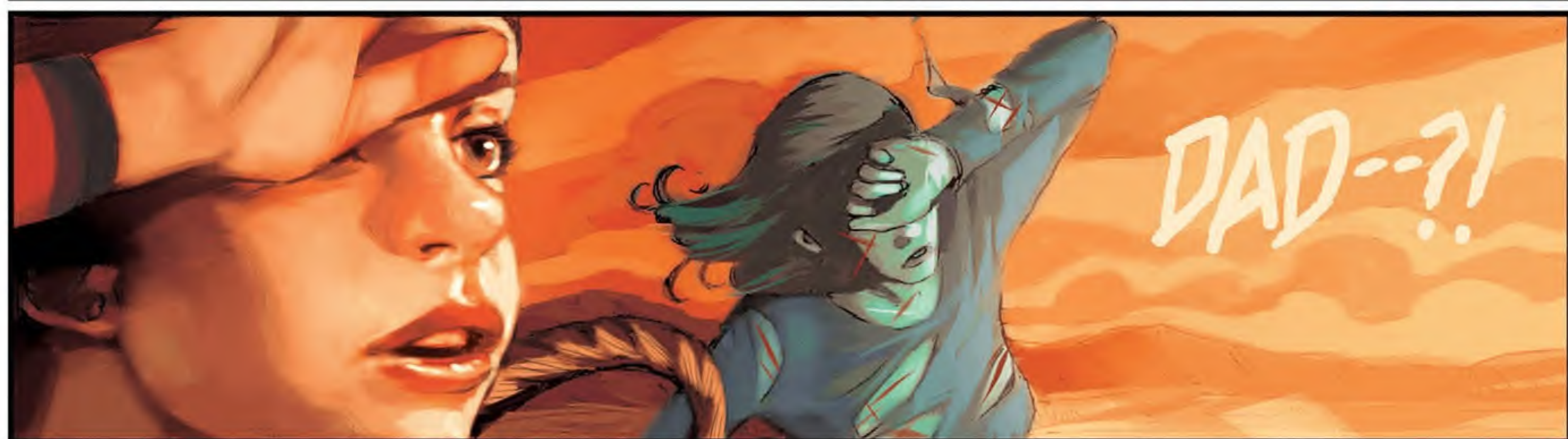
...JUST LIKE
YOU!

AND
ME...











YOU WILL
RUN AND RUN
BUT NEVER
REACH THAT
WHICH YOU
SEEK.

NOT IN *THAT*
DIRECTION.

NO *WHOLE*
TO THAT *HOLE*.

THE MISTAKE
YOU MAKE...ALL
OF YOU...TIME AND
AGAIN...IS TO SEEK
THE VERY *CAUSE*
OF YOUR
ABANDONMENT--

--AS THE
MEANS TO FILL
THE VOID.

DADDY

DAD...?

DAWN?



ENOUGH OF THIS!

BUFFY?
YOU'RE
HERE?



TALK OR I
SWEAR, I'LL
KILL YOU--

--UHM...
APPARENTLY,
AGAIN...

BUFFY? WHAT ARE
YOU--HEY--BUFFY--
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

WHERE'D
THAT *STAKE*
COME FROM?



SEE THEN, NOW
YOU'RE *BOTH*
GETTING
CLOSER.

TO
WHAT?



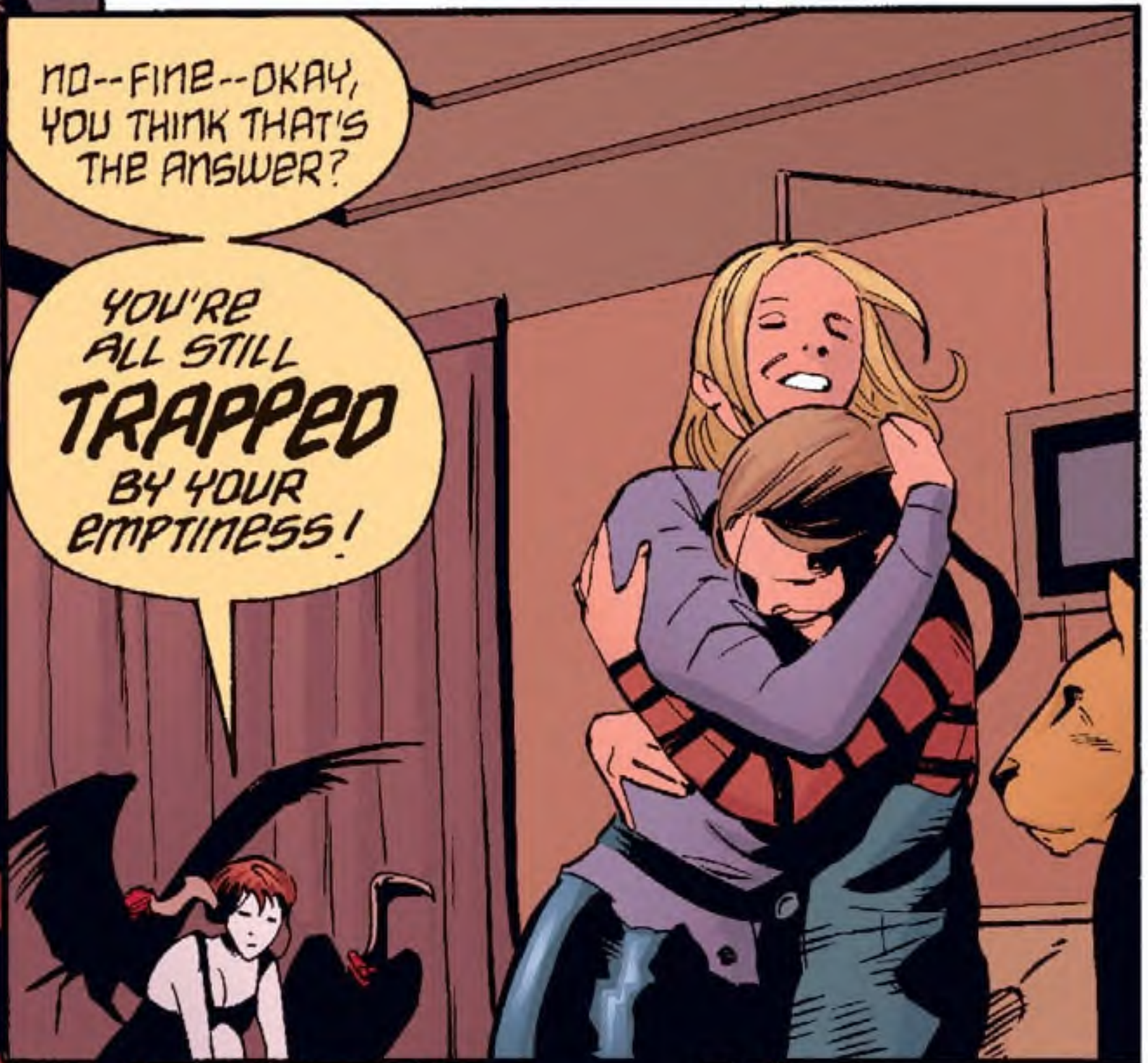
WE'RE
HOME
AGAIN?



BUFFY--
DAWN--ARE YOU
HOME?



MOM--?



NO--FINE--OKAY,
YOU THINK THAT'S
THE ANSWER?

YOU'RE
ALL STILL
TRAPPED
BY YOUR
EMPTINESS!



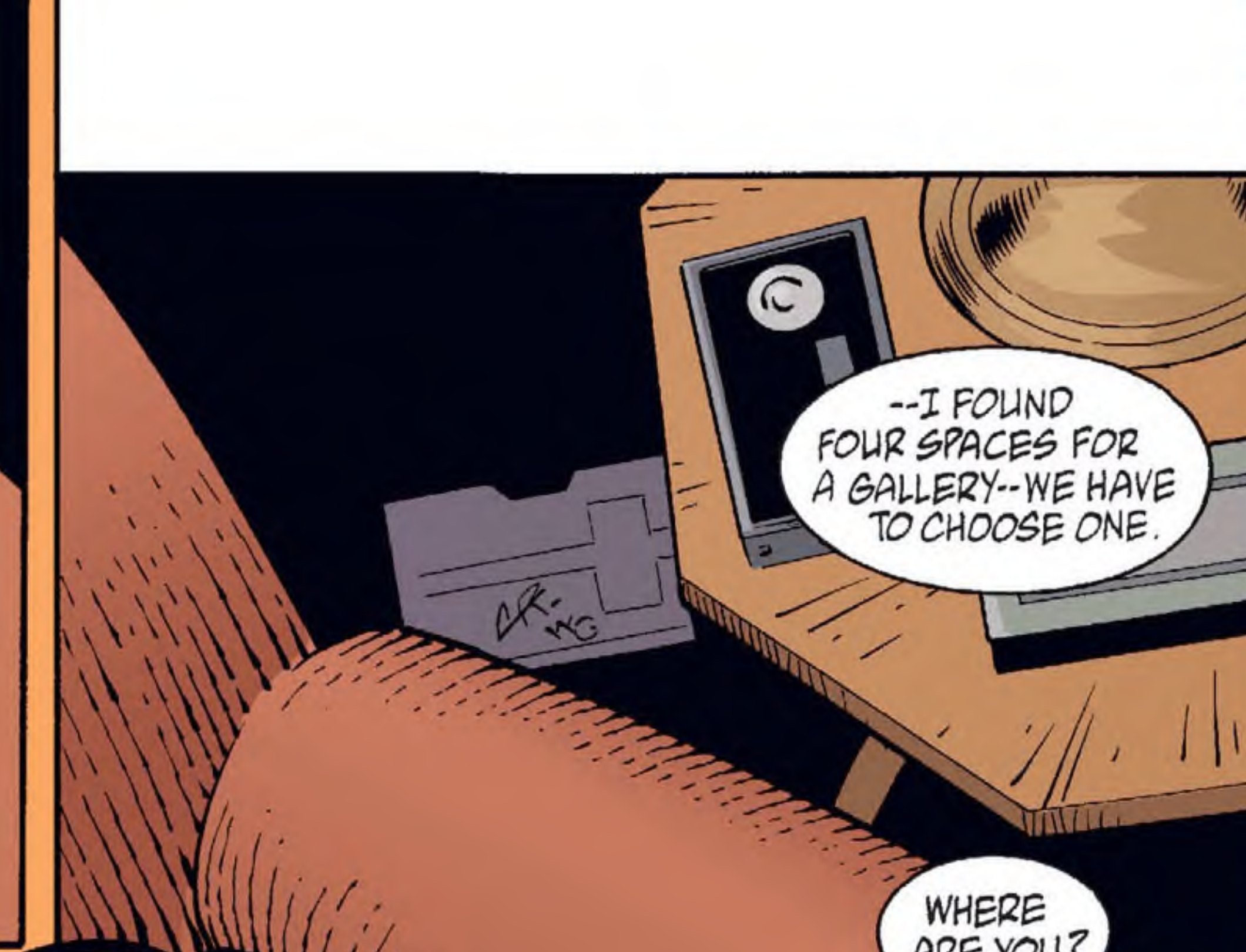
ONLY IF WE LET
OURSELVES.



HEY--NO--
STOP--!



GIRLS--
I'M HOME.
GREAT NEWS--



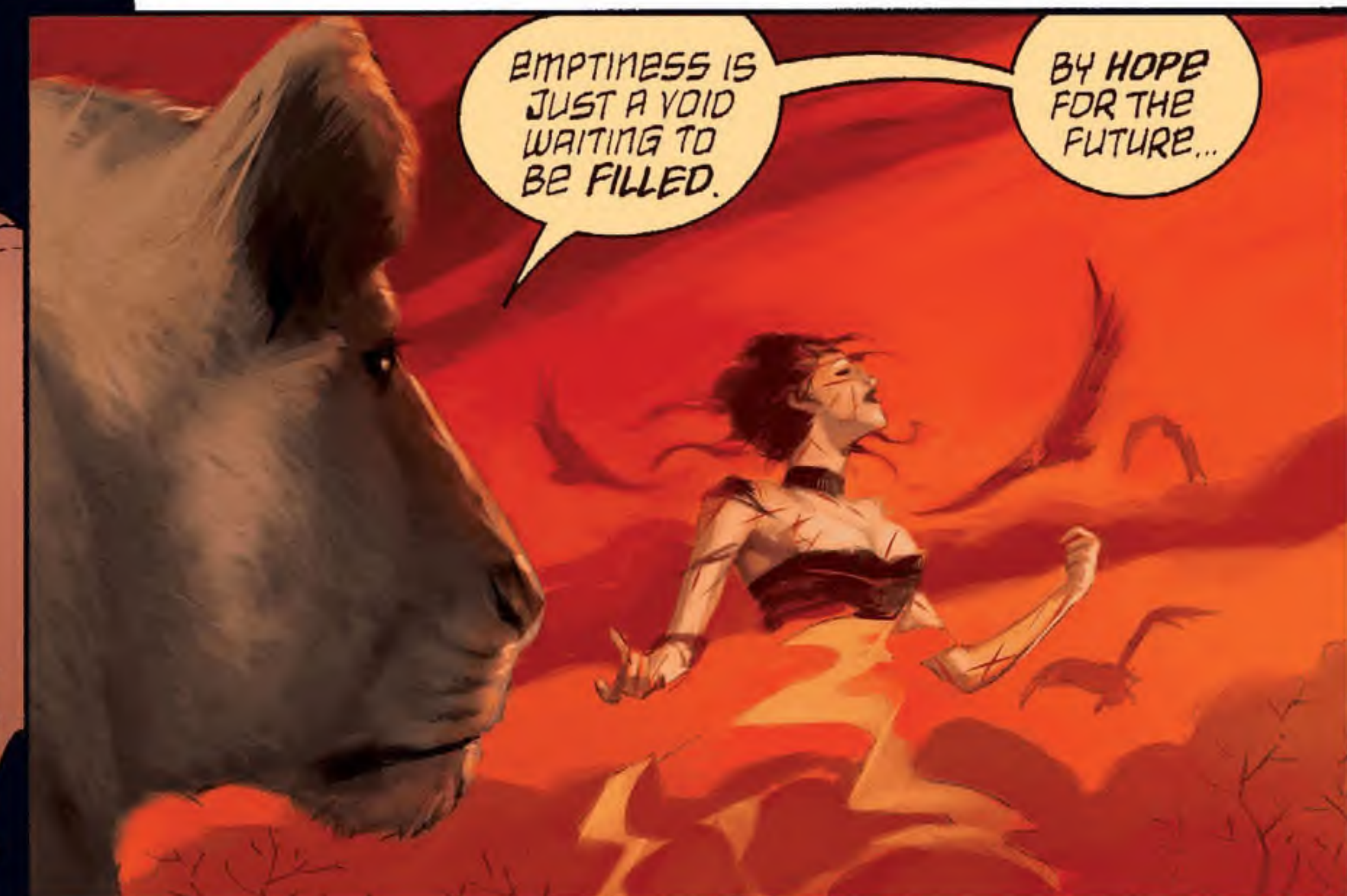
--I FOUND
FOUR SPACES FOR
A GALLERY--WE HAVE
TO CHOOSE ONE.



WE'RE IN
HERE!

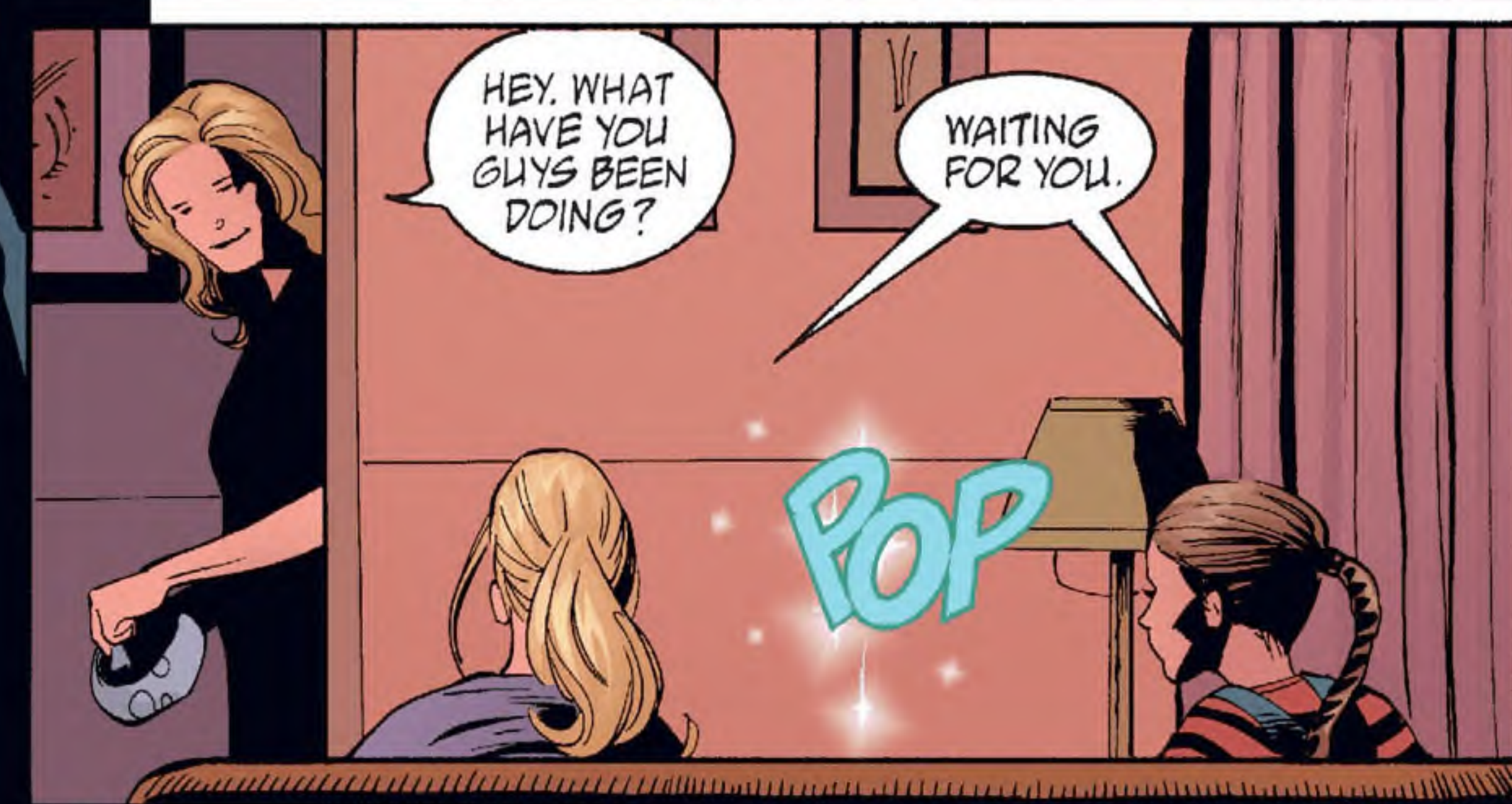


WHERE
ARE YOU?



EMPTINESS IS
JUST A VOID
WAITING TO
BE FILLED.

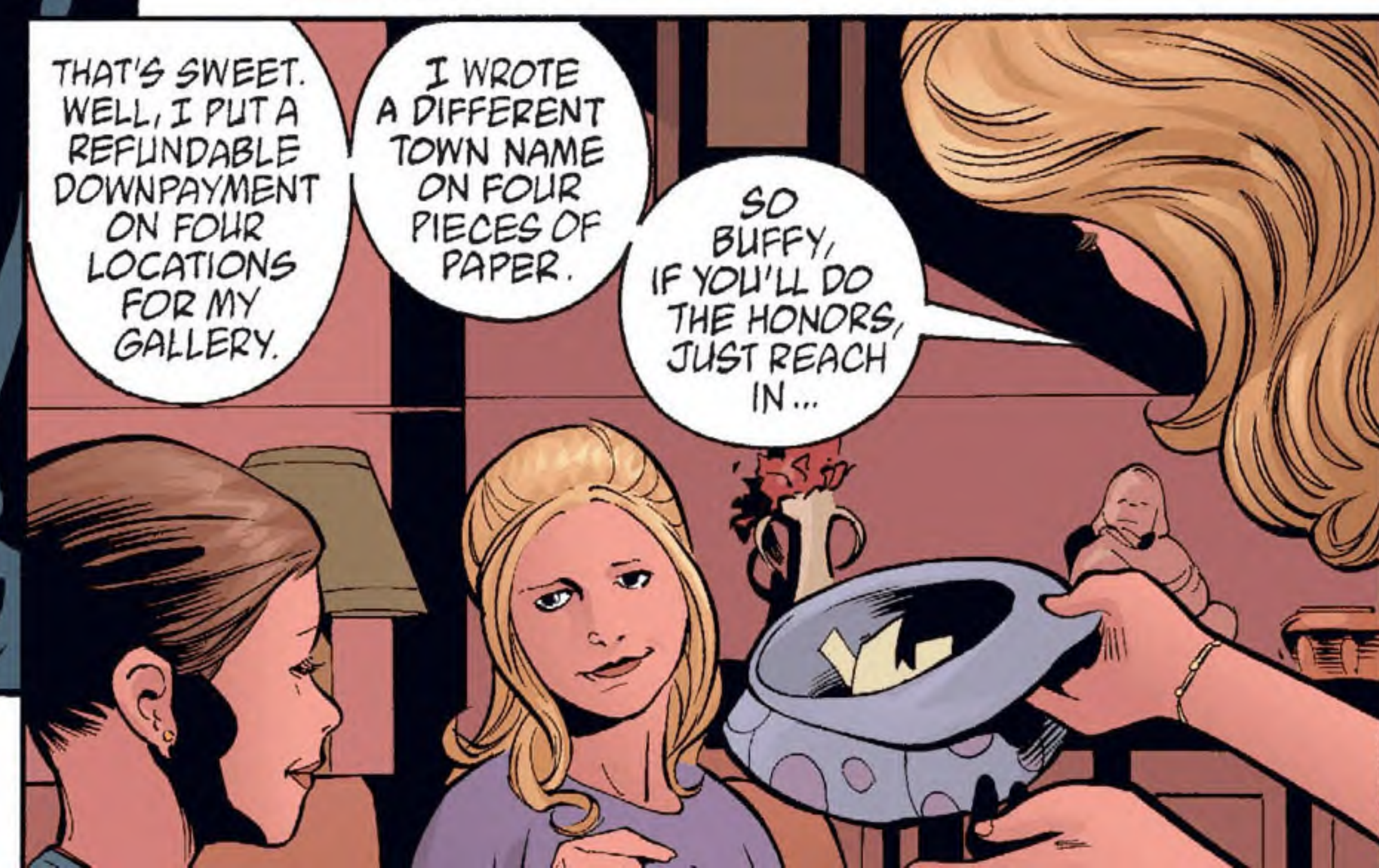
BY HOPE
FOR THE
FUTURE...



HEY, WHAT
HAVE YOU
GUYS BEEN
DOING?

WAITING
FOR YOU.

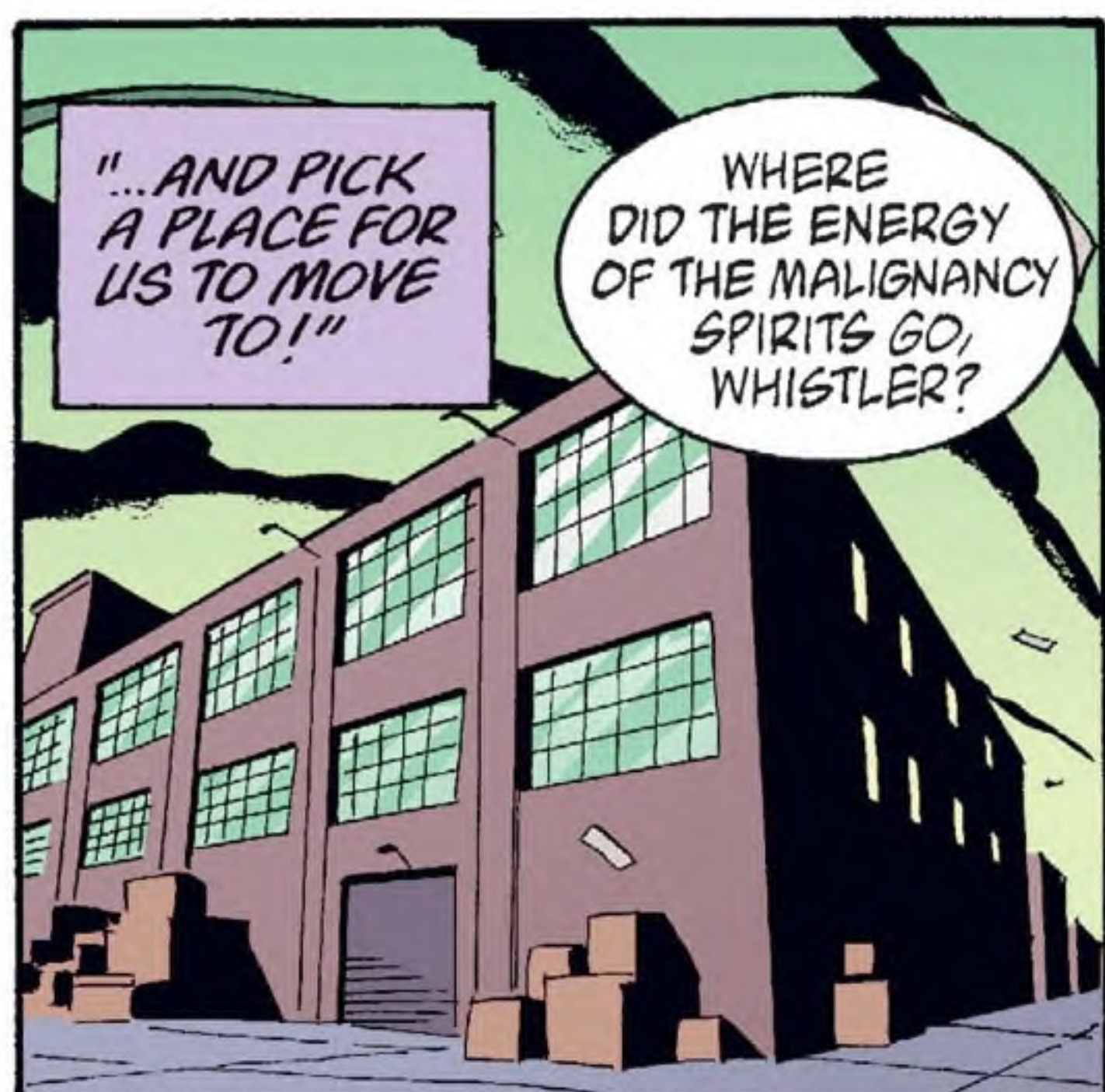
POP

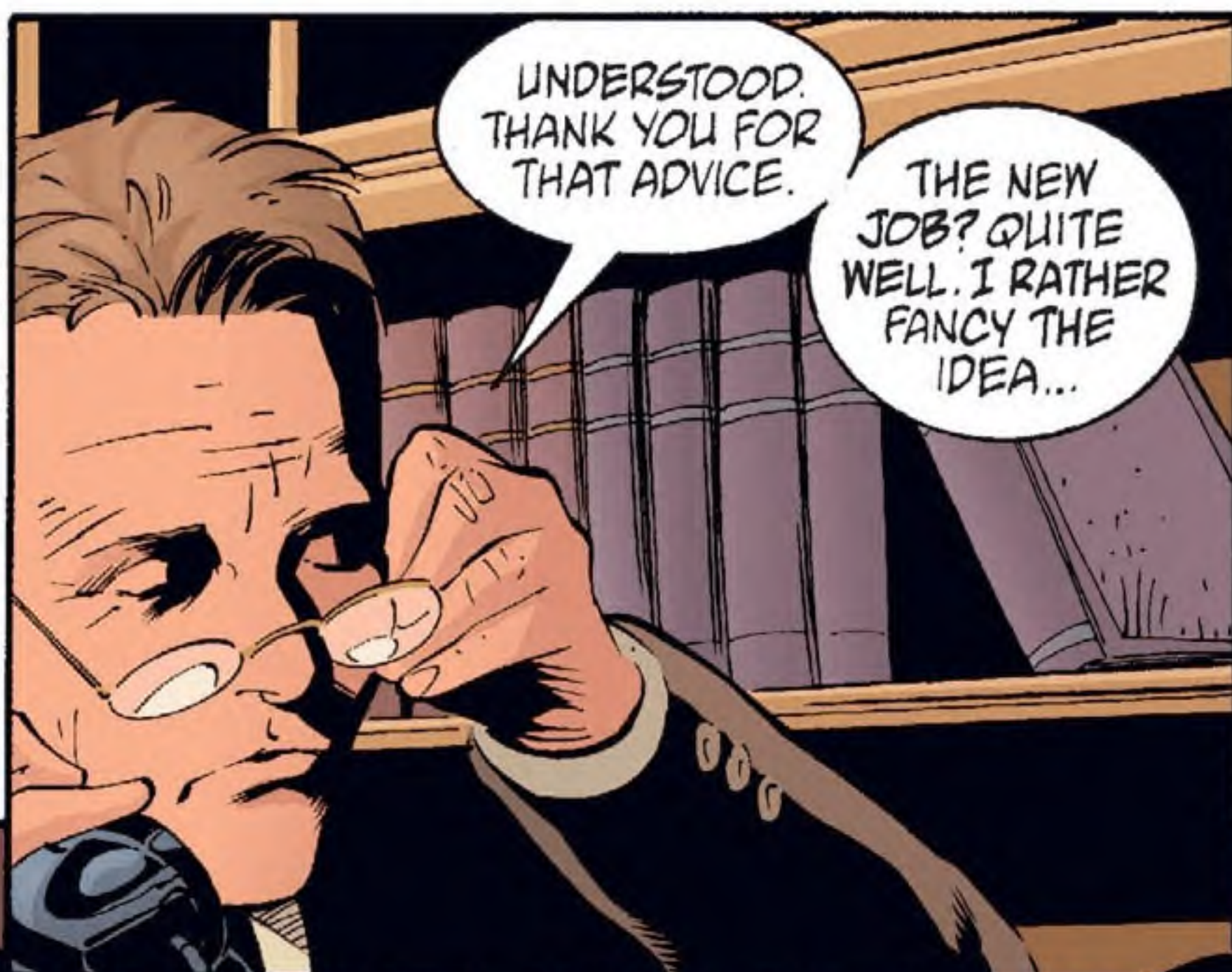
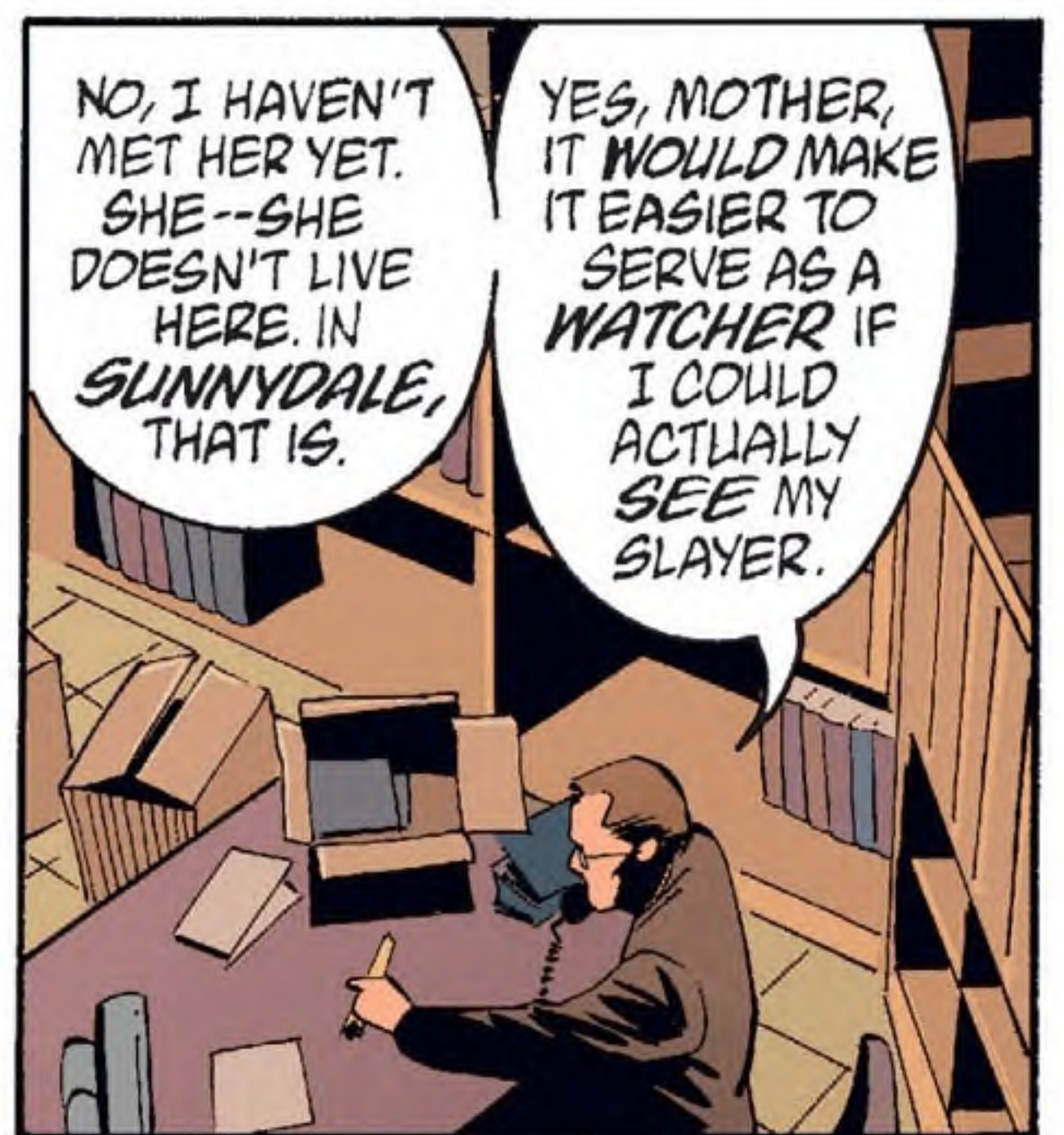


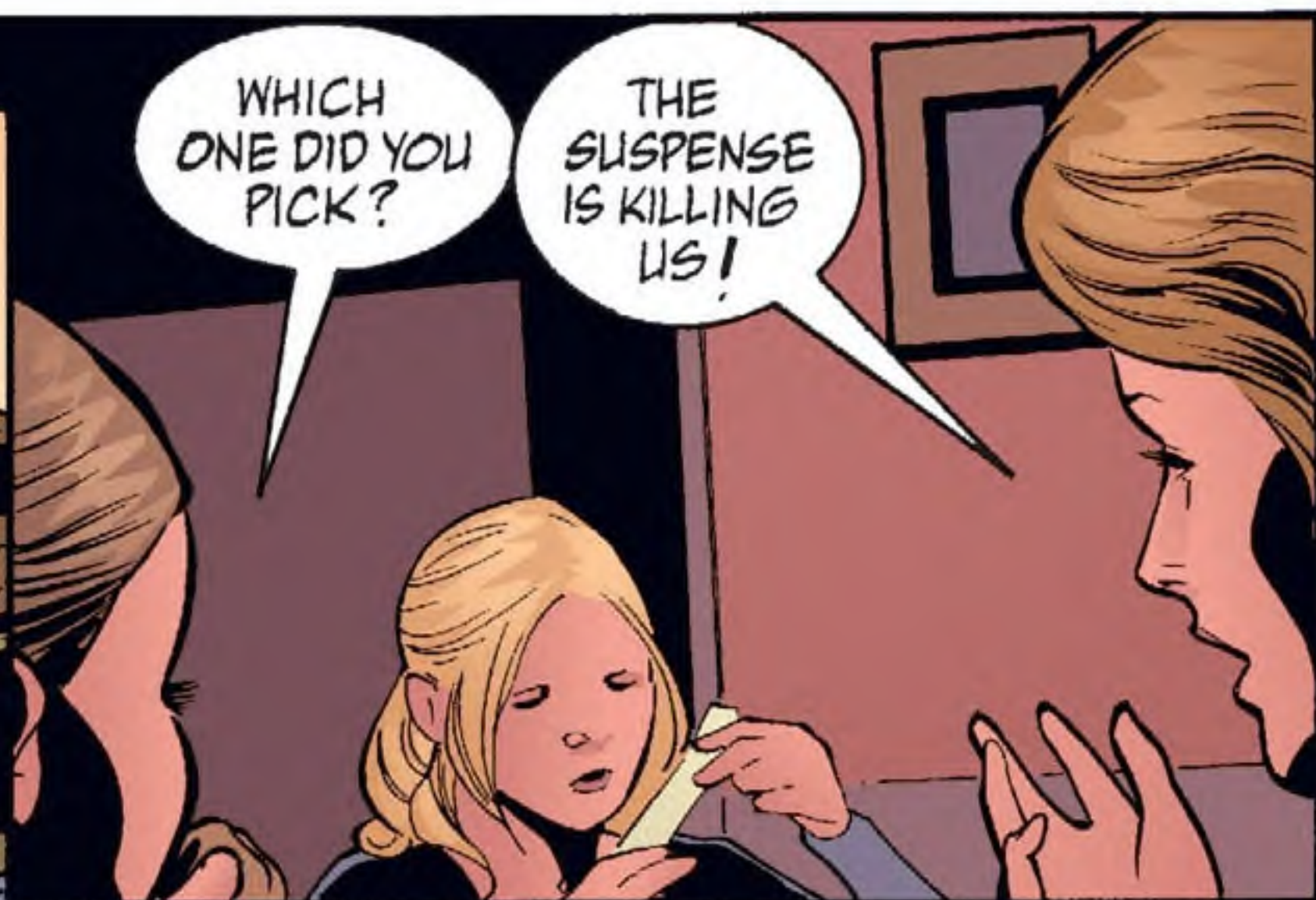
THAT'S SWEET.
WELL, I PUT A
REFUNDABLE
DOWNPAYMENT
ON FOUR
LOCATIONS
FOR MY GALLERY.

I WROTE
A DIFFERENT
TOWN NAME
ON FOUR
PIECES OF
PAPER.

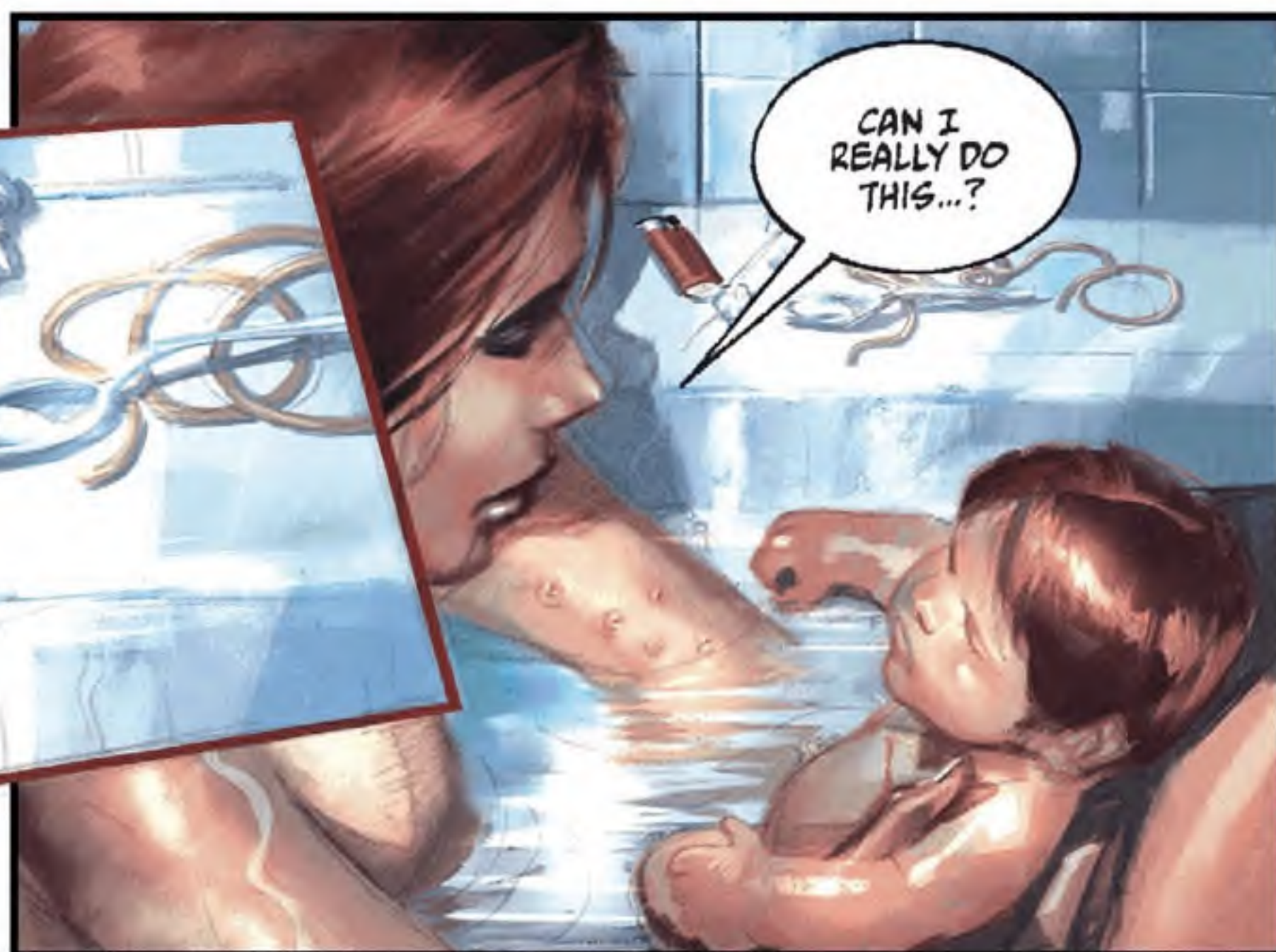
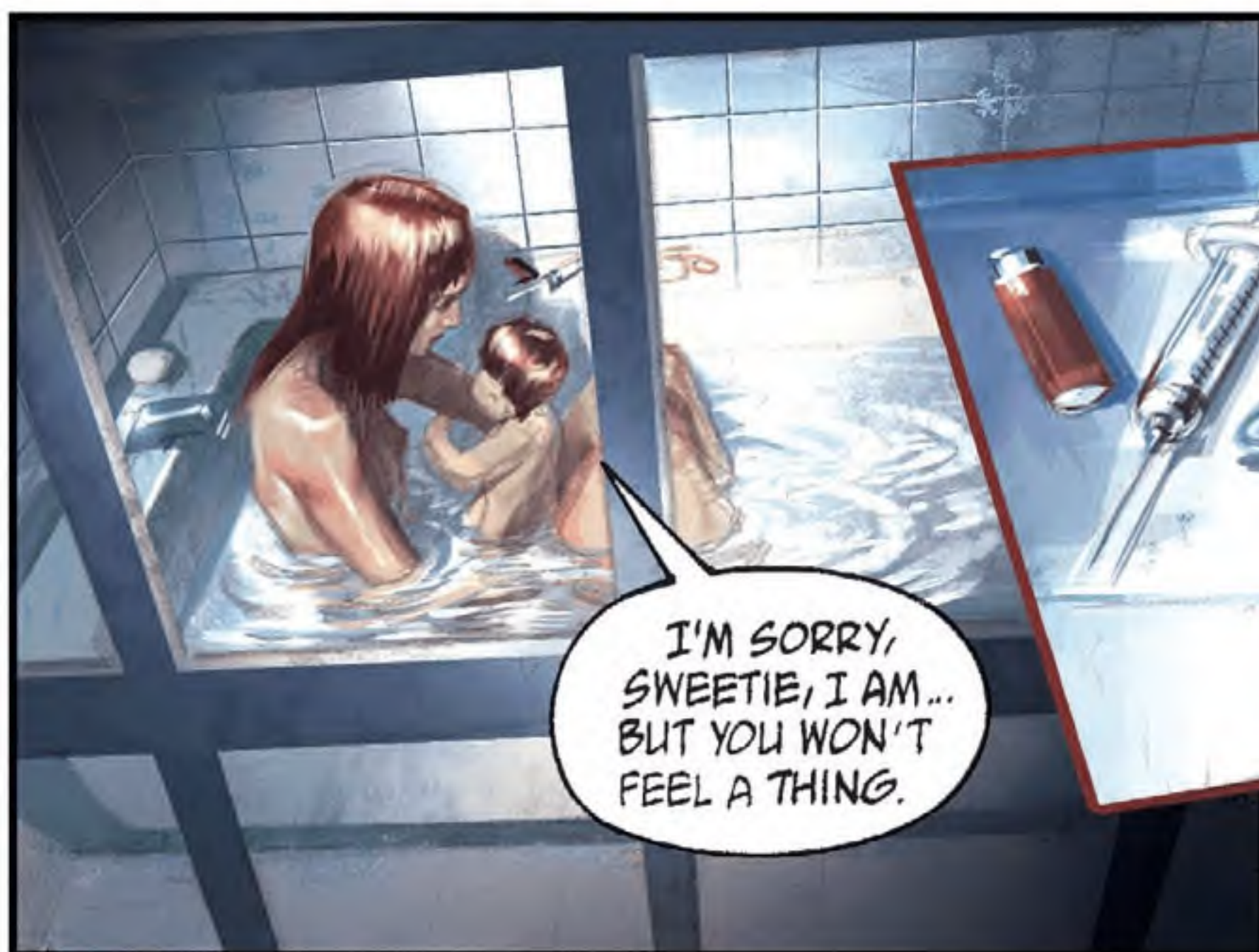
SO
BUFFY,
IF YOU'LL DO
THE HONORS,
JUST REACH
IN...

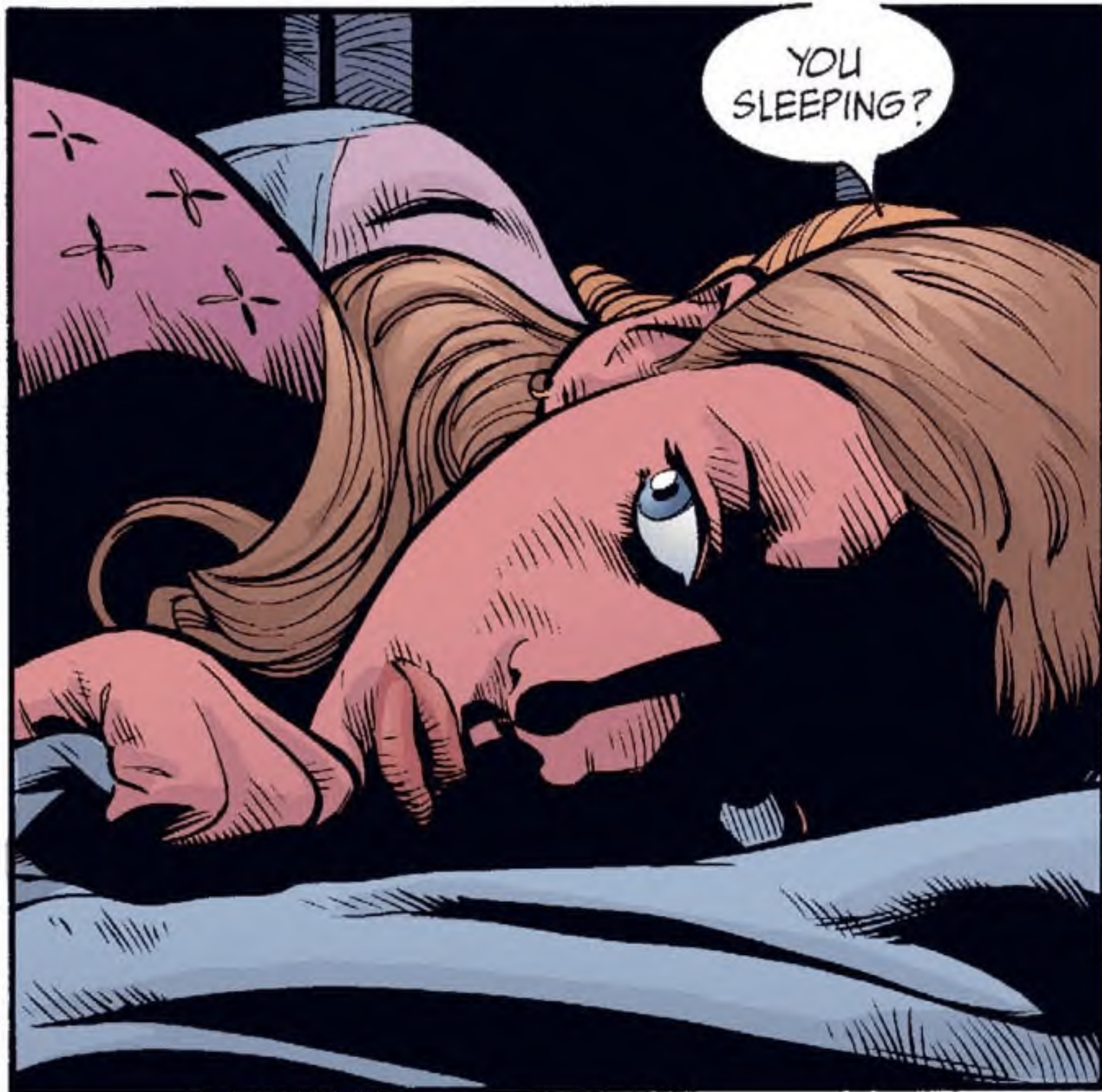






NEXT **TREPIDATION**



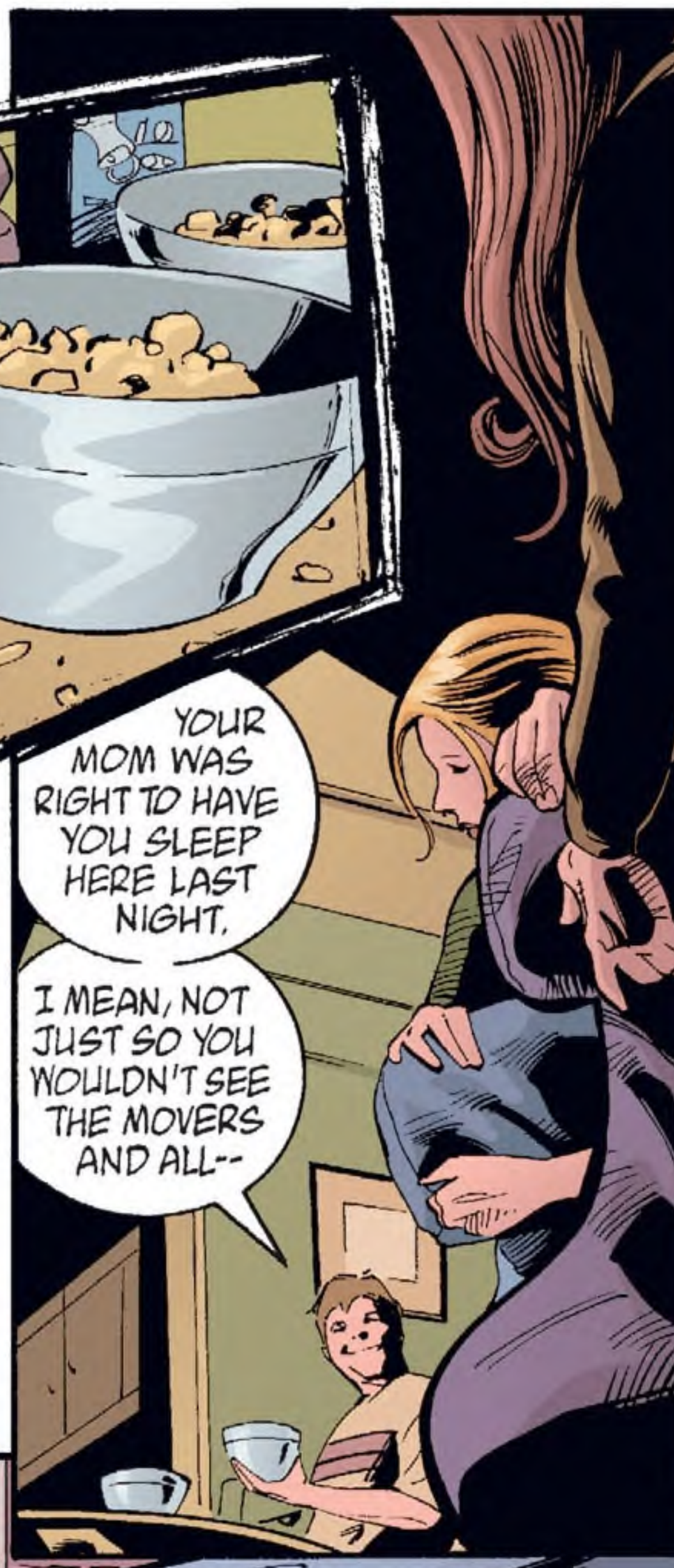




I'M MAKING BREAKFAST.

YOUR MOM WILL BE HERE SOON.

HOW'D YOU GUYS SLEEP? YOU NERVOUS? I'M SURE.



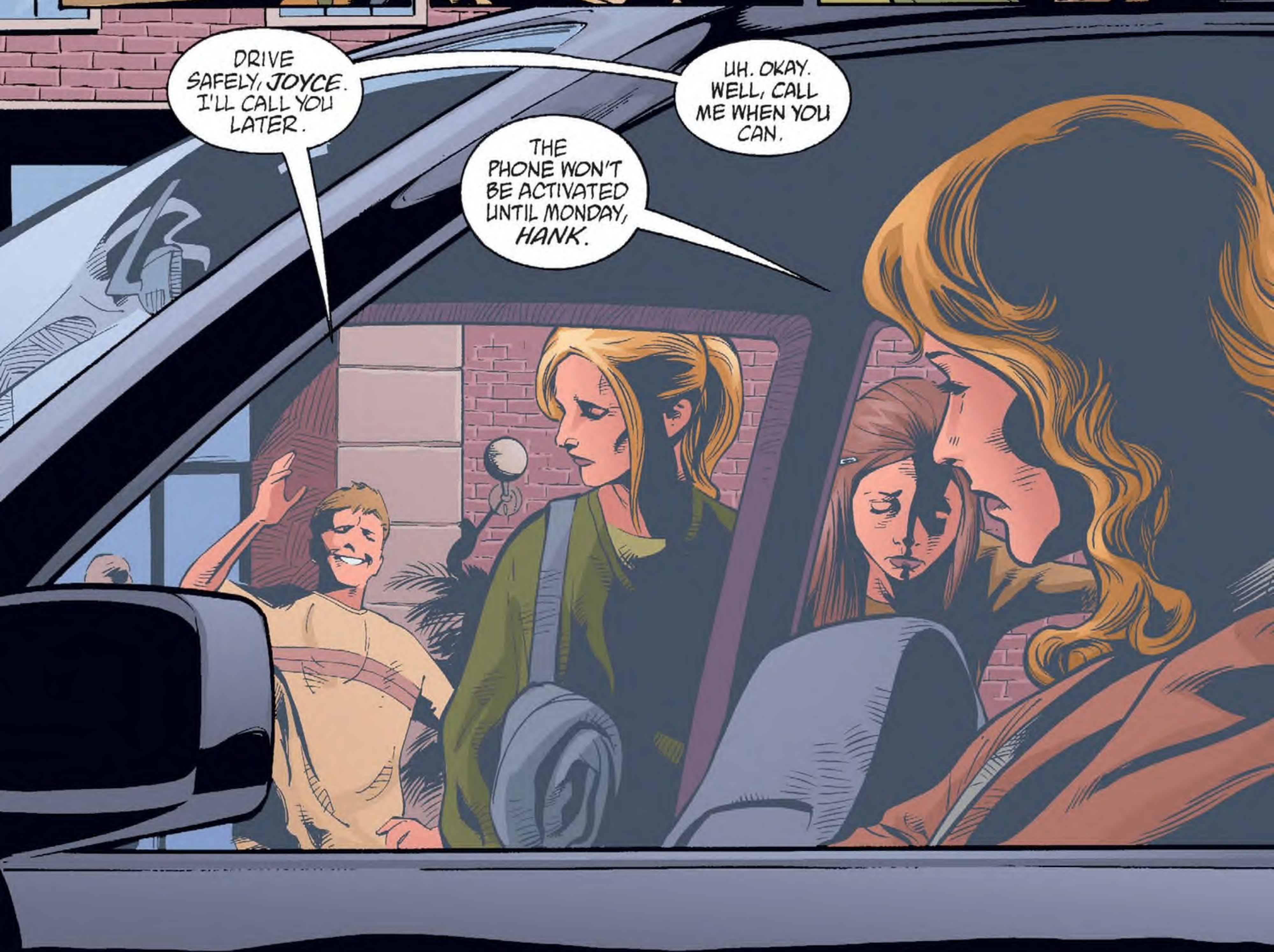
YOUR MOM WAS RIGHT TO HAVE YOU SLEEP HERE LAST NIGHT.

I MEAN, NOT JUST SO YOU WOULDN'T SEE THE MOVERS AND ALL--



--BUT IT'S IMPORTANT TO KNOW WE'LL STILL BE A FAMILY.

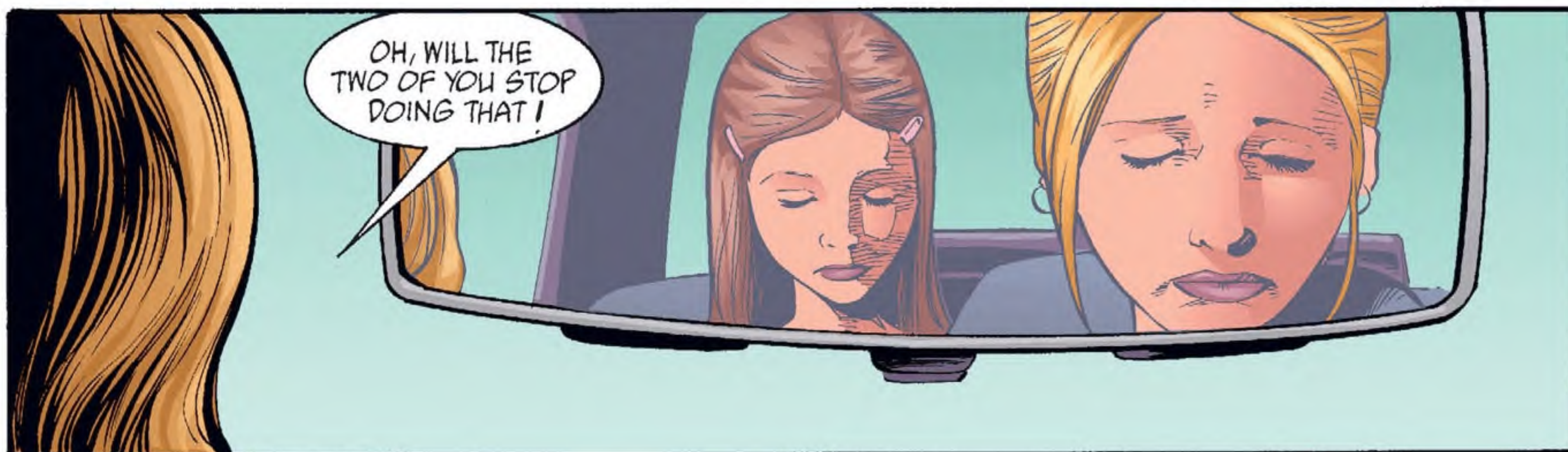
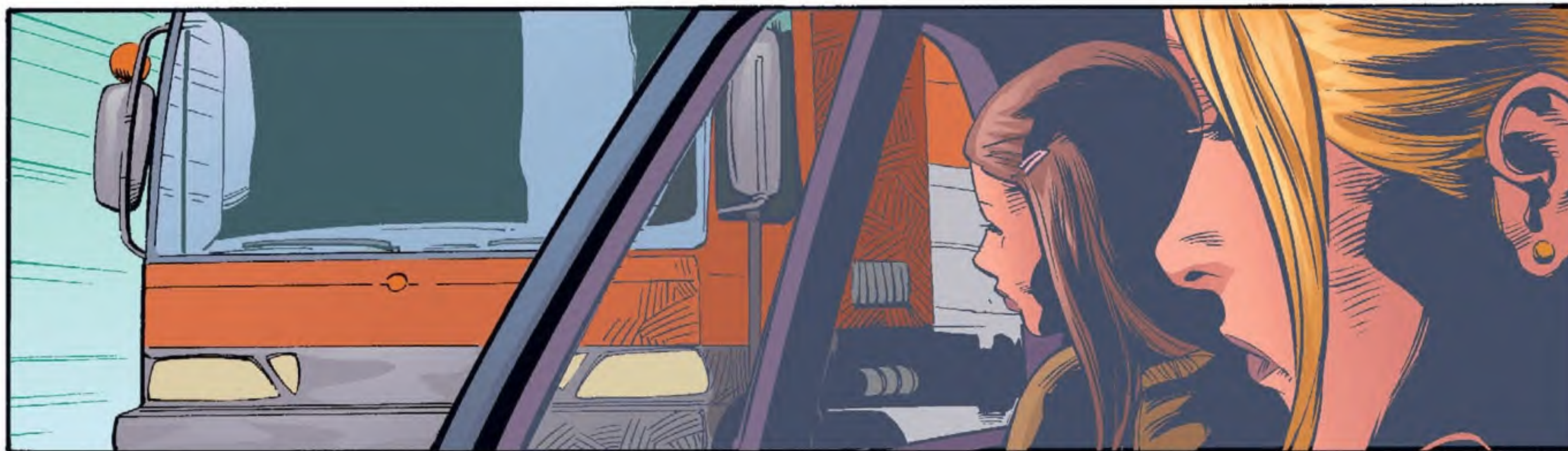
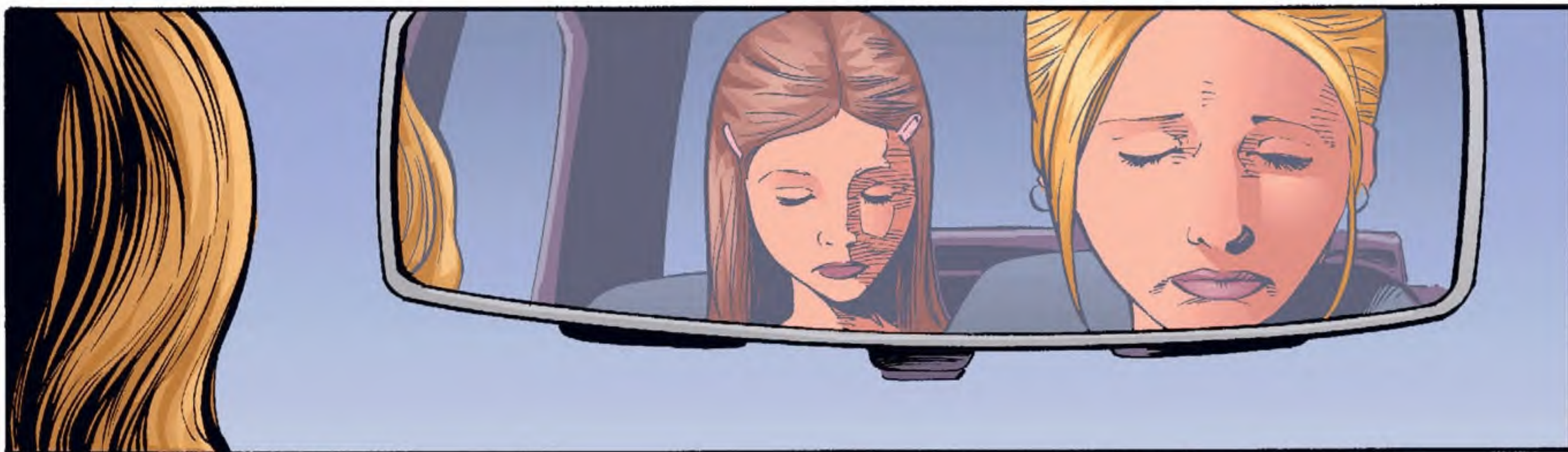
I'LL ALWAYS BE A PART OF YOUR LIVES. PROMISE.

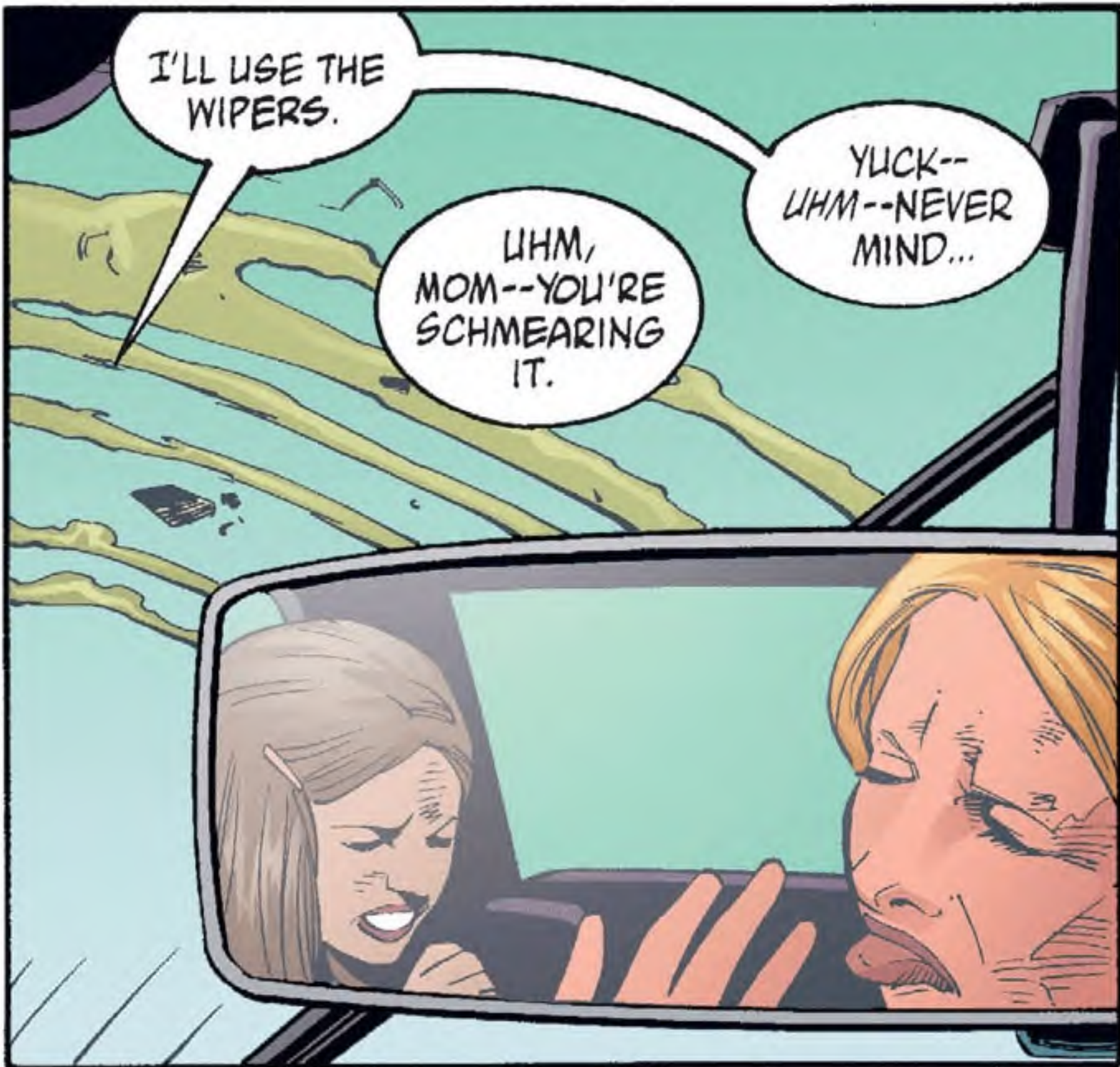
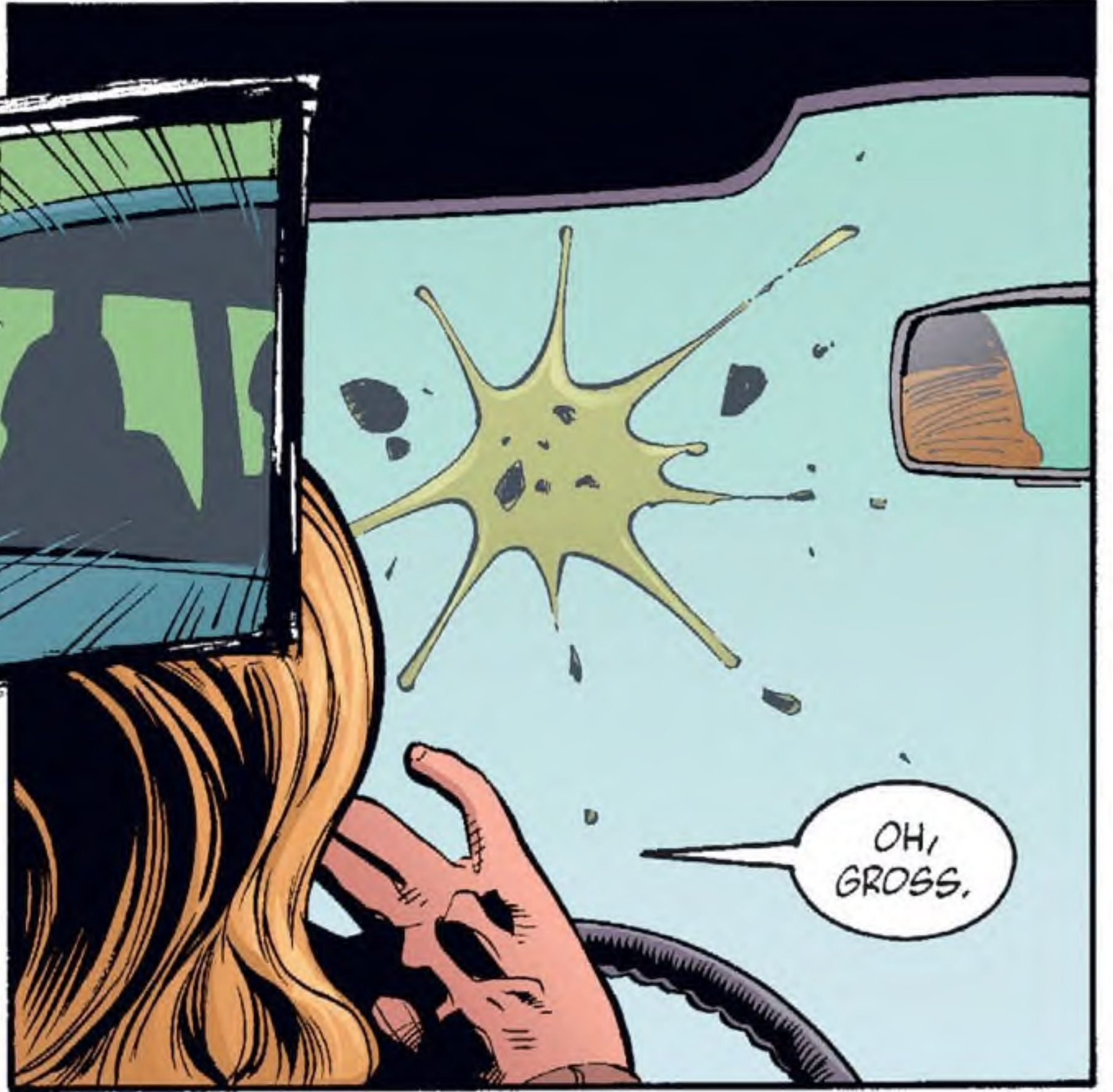
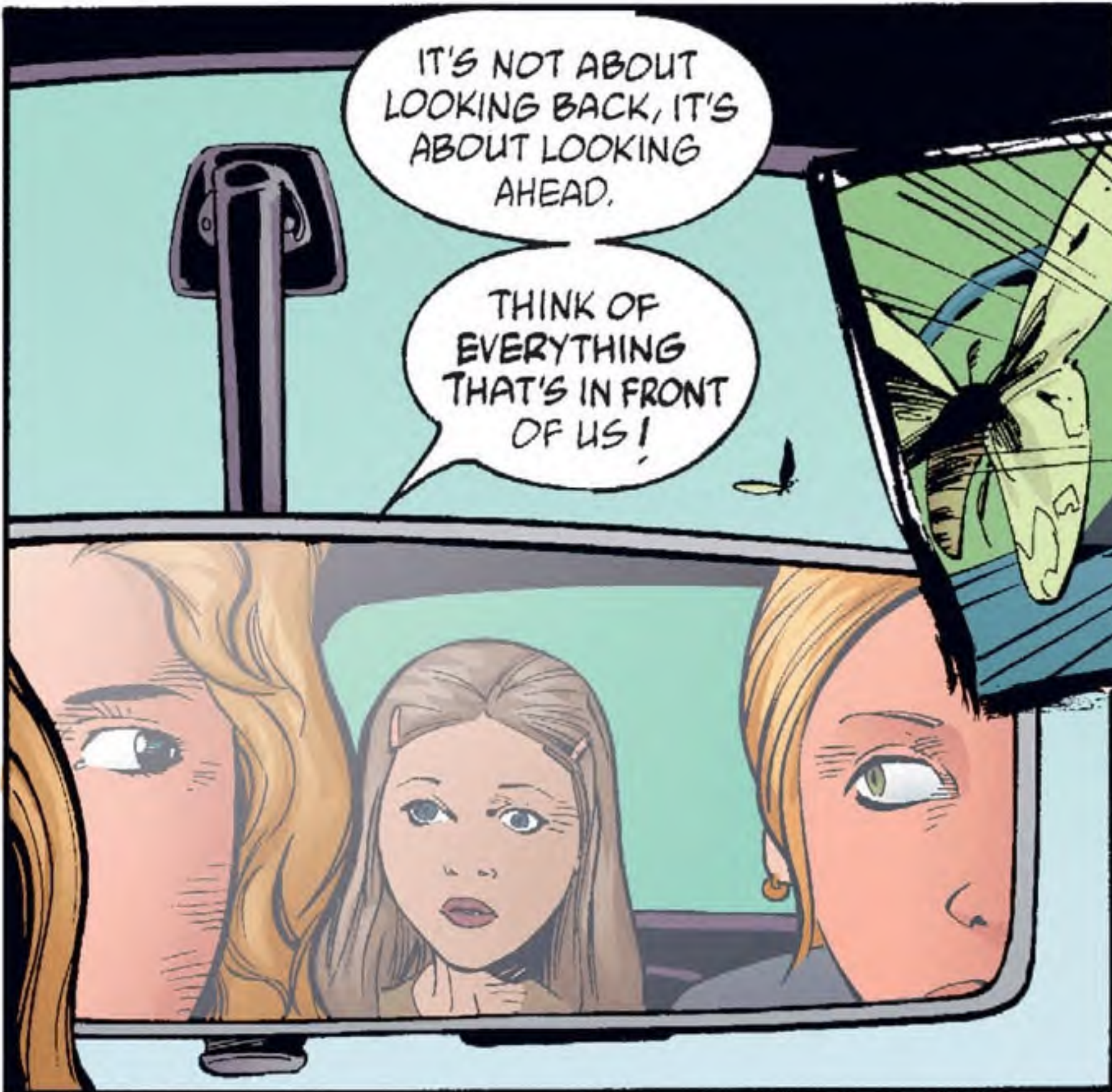


DRIVE SAFELY, JOYCE. I'LL CALL YOU LATER.

UH. OKAY. WELL, CALL ME WHEN YOU CAN.

THE PHONE WON'T BE ACTIVATED UNTIL MONDAY, HANK.







KIDS TODAY, ALL
THAT FAST
FOOD...

...THINK
OF WHAT
HIS **BLOOD**
WOULD DO
TO YOUR
COMPLEXION--



WHO ARE
YOU?

JUST A GUY
TRYING TO RAISE THE
STANDARD. YOU'RE
PERPETUATING THE
CLICHÉ AND IT
REFLECTS BADLY
ON GUYS LIKE ME.

WELL,
REFLECTION BEING
A DICEY THING, SURE--
BUT I MEAN, LOOK
AT MY HAIR, MY
CLOTHES.

DON'T
YOU WANT TO
WORK ON BEING
THE BEST
VAMPIRE YOU
CAN BE?

UHM... I
GUESS.

OKAY, SO
RAISE THE BAR
ABOVE HIGH SCHOOL
STUDENTS AND SUMMER
CAMPERS. THINK BIG--
THE MAYOR, MAYBE.



THAT
WAS STUPID,
ANGELLUS.



YOU'RE LUCKY SOME WEIRD MOJO'S GOIN' DOWN, 'CAUSE HE DIDN'T LOOK THE TYPE WHO NORMALLY BACKS OFF.

YOU'RE LOOKIN' T'GET ASHED, AIN'TCHA?

WHAT?

FIRST FOLLOWING THE *SLAYER* AROUND LIKE A PUPPY DOG, NOW GETTIN' THE LOCAL *VAMPIRES* MAD AT YOU.

NOT LIKE A PUPPY DOG.

LIKE A FIERCE, LOYAL GERMAN SHEPHERD.

BAD ENOUGH YOU LET OUT THOSE *MALIGNANCY SPIRITS*--

WHICH IS WHY I FOLLOWED THE *SLAYER*, *WHISTLER*-- TO STOP THE LAST ONE.

HORSE CRAP. YOU THINK SHE'S YOUR *REDEMPTION*, ANGELUS?

NO...



WELL, SHE AIN'T.

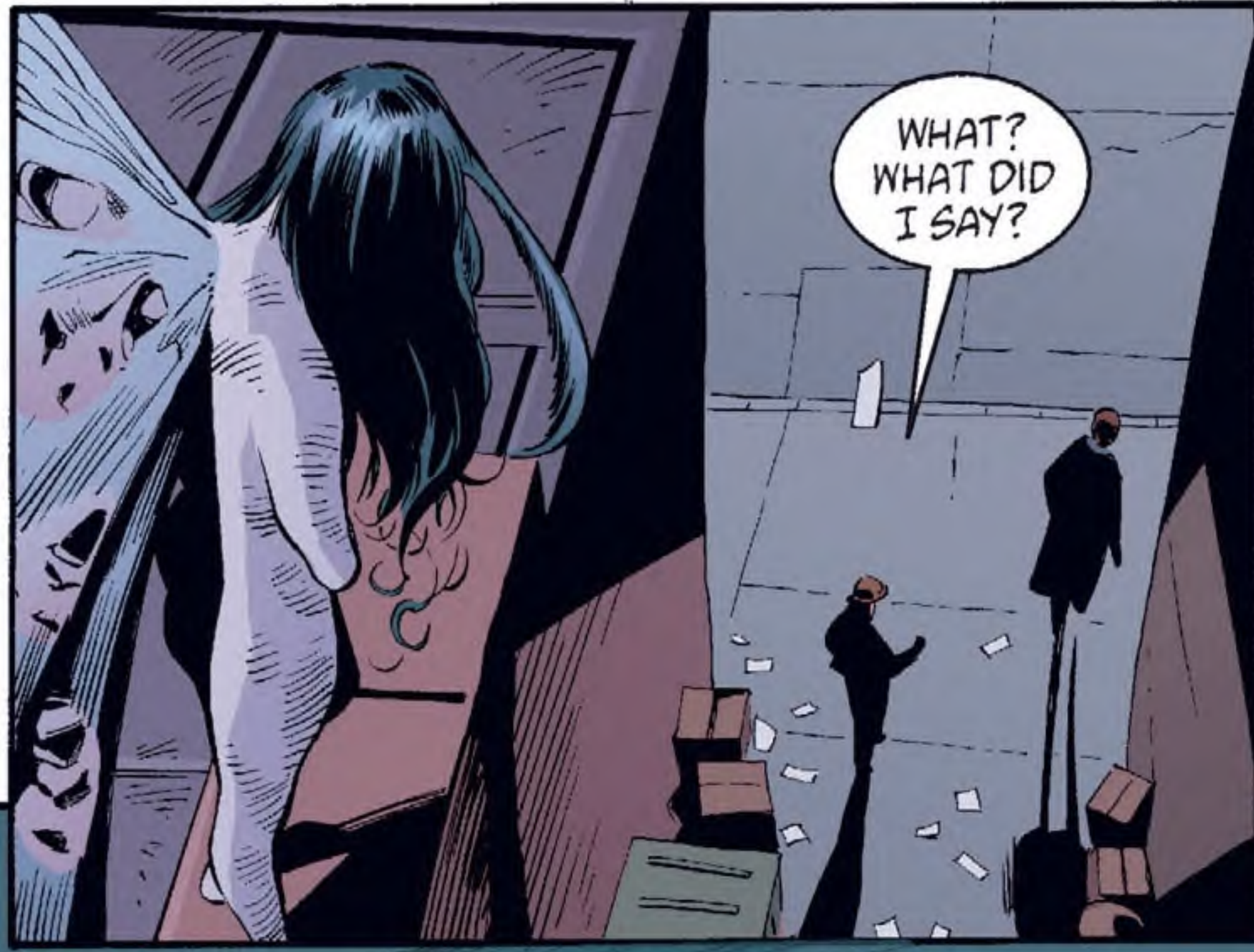


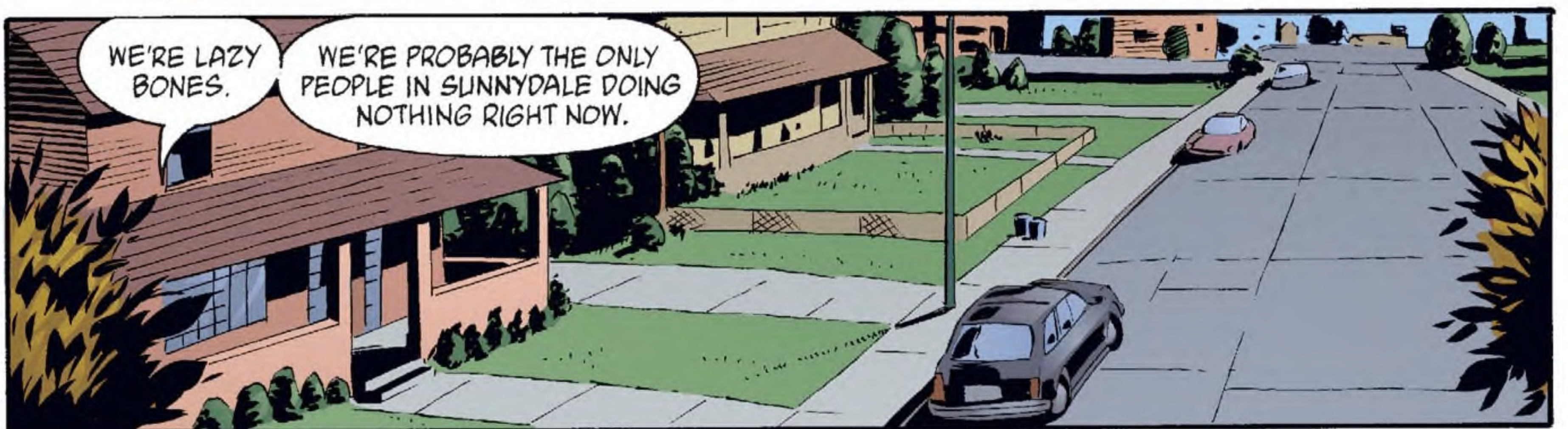
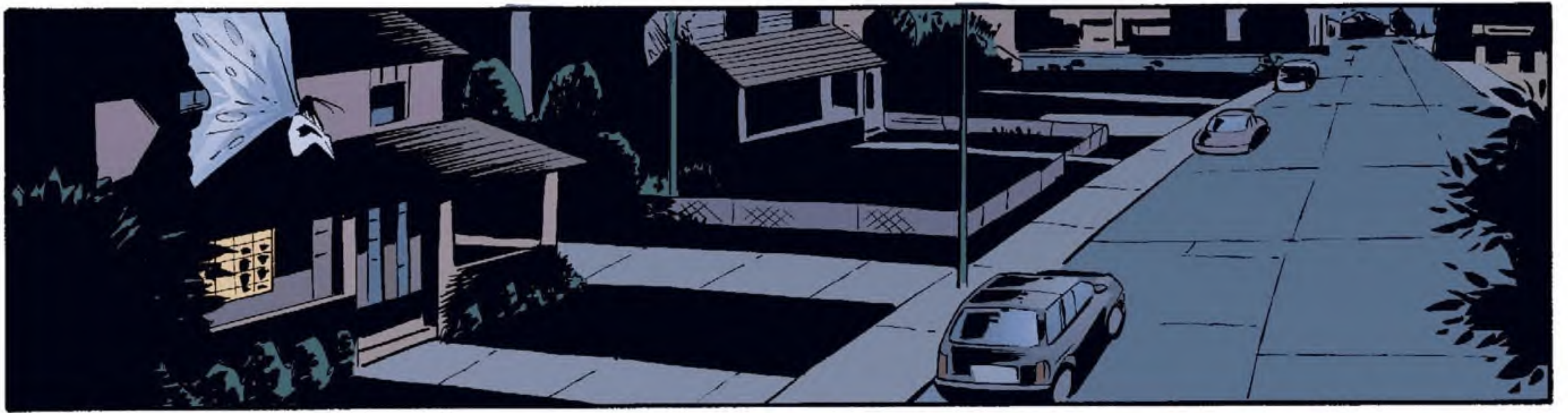
THEN WHAT IS?

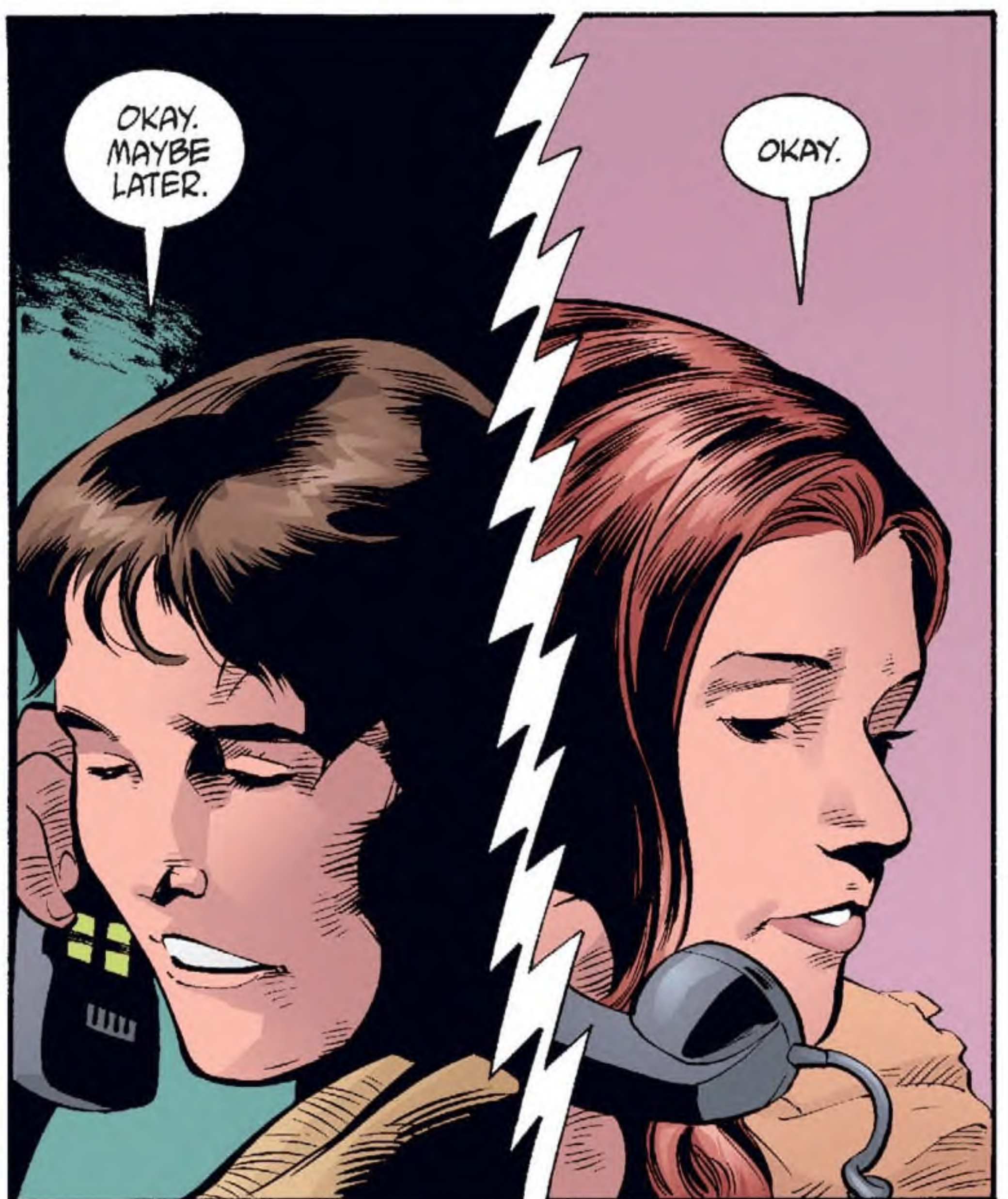


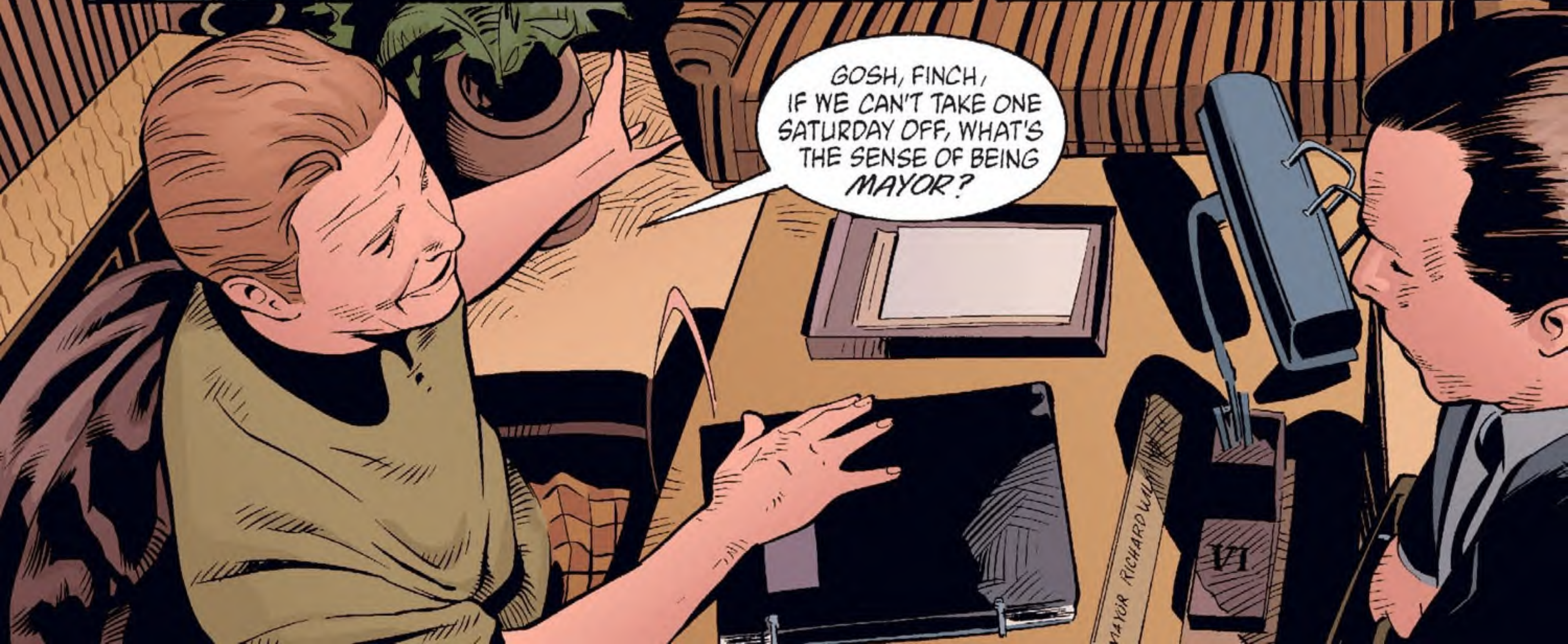
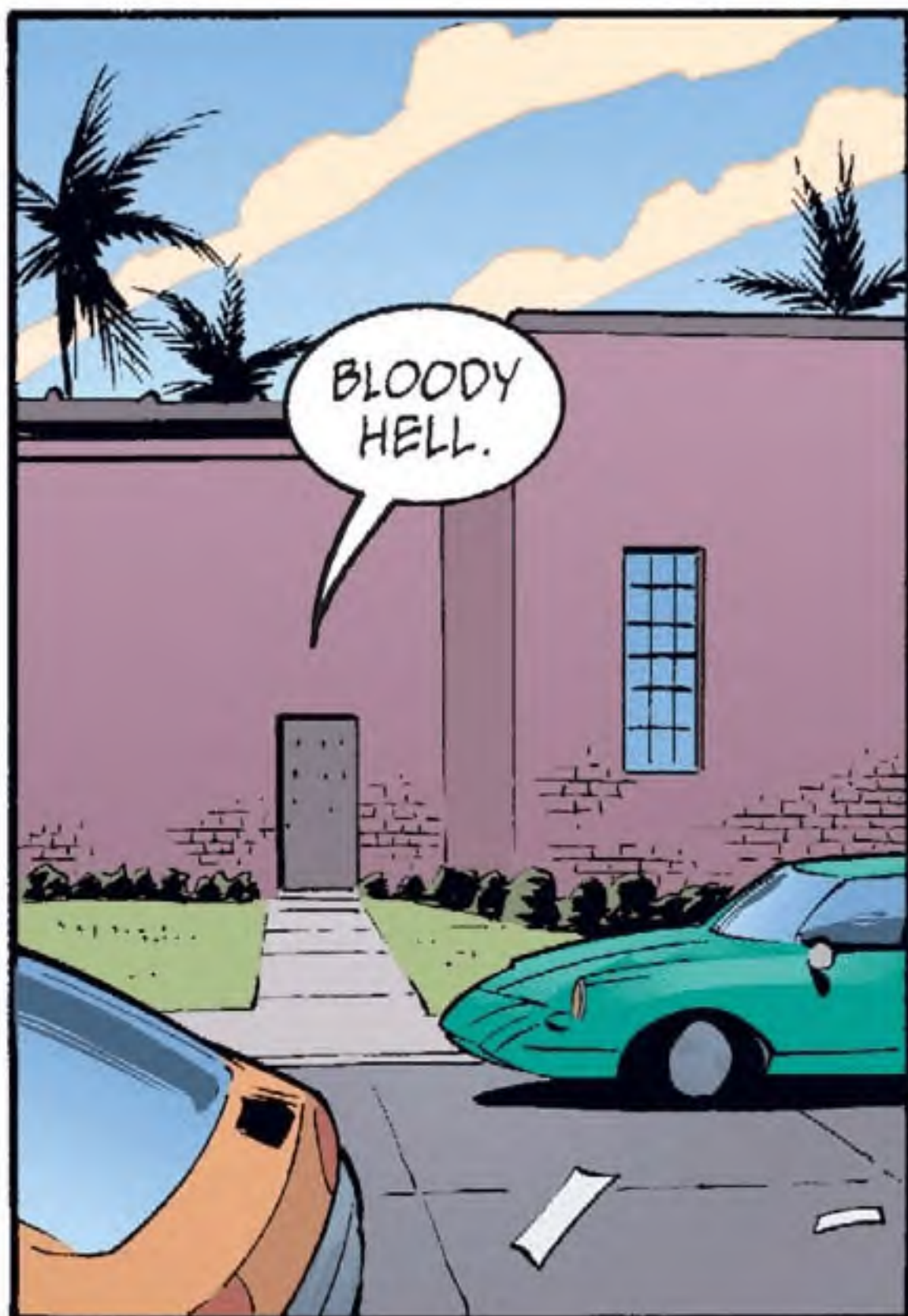
FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF.

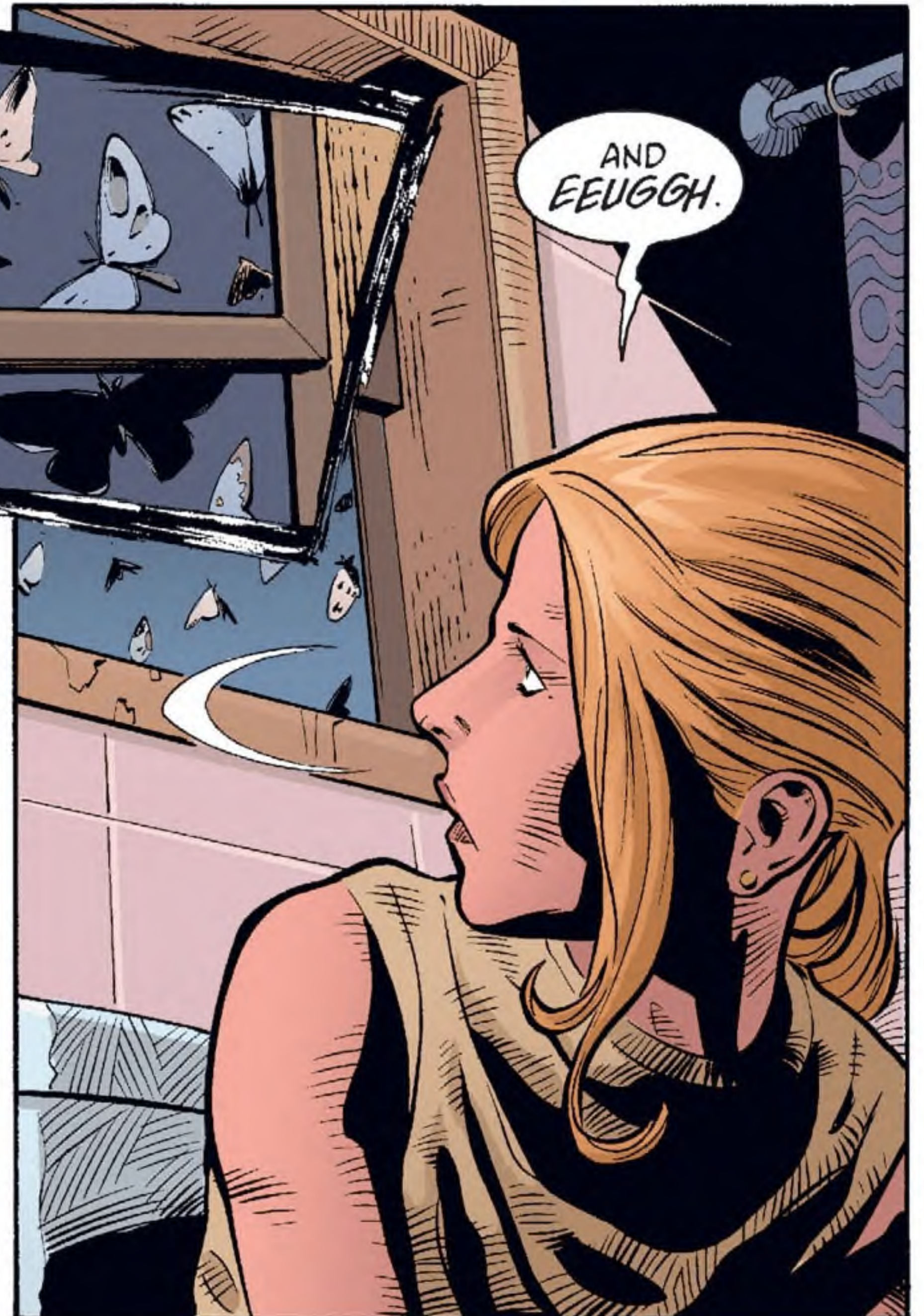
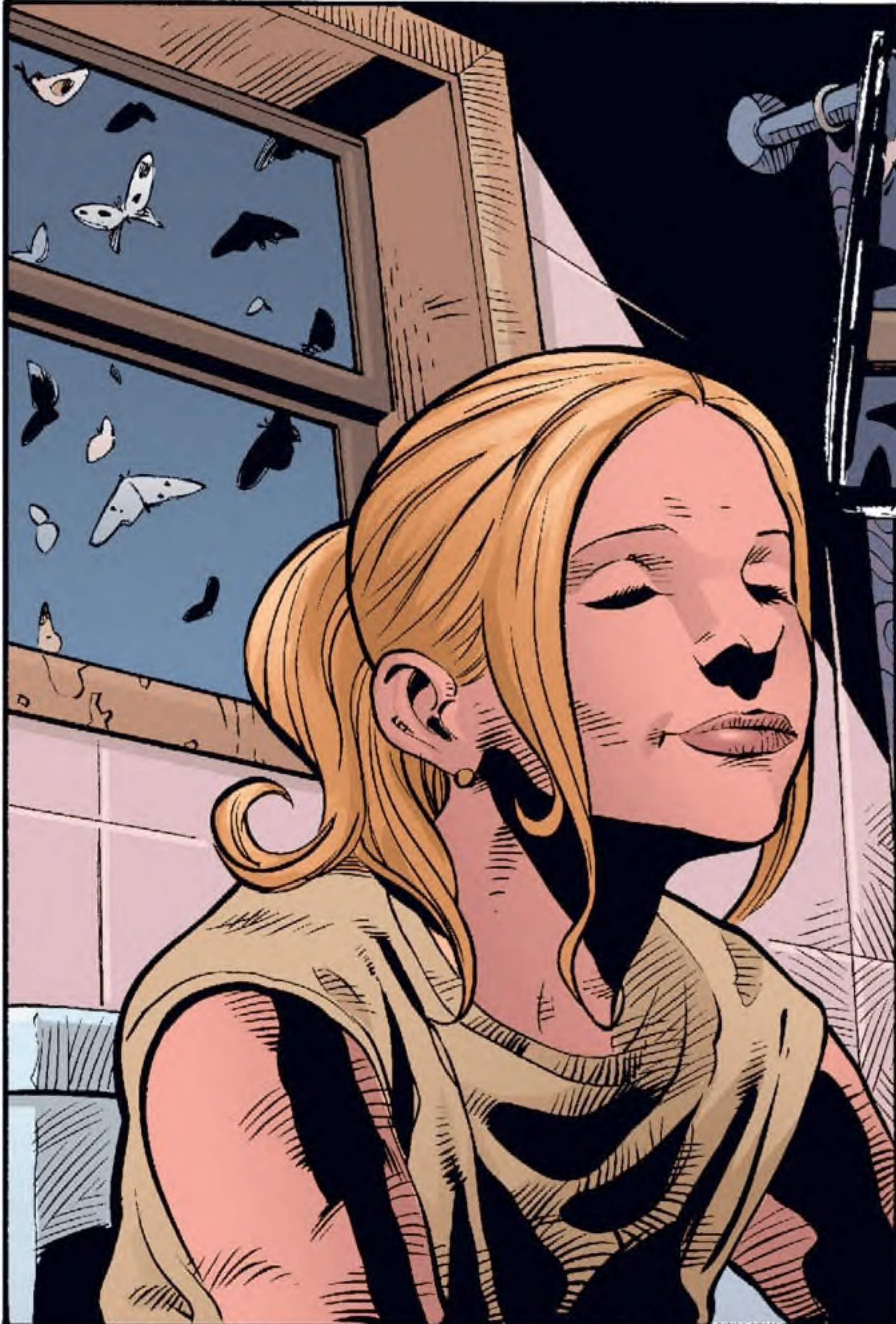
START BY TAKING A GOOD LONG LOOK IN THE MIRROR.













WELCOME TO
SUNNYDALE.



I HAVE
TO RAKE, BUT I
COULD HURT THE
GRASS.

BUT IF I DON'T,
THE GOOD GRASS
WON'T GROW THROUGH
THE DRY GRASS.

BUT IF
I DO, I COULD
HURT THE DRY
GRASS.



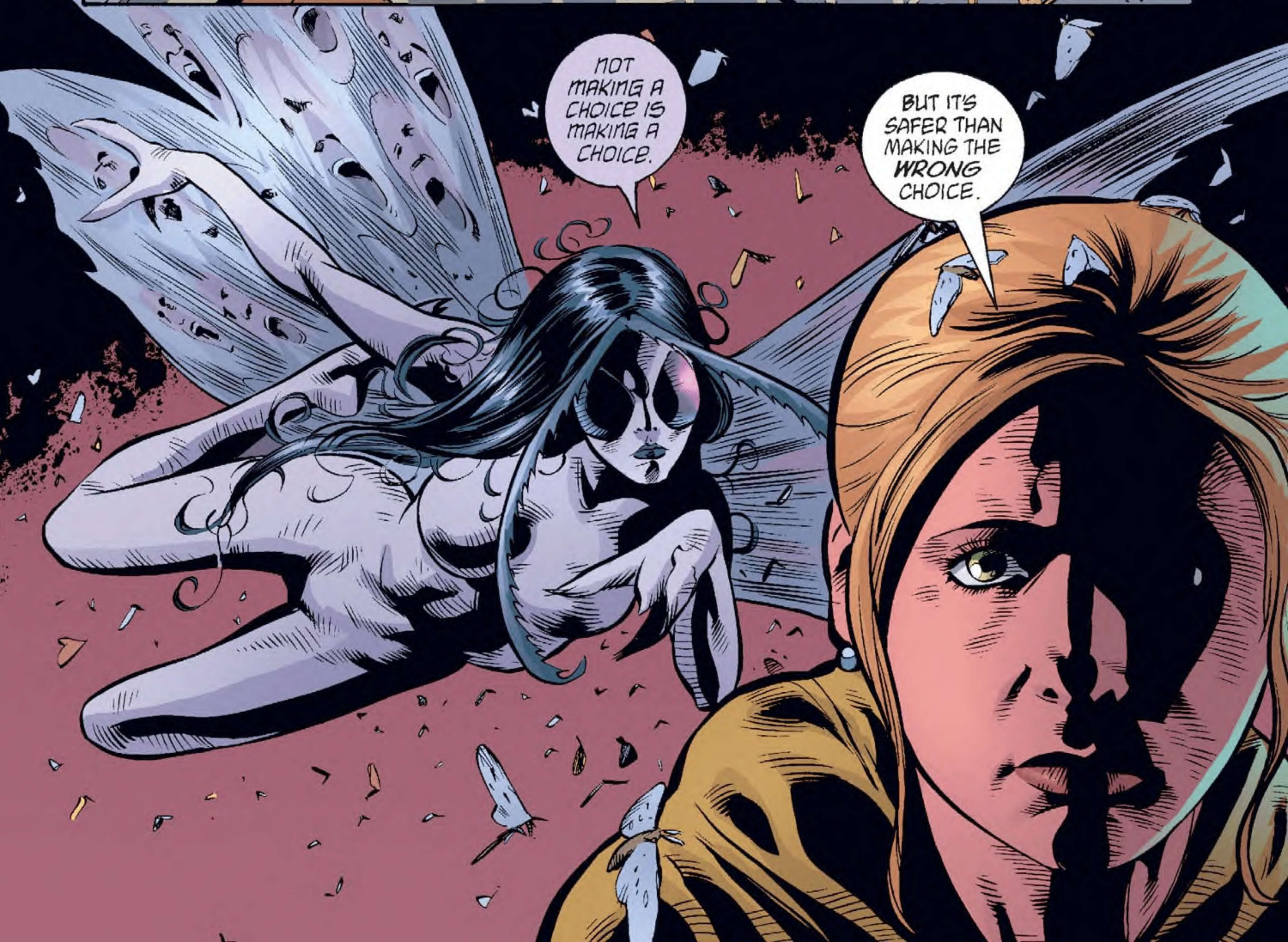
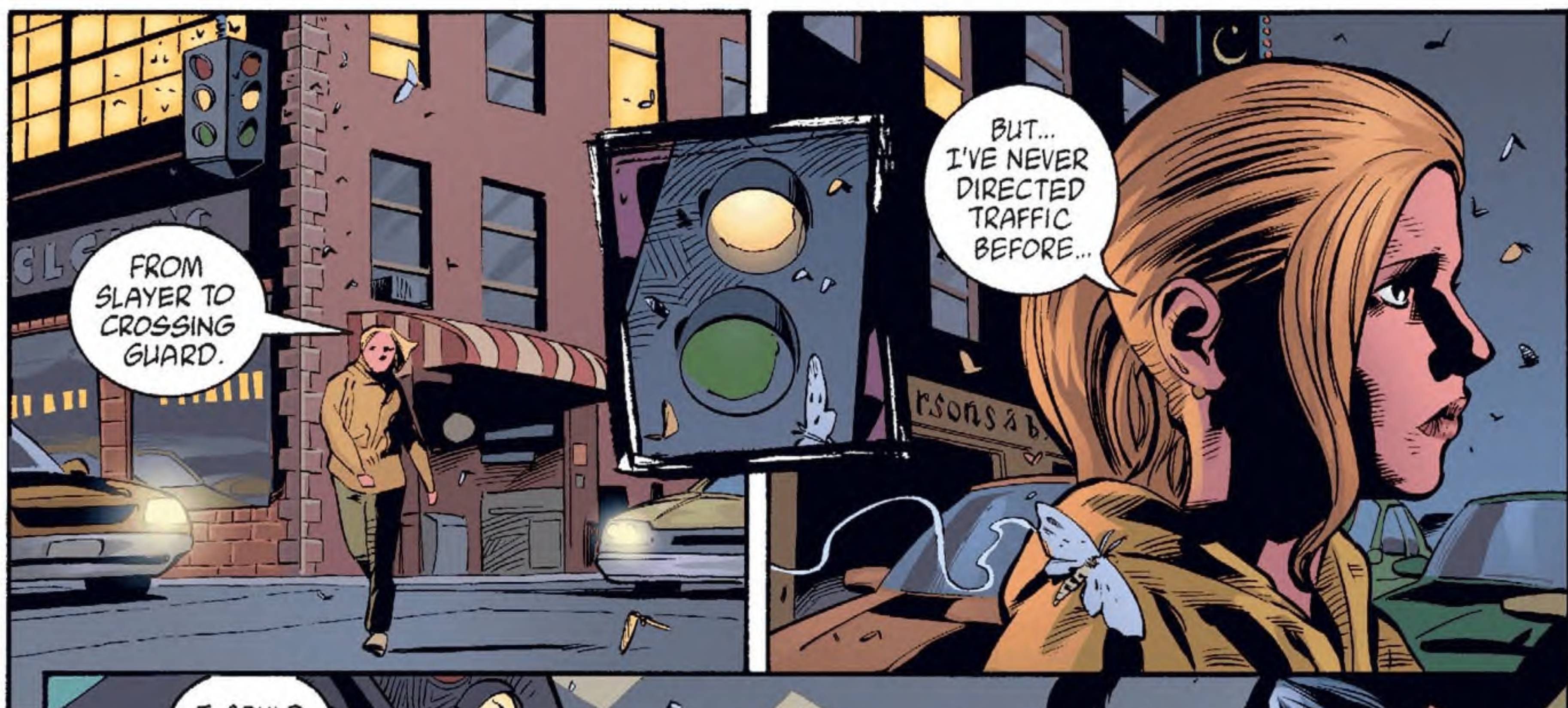
I LOVE
HIM. BUT I
HATE HIM. BUT
I LOVE HIM.

DID SHE
SAY LITE OR
NON-FAT?



WELL, THIS
WON'T BE GOOD.









WHY
SHOULD YOU
BE RESPONSIBLE
FOR SO MANY
OTHERS?



WHY
SHOULD SO
MUCH BE
EXPECTED OF
YOU?

IT'S NOT
FAIR.

IT'S NOT
FAIR.



YOU
DON'T WANT
TO BE THE
SLAYER.

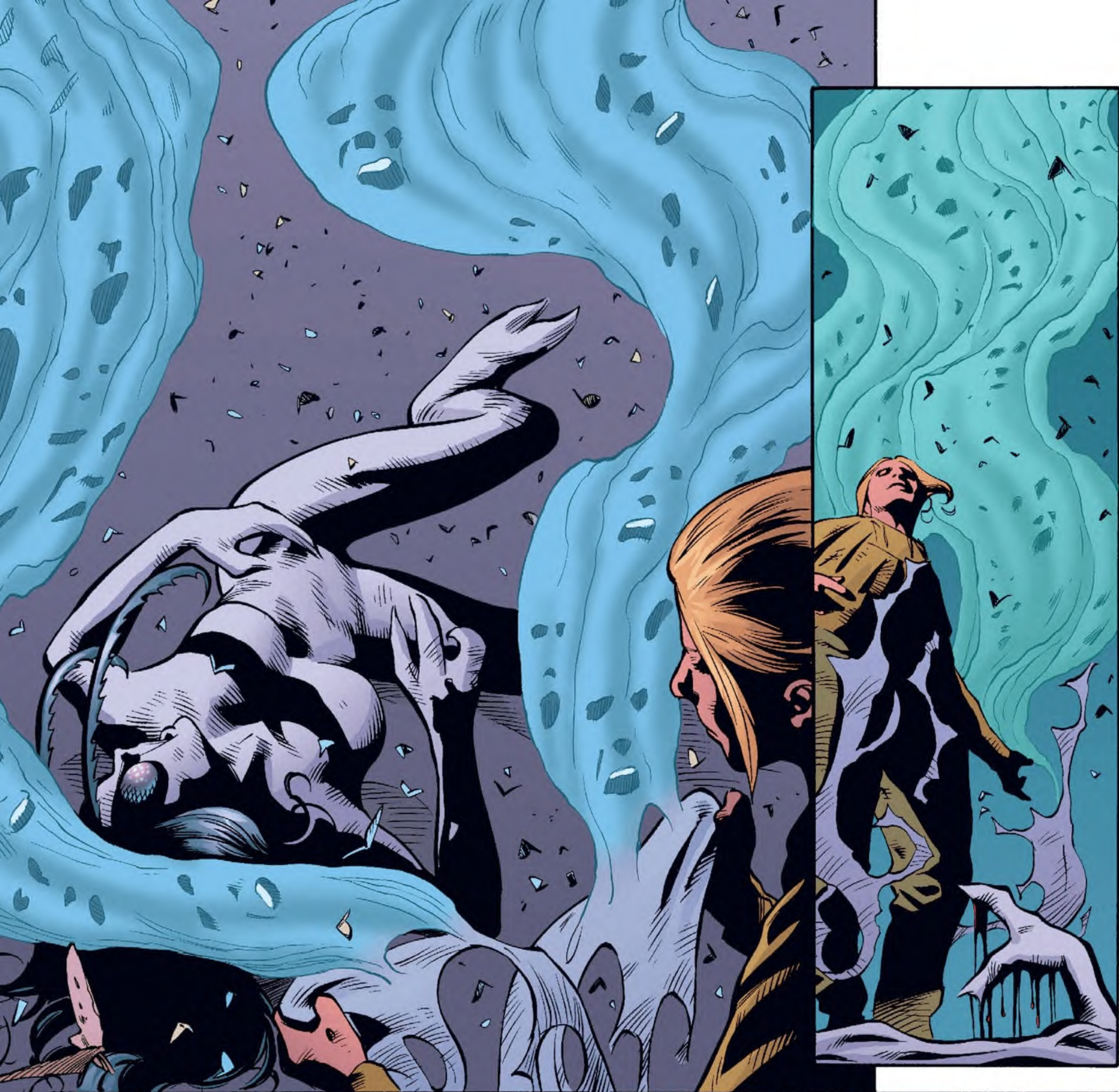
I DON'T
WANT TO
BE THE
SLAYER.





--FORGOT
TO MENTION
WHAT I **LOVED**
DOING WHEN
I WAS
LITTLE!

SHRIIPPA







NO, I
GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT.

YEAH,
YOU ADMITTING
THAT IS A FIRST.
LOOK AT YOU,
ALL SMART
NOW.

GUESS
IT'S OKAY FOR ME
TO TAKE OFF
THEN?

YEAH. I'M
GOING TO STICK
AROUND.

NO KIDDING.
THIS BURG
IS GONNA NEED
YOU HERE.

SHE KNOWS SHE
CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM
THINGS. KNOWS THAT WHEN
YOU'RE A SLAYER, NO MATTER
WHERE YOU GO, THERE
YOU ARE.

YEAH.
BUT KNOWING
AND ACCEPTING?
TWO DIFFERENT
THINGS.



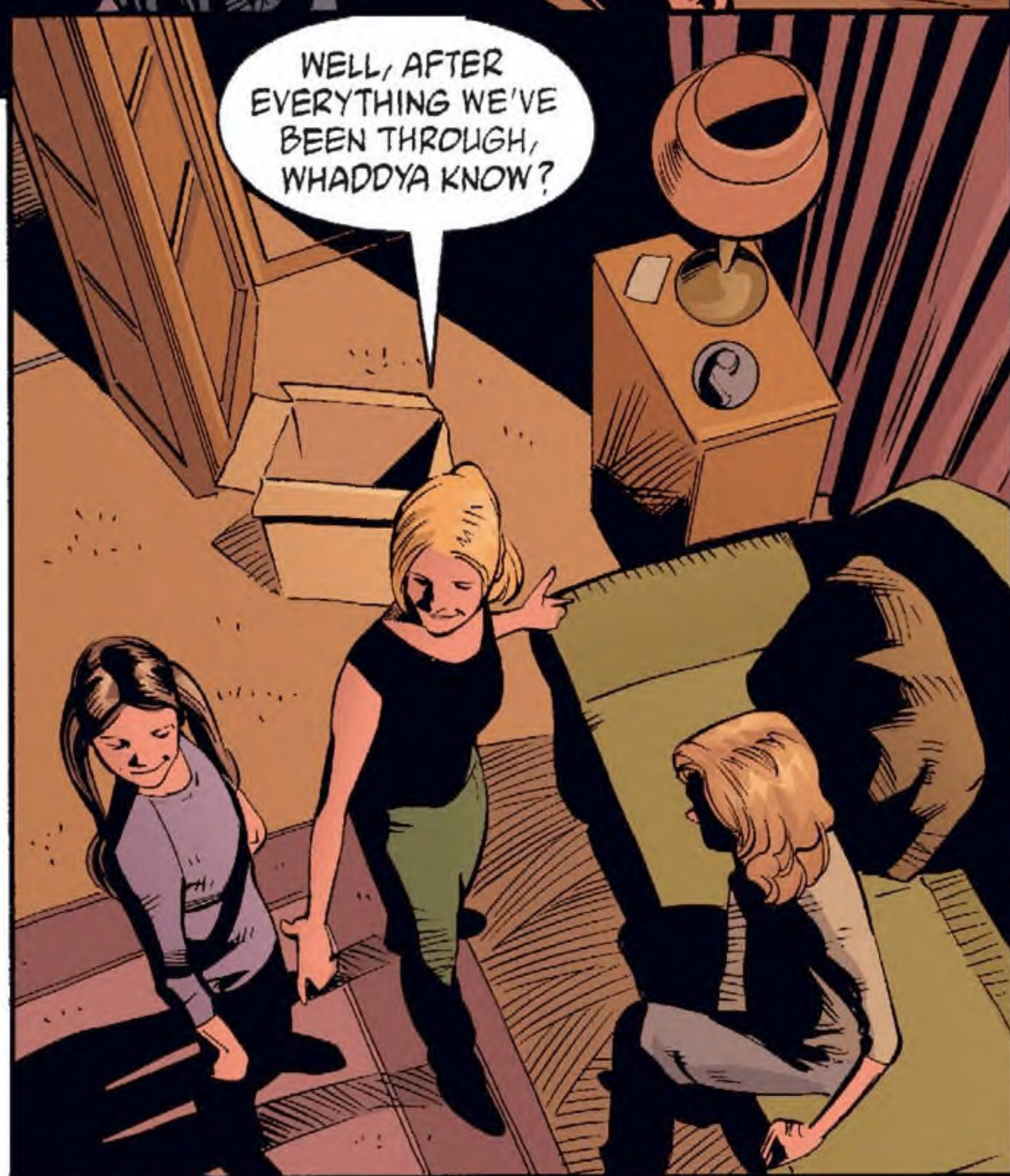
YOU
SHOULD TALK,
RIGHT? SO, WHEN
YOU LOOKED IN
THE MIRROR,
WHAT DID YOU
SEE?

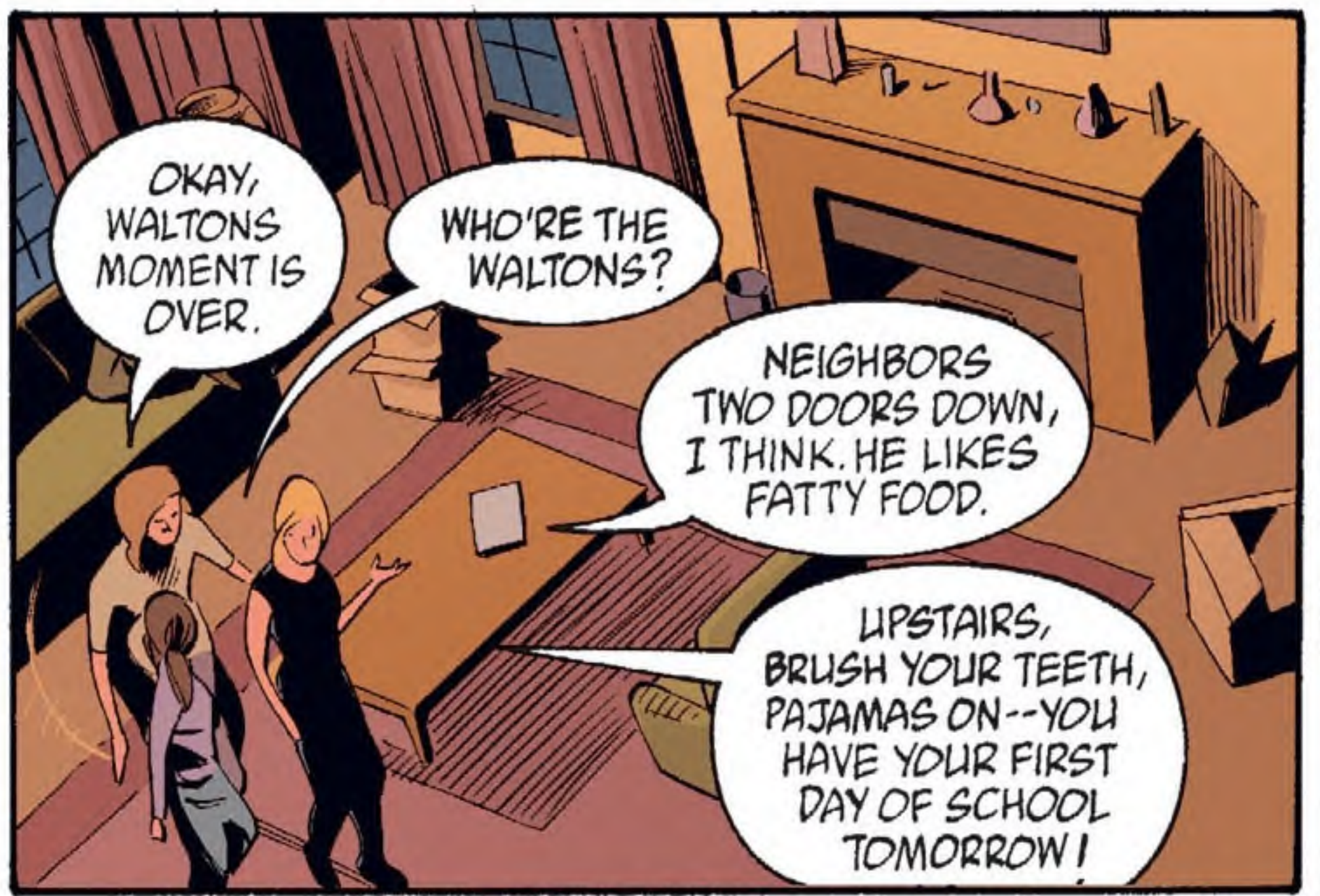
TOMORROW.

THAT'S
A START. SEE
YOU 'ROUND,
ANGELLUS.

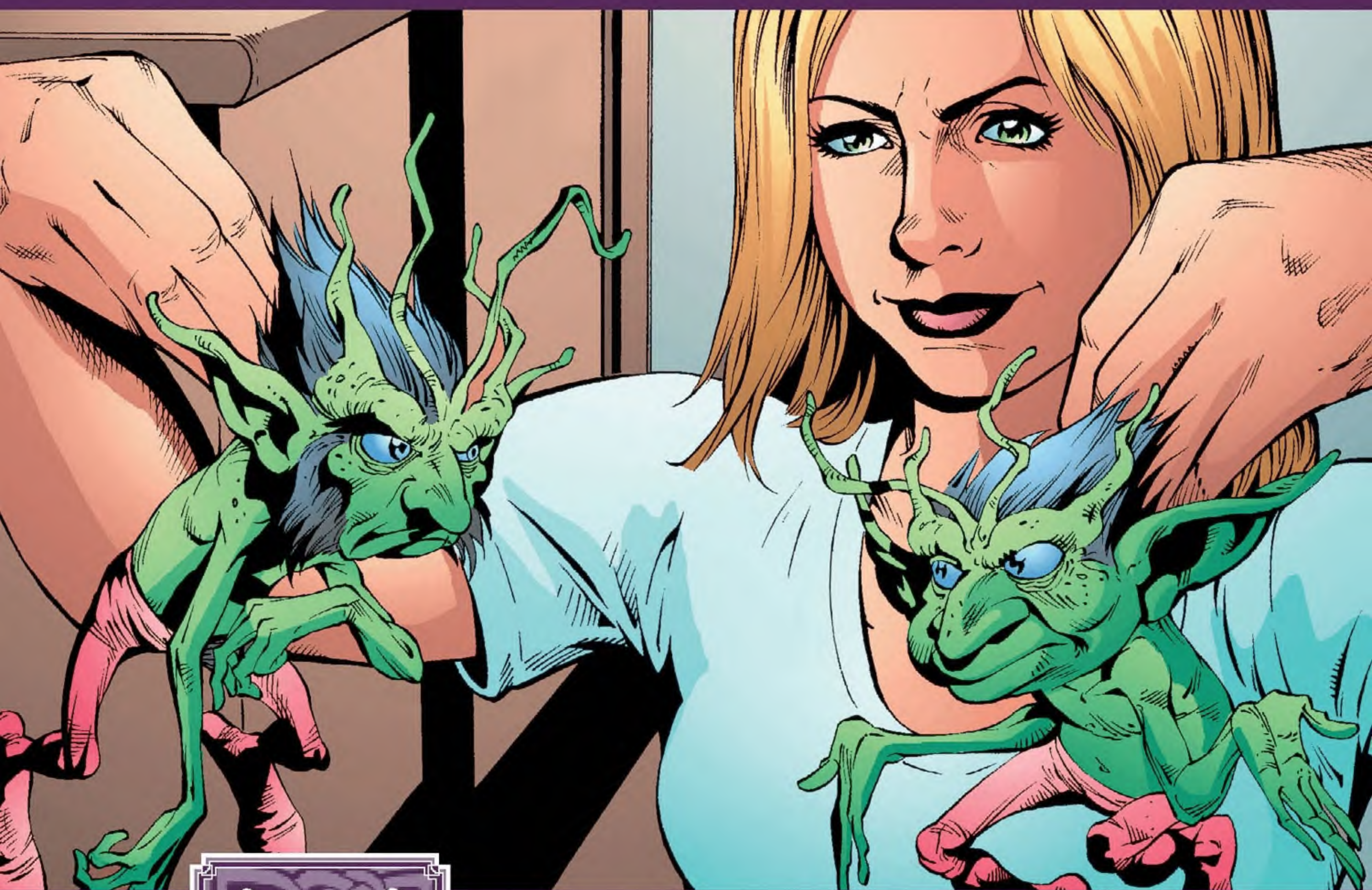


I NEED
A NEW
NAME...





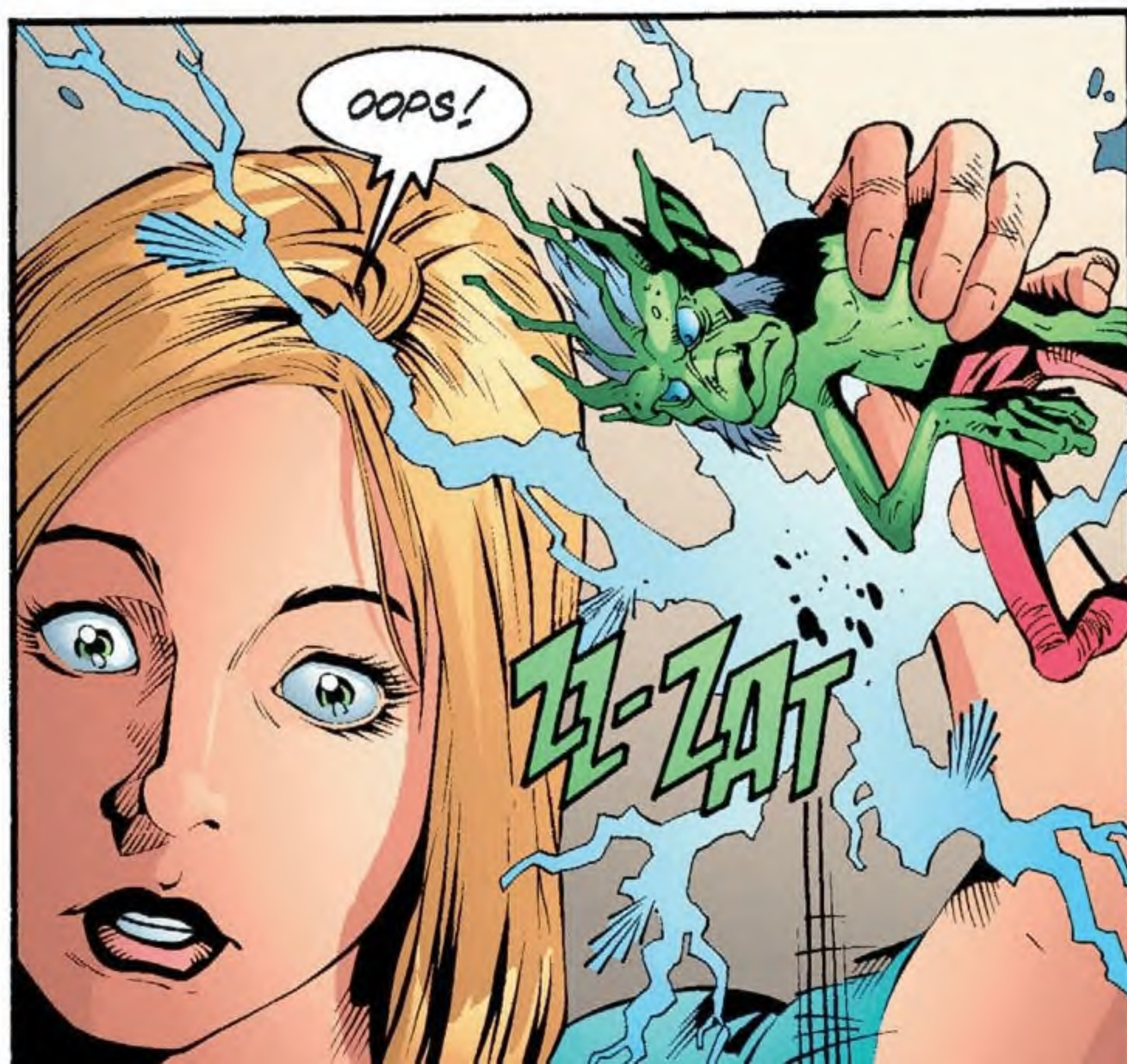
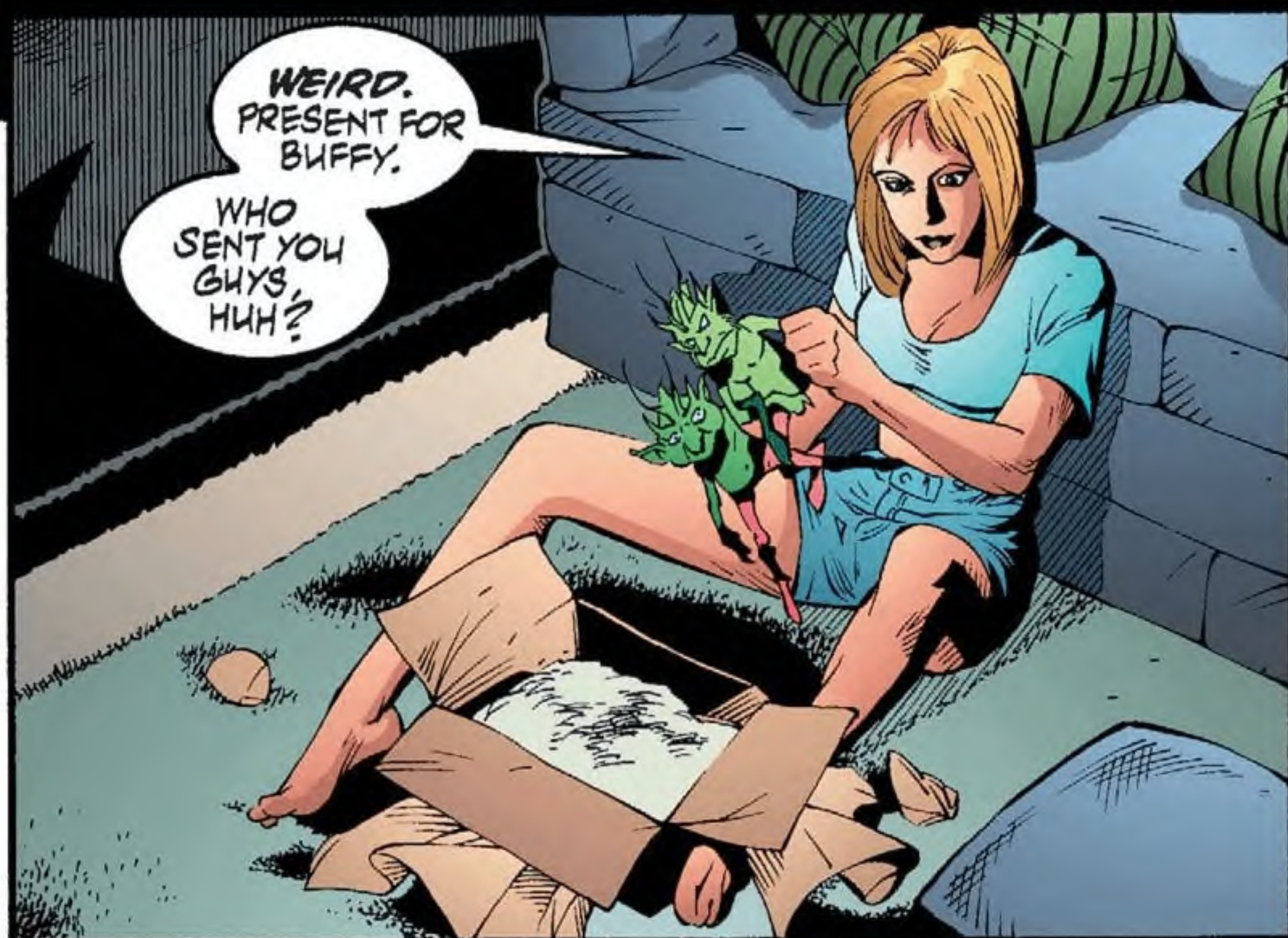


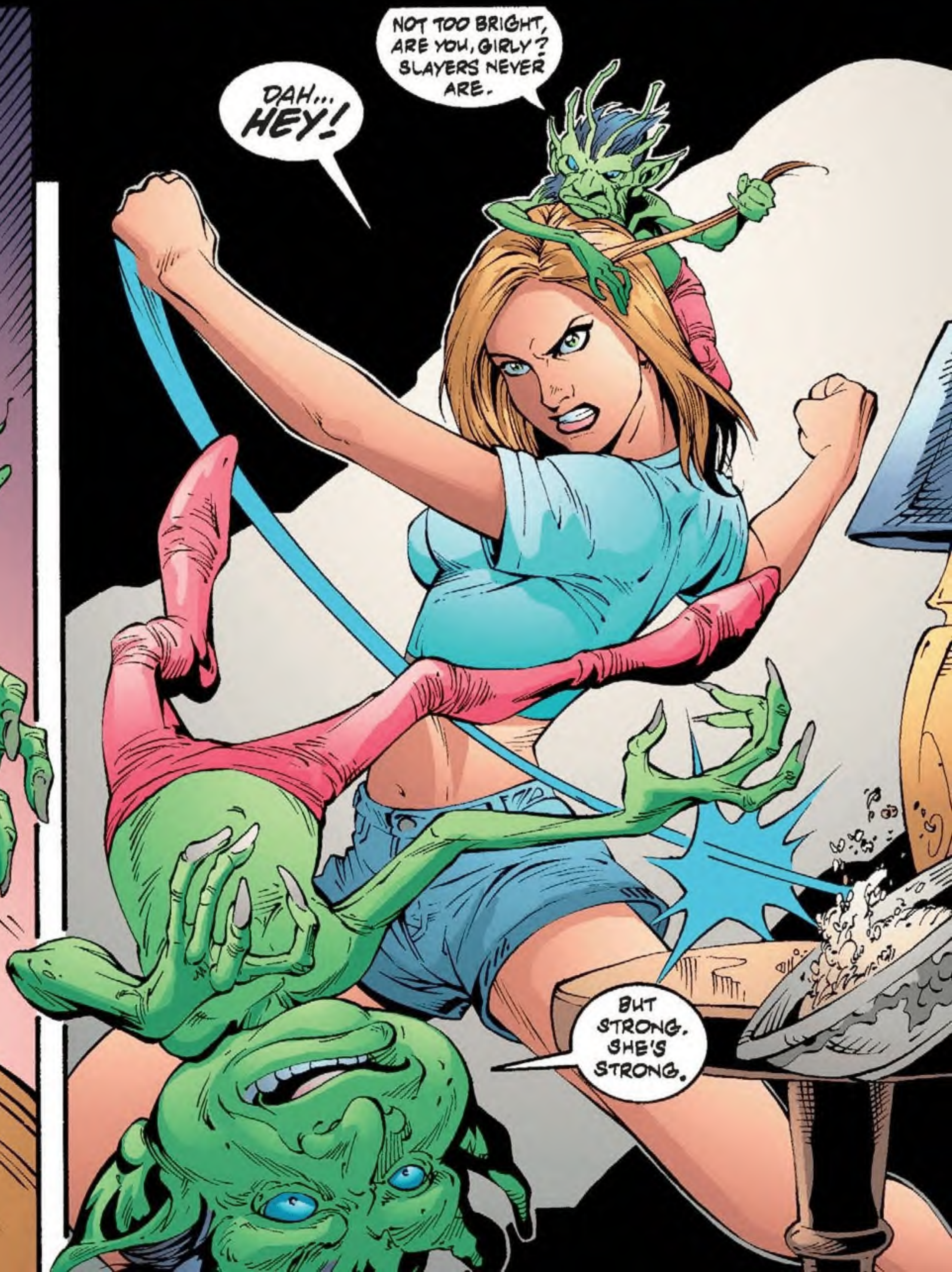


acGuffins











SLAYER'S GOT A BIG BUTT!

HEY, SLAYUHSLAYUH SLAYUH, SUH-WING!

WHASSA MATTER?

CAN'T TELL YER MACGUFFINS FROM YER VAMPIRES?

BANG

CRASH

SMASH

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR PEST PROBLEM?

UH, I'LL GET BACK TO YOU...

COME BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE--!

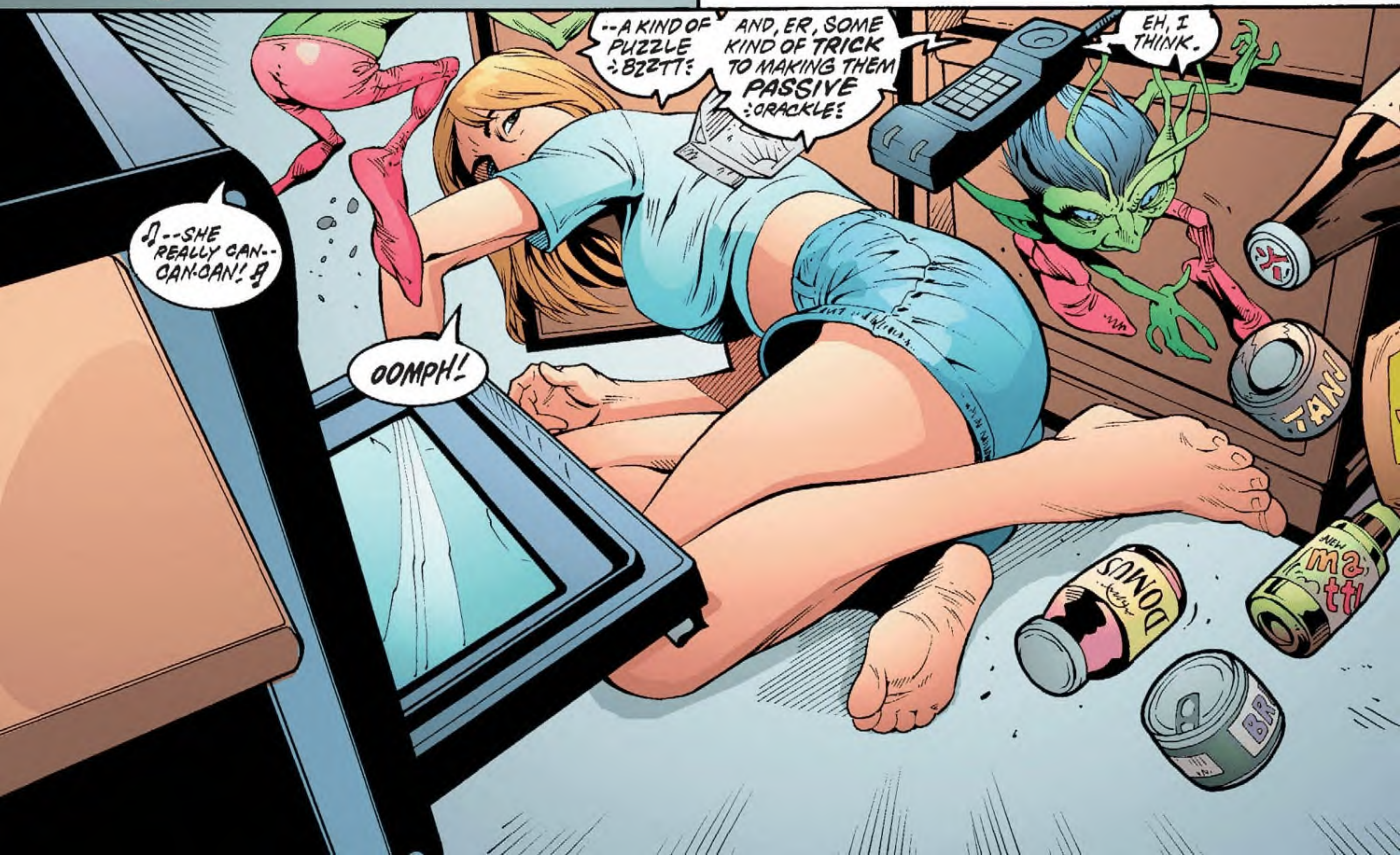
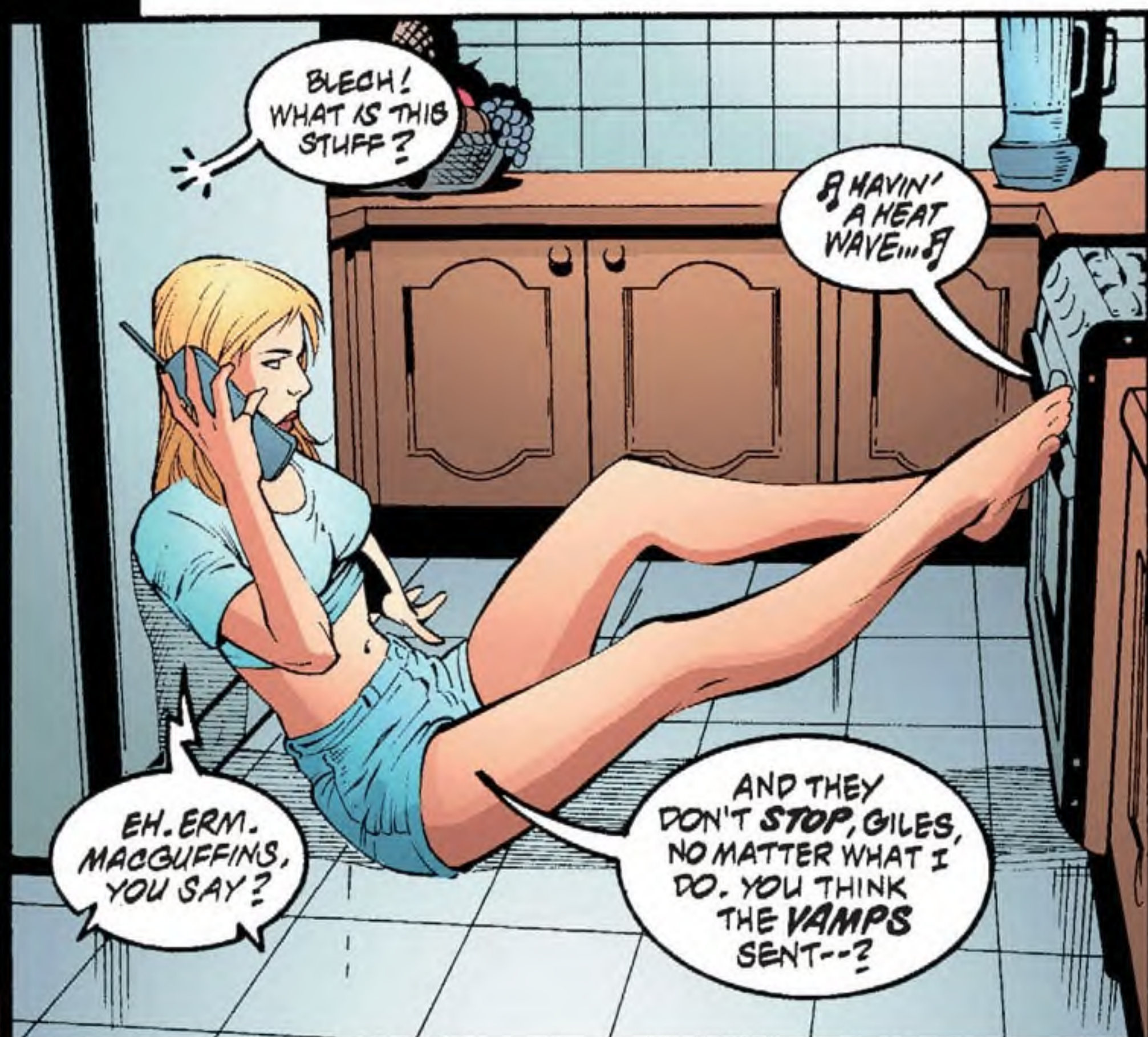
YOU THIS SLOW WHEN YER SLAYIN'?

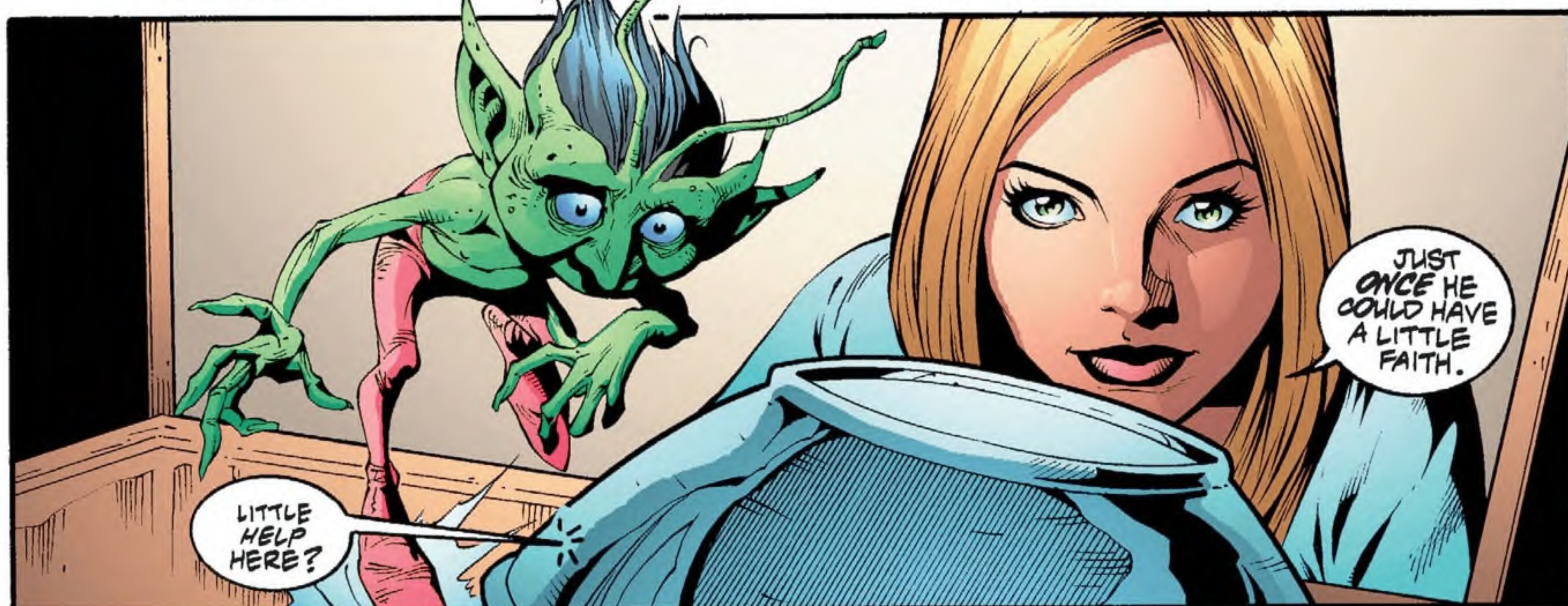
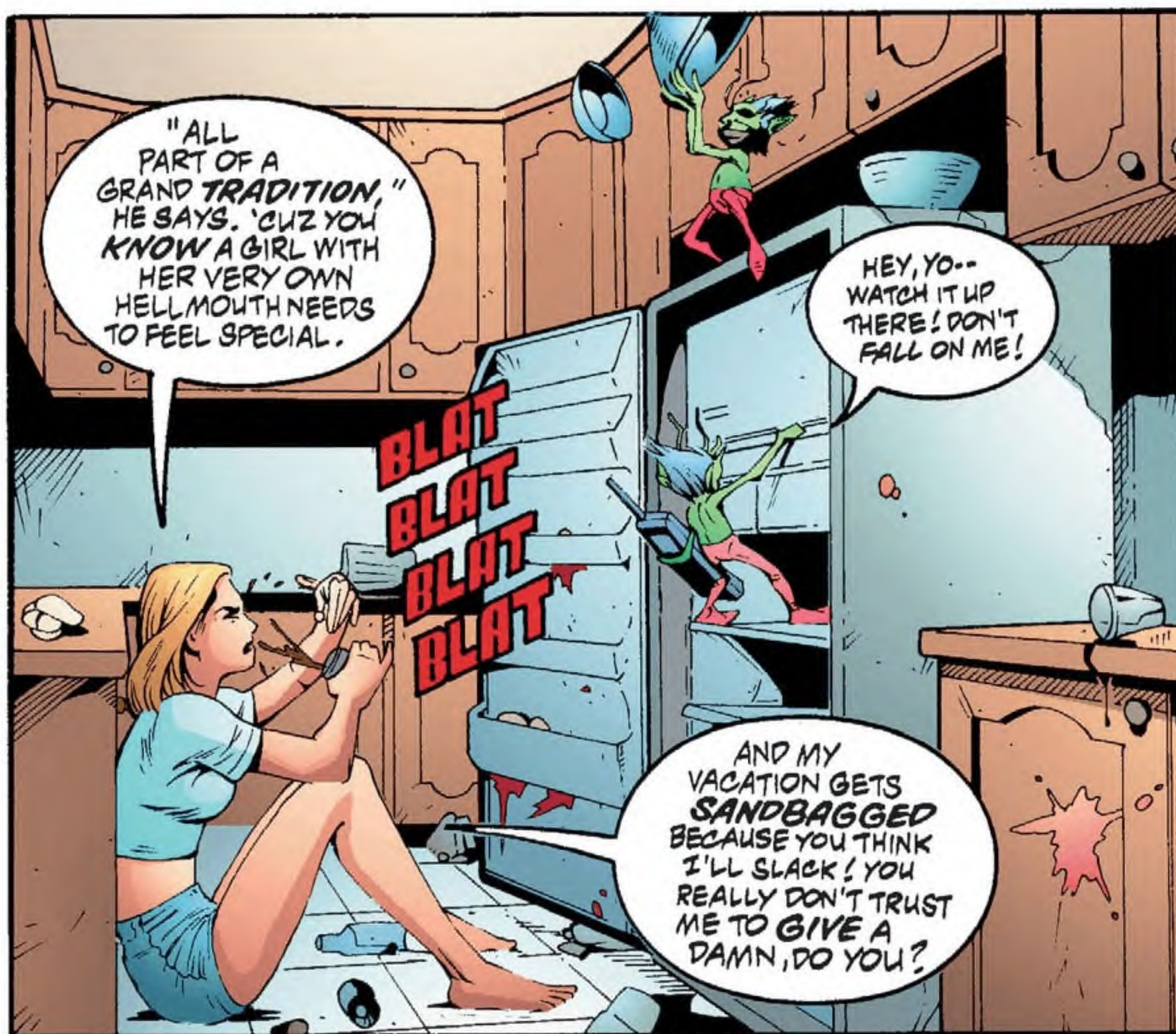
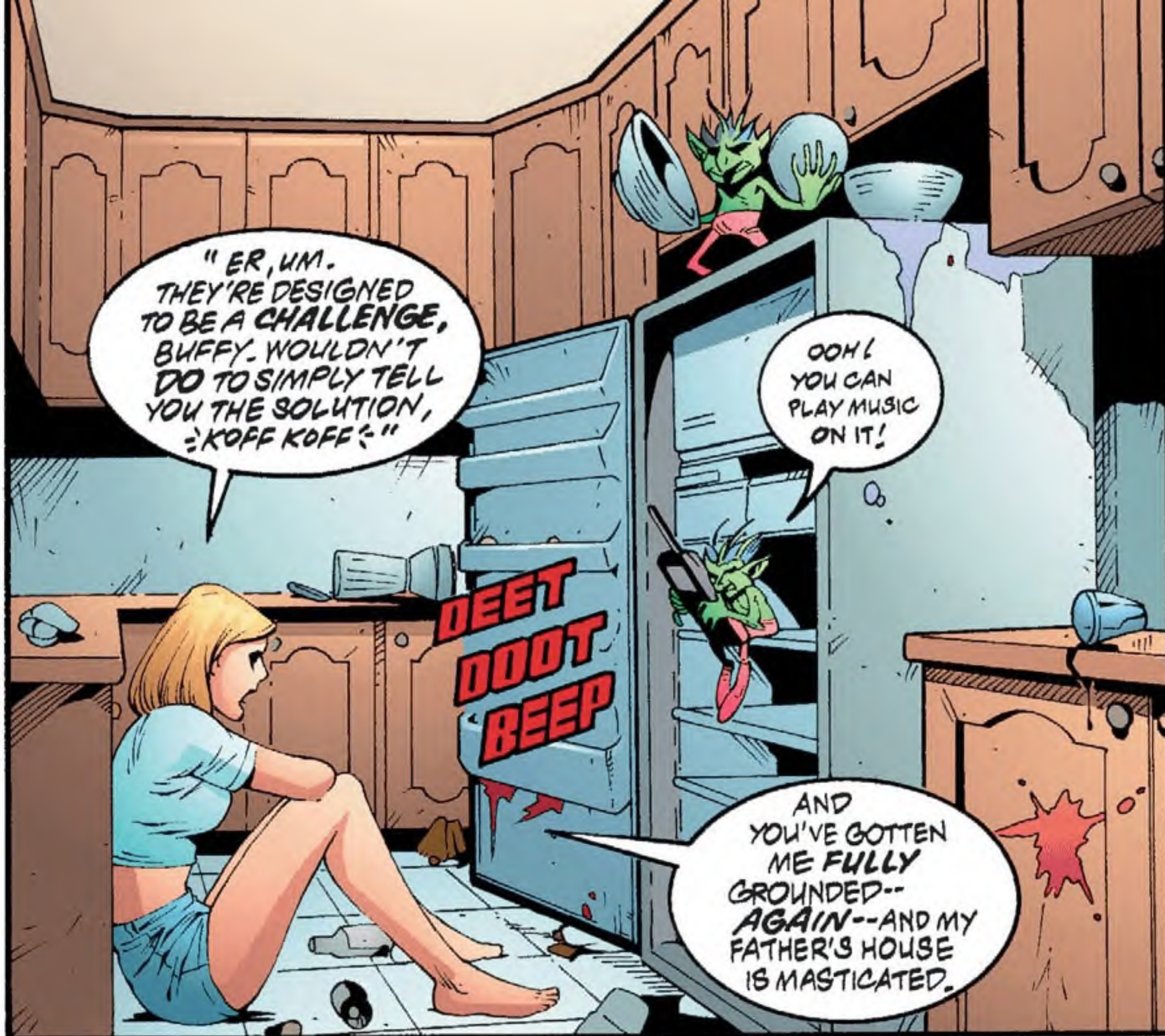
WATCH IT! YOU ALMOST HIT ME!

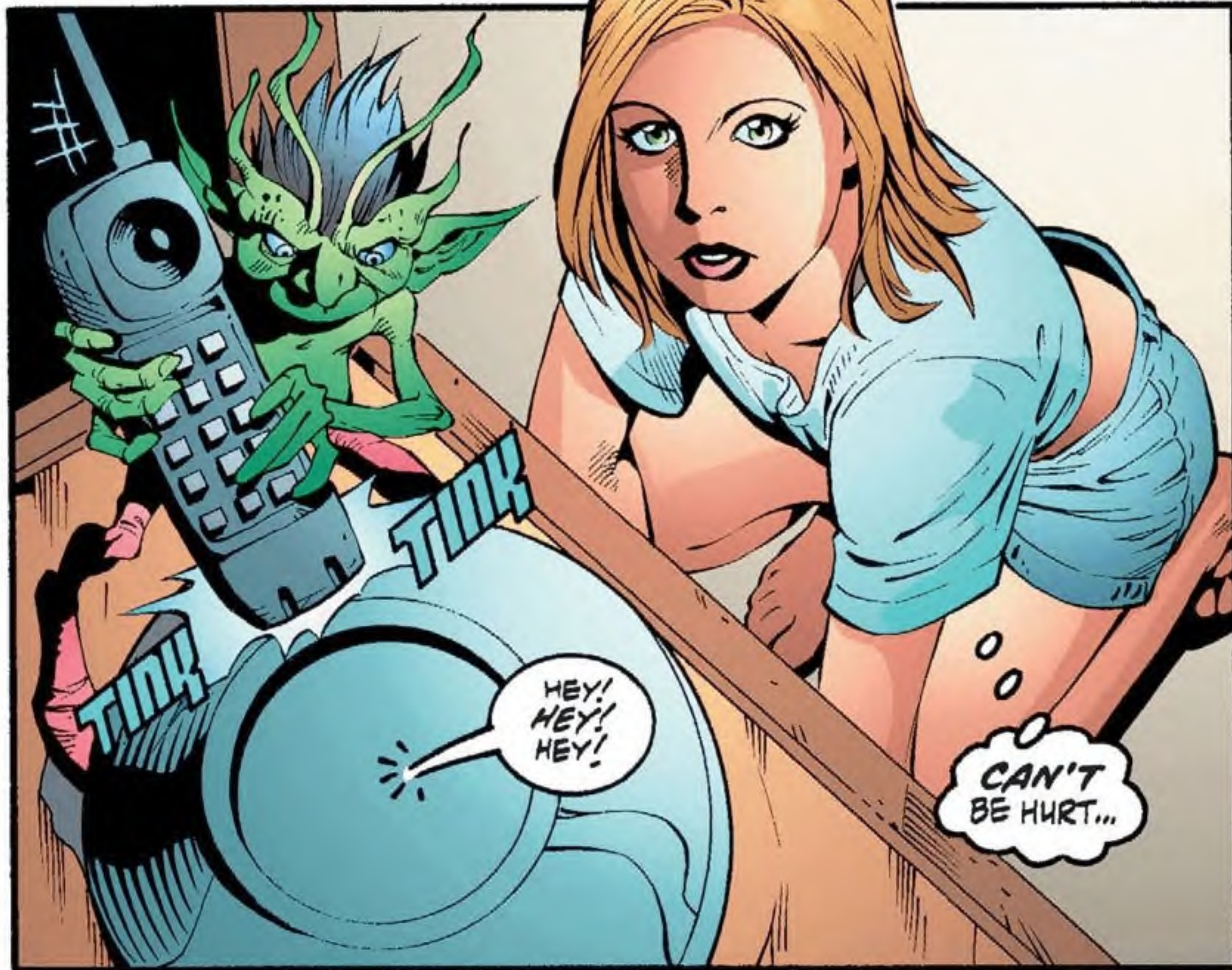
TIRED OF LOSING?

BLRRRp!

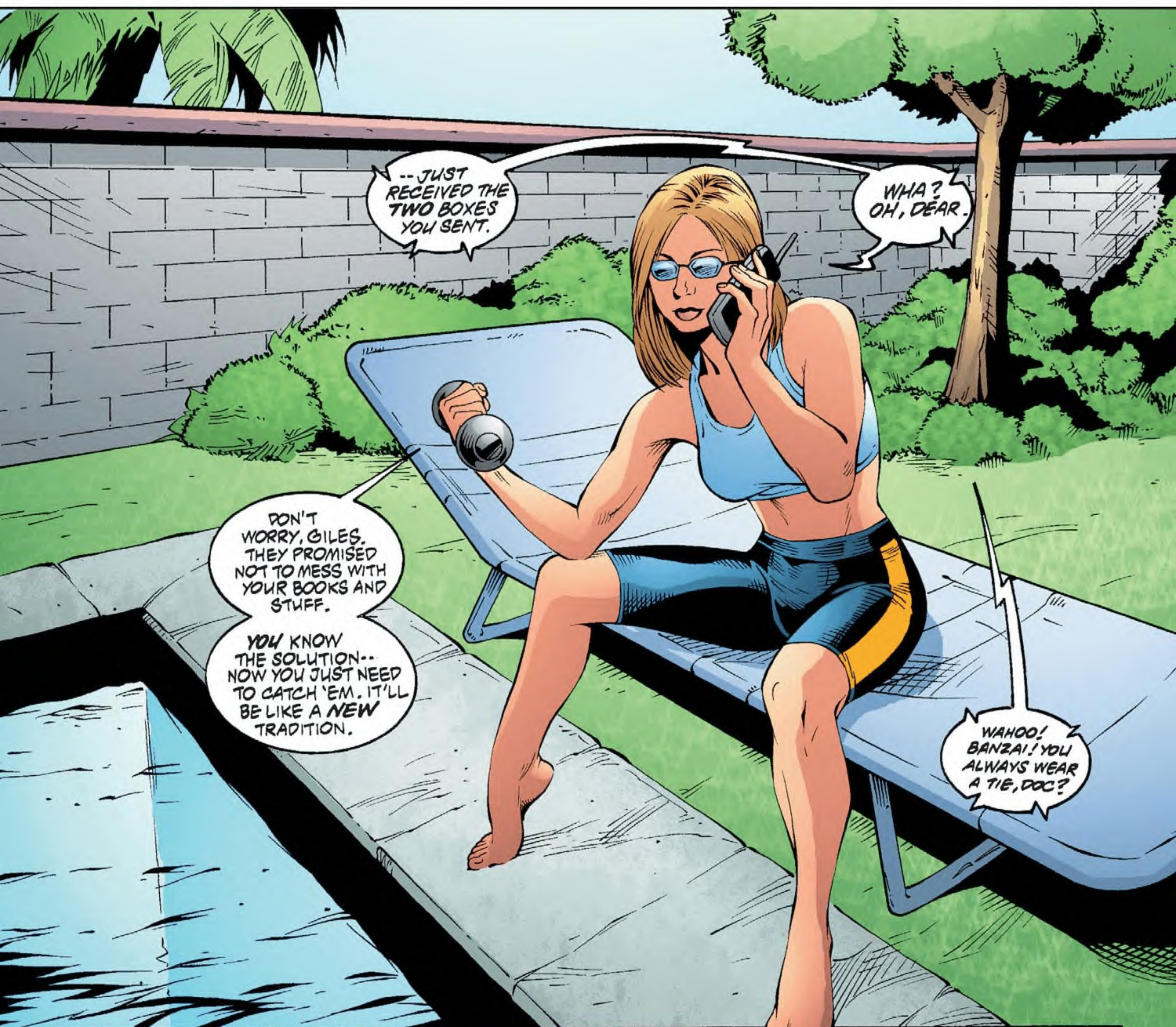
ENOUGH.











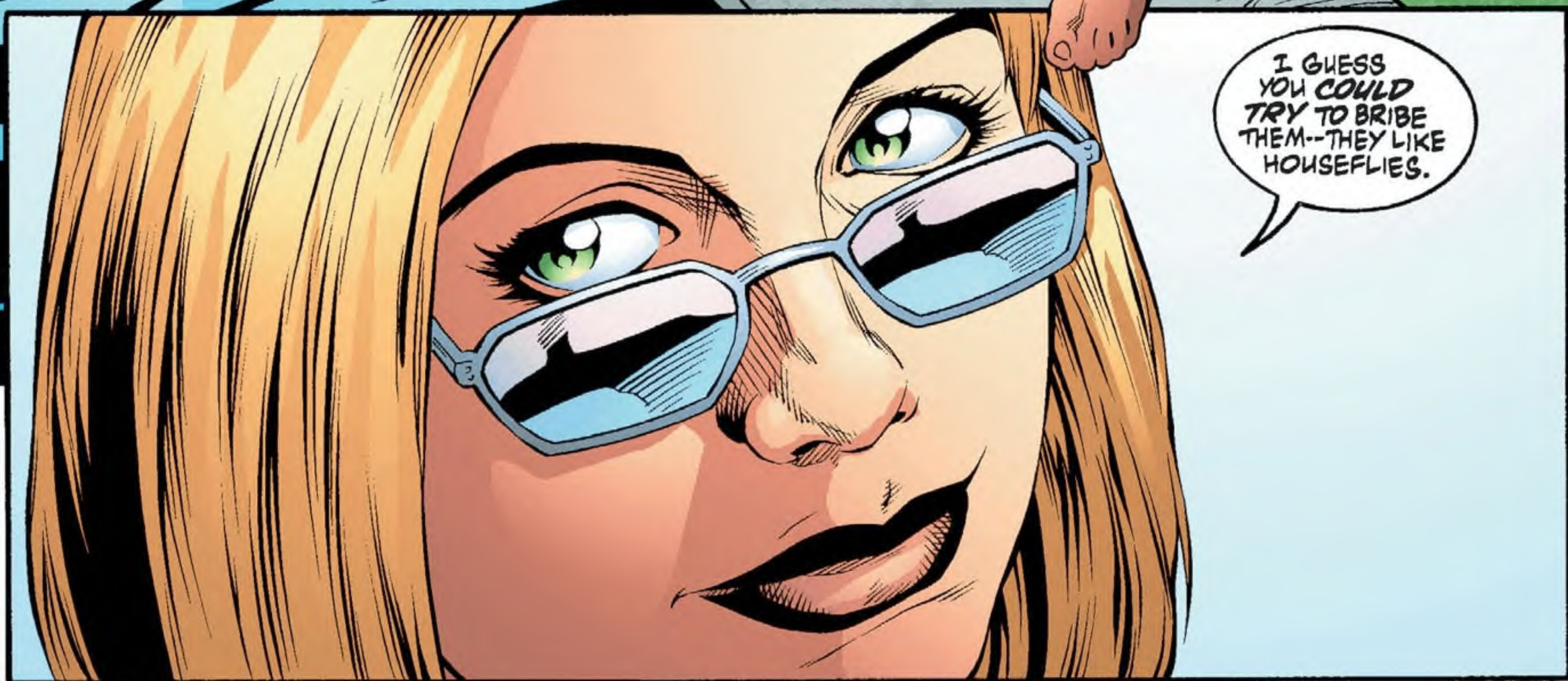
-- JUST RECEIVED THE TWO BOXES YOU SENT.

WHA? OH, DEAR.

DON'T WORRY, GILES. THEY PROMISED NOT TO MESS WITH YOUR BOOKS AND STUFF.

YOU KNOW THE SOLUTION-- NOW YOU JUST NEED TO CATCH 'EM. IT'LL BE LIKE A NEW TRADITION.

WAHOO! BANZAI! YOU ALWAYS WEAR A TIE, DOC?



I GUESS YOU COULD TRY TO BRIBE THEM--THEY LIKE HOUSEFLIES.

The Queen of Hearts







SOUTHERN ILLINOIS,
HEADING WEST,
HEADING, EVENTUALLY,
TO A SMALL CALI-
FORNIA TOWN WITH
MORE THAN ITS SHARE
OF DARKNESS. BUT
THAT'S FOR LATER.

THIS IS NOW.

ONCE I
WAS GLAD,
ALWAYS
HAPPY, NEVER
SAD.



AND EVERY
DAY, SEEMED
LIKE SUNDAY...

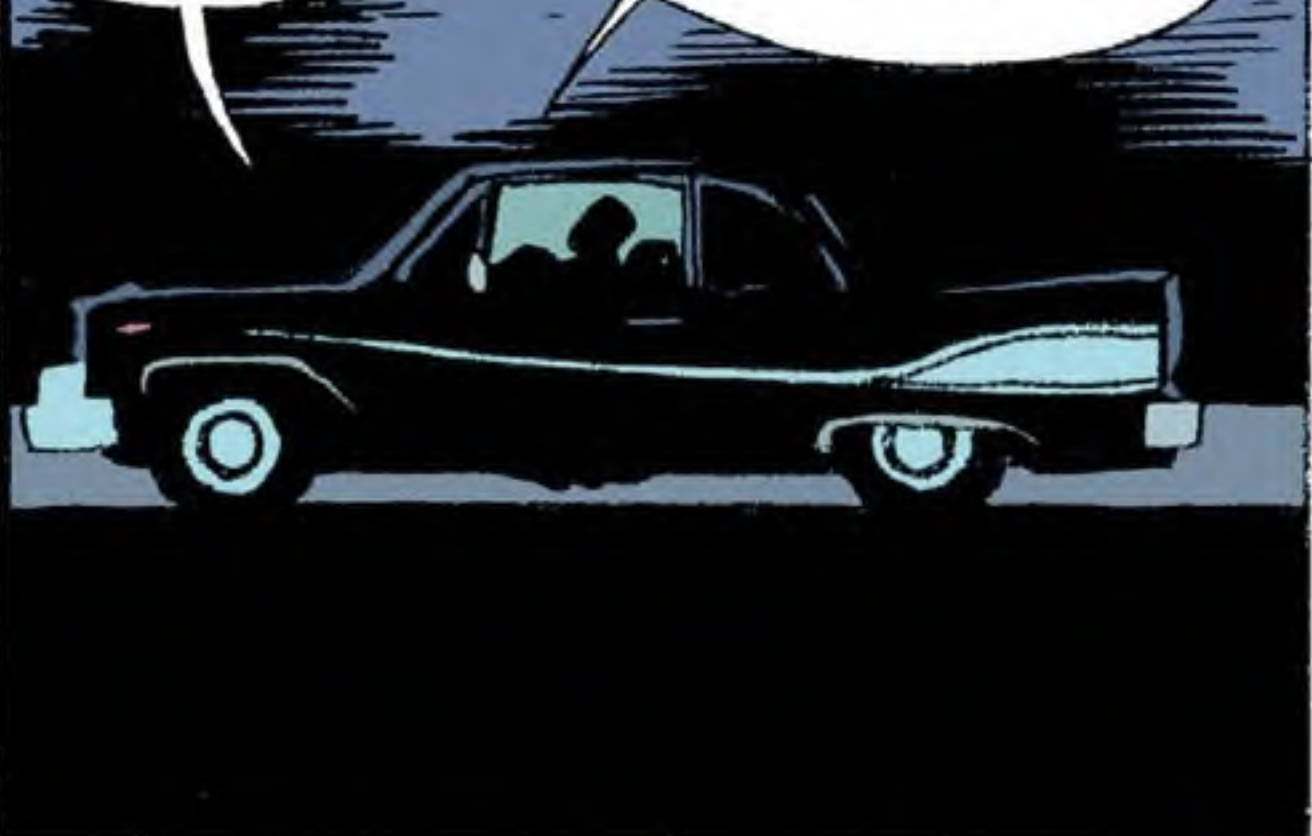


OH, THE QUEEN OF
HEARTS, I DON'T
KNOW WHERE TO
START... OR HOW
TO STOP...

THERE'S
SUCH PAIN
IN THIS MUSIC,
SPIKE. IT'S PURE
BLISS.

YEAH, WELL,
THE BLUES
ALWAYS DID
MAKE YOU
HAPPY, PET.

IT'S LIKE THE
MEMORY OF
TEARS, WITHOUT
THE SALTY
TASTE. EVER SO
DELICIOUS.

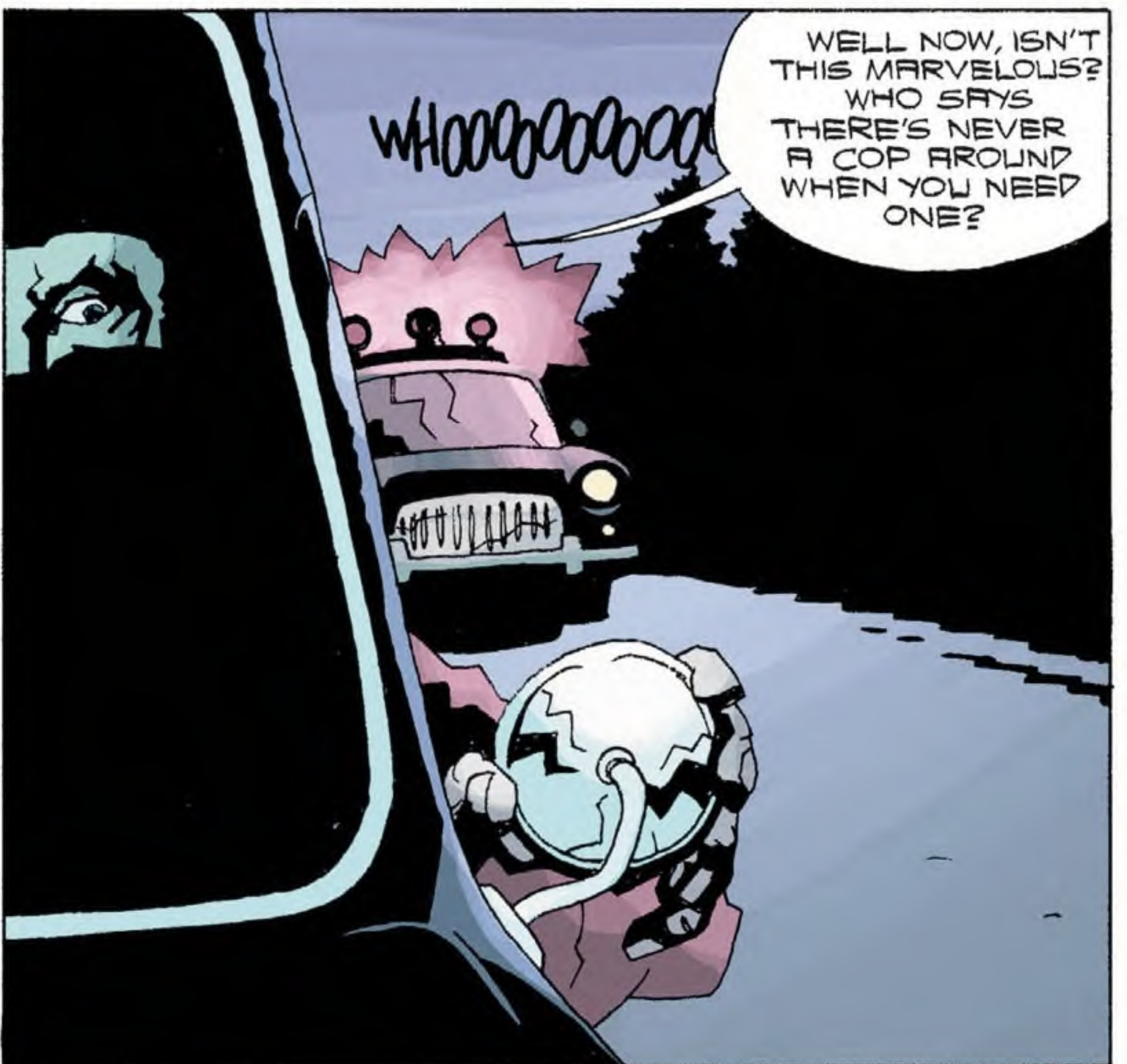


IT'S GOT ME
FAMISHED,
SPIKE. I CAN'T
HEAR THE STARS
WHEN I'M HUNGRY.
WOULDN'T
YOU FANCY
STOPPING FOR
A BITE?

ALL
RIGHT, DRU.
BUT A QUICK
ONE, YEAH?
JUST A LITTLE
SOMETHING TO
TIDE US OVER.
MAYBE EVEN
GET SOME-
THING ON THE
RUN.



OH,
GOODY...







IS MY
BABY HAPPY
NOW? YOUR
TUMMY NICE AND
FULL AFTER
THAT LITTLE
SMACKEREL?

OH YES. I
LIKE HAVING
THE FOOD DE-
LIVERED. IT'S EVER
SO CONVENIENT. I
THINK I HEAR A
LITTLE WHISTLING
IN MY VEINS NOW.
IT'S A HAPPY
TUNE.



GOOD. THEN WE'LL
PUSH RIGHT ON
THROUGH ST. LOUIS,
ALL RIGHT? THERE'S
BIG DOINGS AT THE
HELLMOUTH, A LOT
OF FUN TO BE HAD,
AND I'D LIKE TO
GET THERE 'FORE
IT'S ALL OVER.



OH, DON'T
BE THAT WAY,
SPIKE. THE
CITY'S CALLING
TO US, CRYING
FOR US.

I KNOW
WHAT YOU
NEED. I
ALWAYS
DO.



WE'LL DRINK, AND
WE'LL GAMBLE, AND
WE'LL MAKE LOVE
IN THE MOONLIGHT.
WE'LL MAKE LOTS
OF NEW FRIENDS...

AND THEN
WE'LL KILL
THEM.



ST. LOUIS,
MISSOURI.
GATEWAY TO
THE WEST.

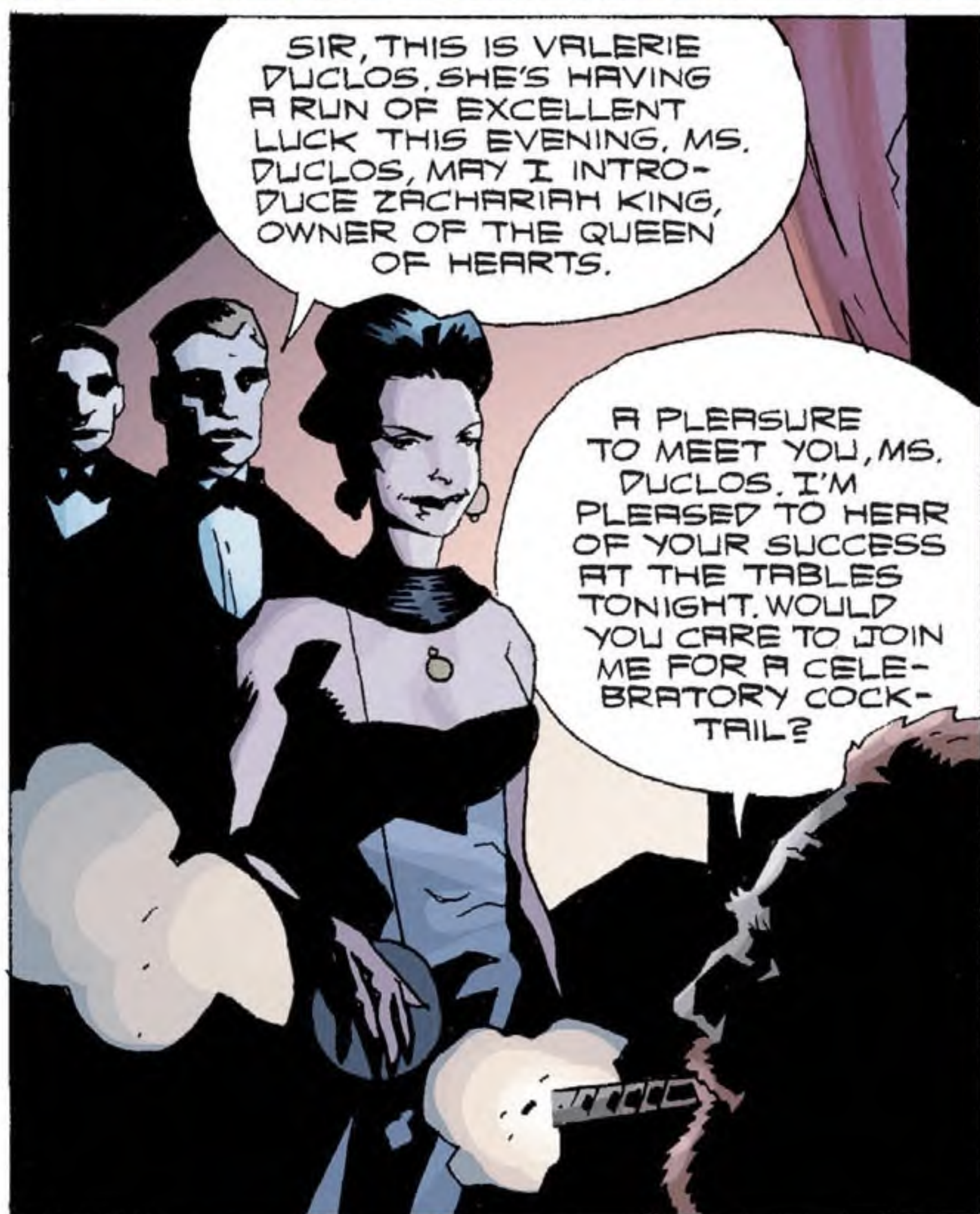


MR.
KING?



SIR, THIS IS VALERIE
DUCLOS. SHE'S HAVING
A RUN OF EXCELLENT
LUCK THIS EVENING, MS.
DUCLOS, MAY I INTRO-
DUCE ZACHARIAH KING,
OWNER OF THE QUEEN
OF HEARTS.

A PLEASURE
TO MEET YOU, MS.
DUCLOS. I'M
PLEASED TO HEAR
OF YOUR SUCCESS
AT THE TABLES
TONIGHT. WOULD
YOU CARE TO JOIN
ME FOR A CELE-
BRATORY COCK-
TAIL?

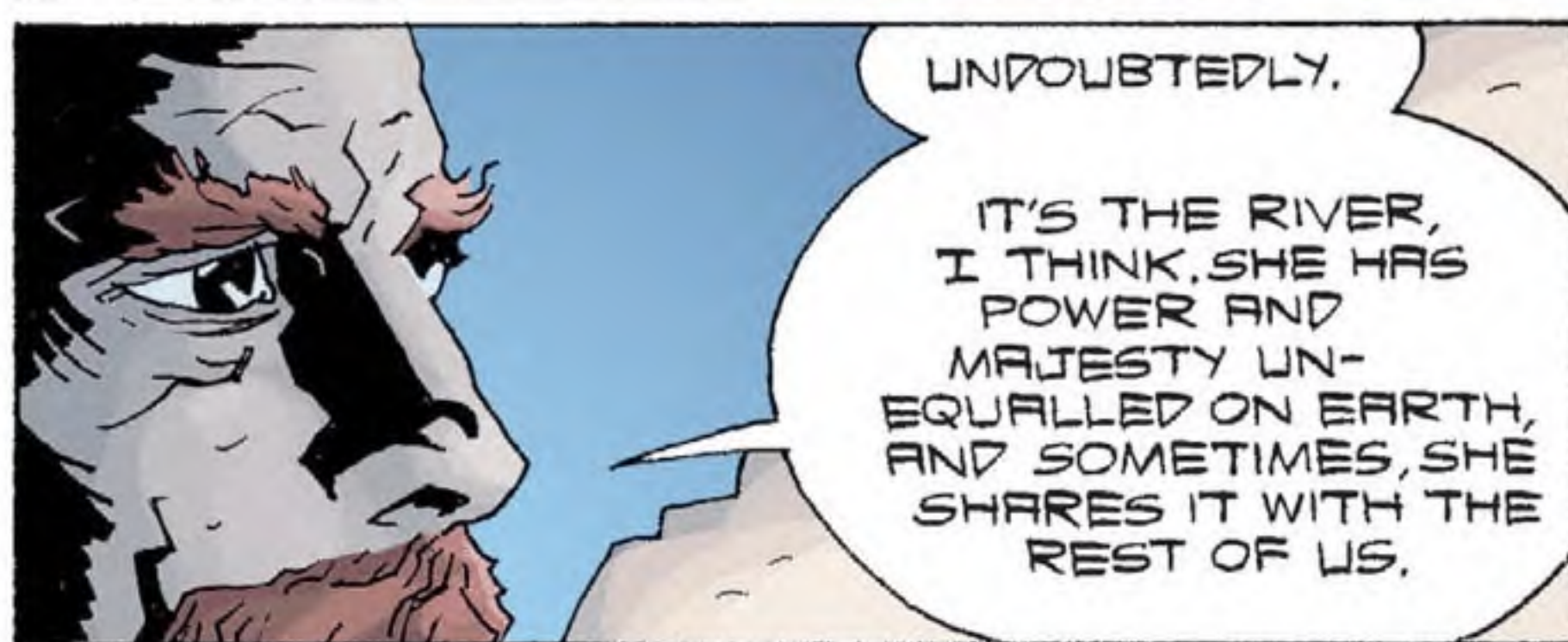


WOULD I CARE TO... THAT
WOULD BE WONDERFUL. YOU
KNOW, I'VE NEVER WON
ANYTHING IN MY LIFE BE-
FORE TONIGHT. MAYBE MY
LUCK IS IMPROVING.



UNDOUBTEDLY.

IT'S THE RIVER,
I THINK. SHE HAS
POWER AND
MAJESTY UN-
EQUALLED ON EARTH,
AND SOMETIMES, SHE
SHARES IT WITH THE
REST OF US.







IT
BURNS
THE WORLD,
IT'S SO
ANGRY... IT'S
A BAD
SUN.



FIGHTS SO
HARD, POSTURES
AND ROARS ITS
BRAVADO. LISTEN
TO IT ROAR, SPIKE.
SO ANGRY, BUT FILLED
WITH MORE DESPAIR
THAN DROWNING
LOVERS.



IT'S WHIMPERING
NOW. TERRIBLY
SAD, REALLY. DAY
AFTER DAY, IT
PUFFS ITS CHEST
WITH POWER AND
PRIDE.

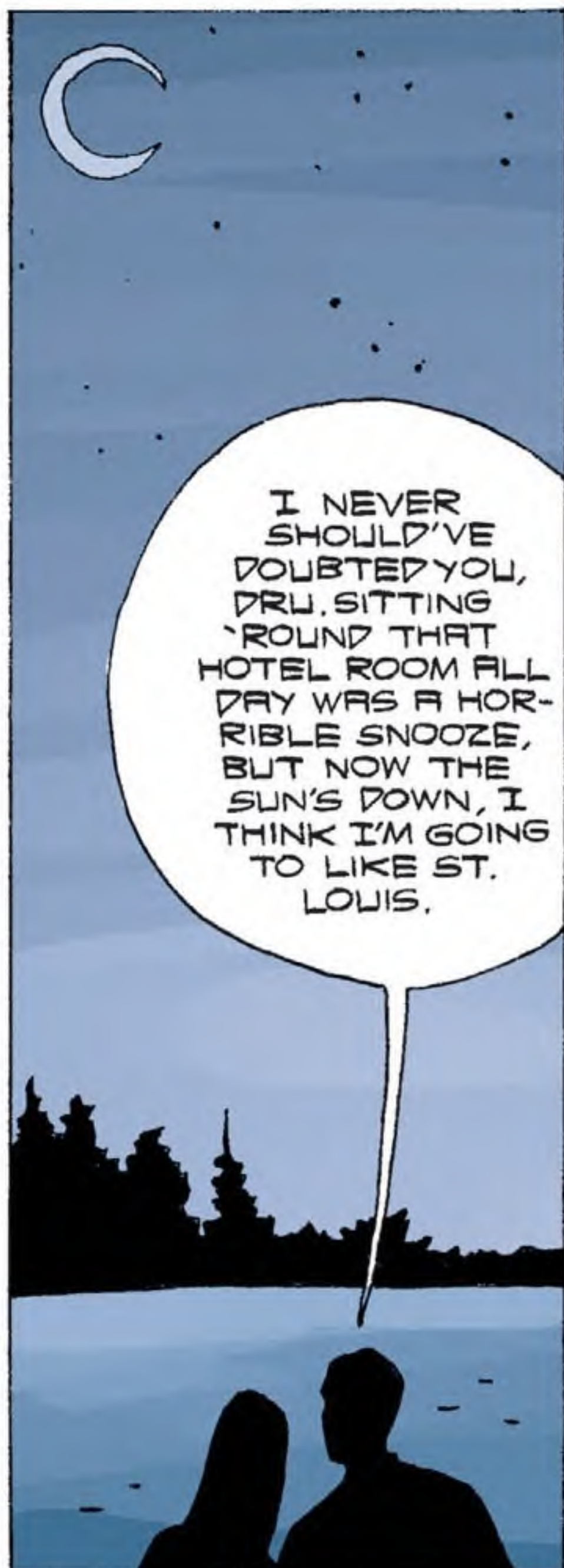


YET NIGHT AFTER
NIGHT, THE DARK
GRAPPLES WITH THE
POOR SUN, WRESTLING
IT DOWN, SUFFOCATING
IT. KNOWS IT'LL LOSE,
BUT EVERY MORNING
IT HAS HOPE THAT
THE NEXT TIME WILL
BE DIFFERENT.

GOTTA
TELL YA,
PET...



THE SUN
SOUNDS
LIKE A
BLOODY
MORON
TO ME.



I NEVER SHOULD'VE DOUBTED YOU, DRU. SITTING 'ROUND THAT HOTEL ROOM ALL DAY WAS A HORRIBLE SNOOZE, BUT NOW THE SUN'S DOWN, I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE ST. LOUIS.



OOH, SPIKE. THERE'S SOMETHING NASTY HERE. THE BREEZE BLOWS IT OFF THE WATER. IT TASTES DELICIOUS.

IT'S CALLED VICE, LOVE. LET'S GIVE IT A WHIRL, SHALL WE?



IT'S MAGICAL, LIKE A ROYAL BALL. I'M A PRINCESS, SPIKE. AM I YOUR PRINCESS?

YOU KNOW YOU ARE POODLE. AND YOU'RE LADY LUCK, TOO. LET'S SEE WHAT THE CARDS HAVE IN STORE TONIGHT.

WATCH YOUR TEMPER. THERE ARE STILL LITTLE SPOTS ON MY BRAIN, LITTLE PICTURES OF THE LAST TIME YOU LOST AT CARDS. MY MAN DOESN'T LIKE TO LOSE.





"YOU
REALLY
ARE MY
LADY
LUCK."

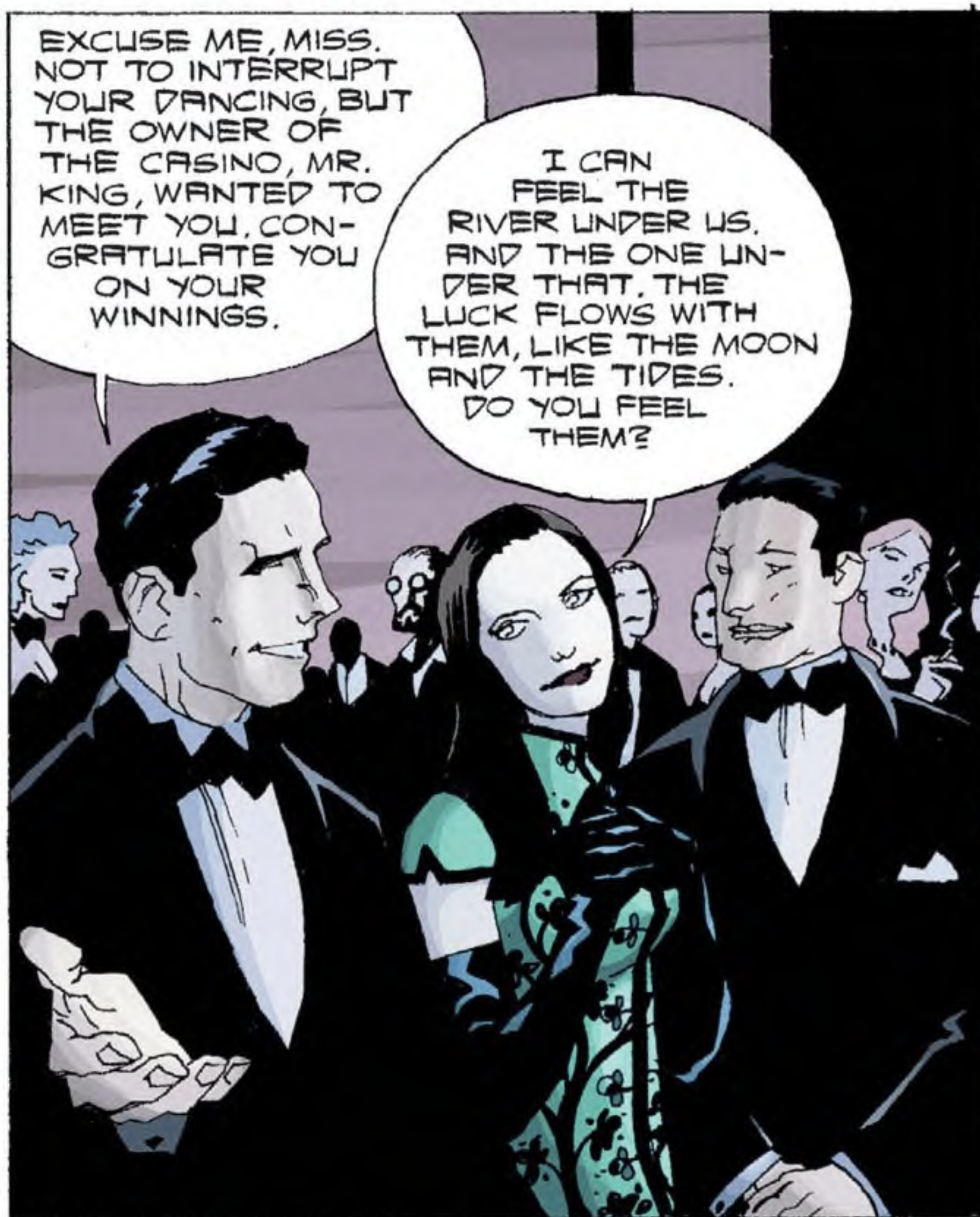
OH, SO
PRETTY. I
CAN SEE
ALL OF MY
SELVES
IN THE
GLASS.



GO ON,
THEN. GIVE
US ANO-
THER.



AND
AGAIN.



EXCUSE ME, MISS.
NOT TO INTERRUPT
YOUR DANCING, BUT
THE OWNER OF
THE CASINO, MR.
KING, WANTED TO
MEET YOU. CON-
GRATULATE YOU
ON YOUR
WINNINGS.

I CAN
FEEL THE
RIVER UNDER US.
AND THE ONE UN-
DER THAT. THE
LUCK FLOWS WITH
THEM, LIKE THE MOON
AND THE TIDES.
DO YOU FEEL
THEM?



MISS?

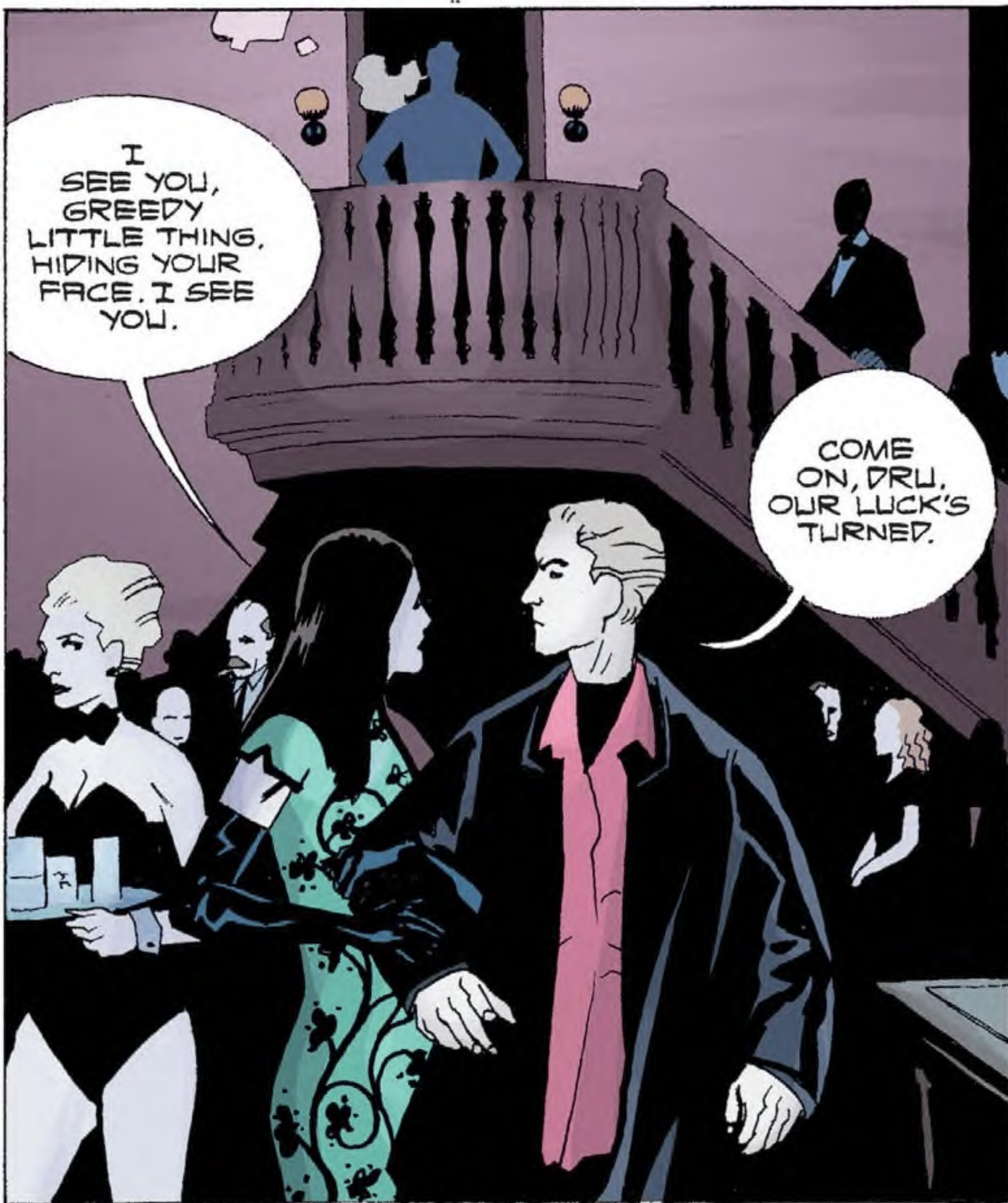
OH, I DON'T
THINK SO. HE'S
GOT A BIT OF
BLOOD UNDER HIS
NAILS, HASN'T HE?
I DON'T LIKE
PEOPLE WHO HIDE.
I USUALLY RIP
THEIR FACES
OFF.



QUEEN OF
HEARTS.



BLOODY
HELL!



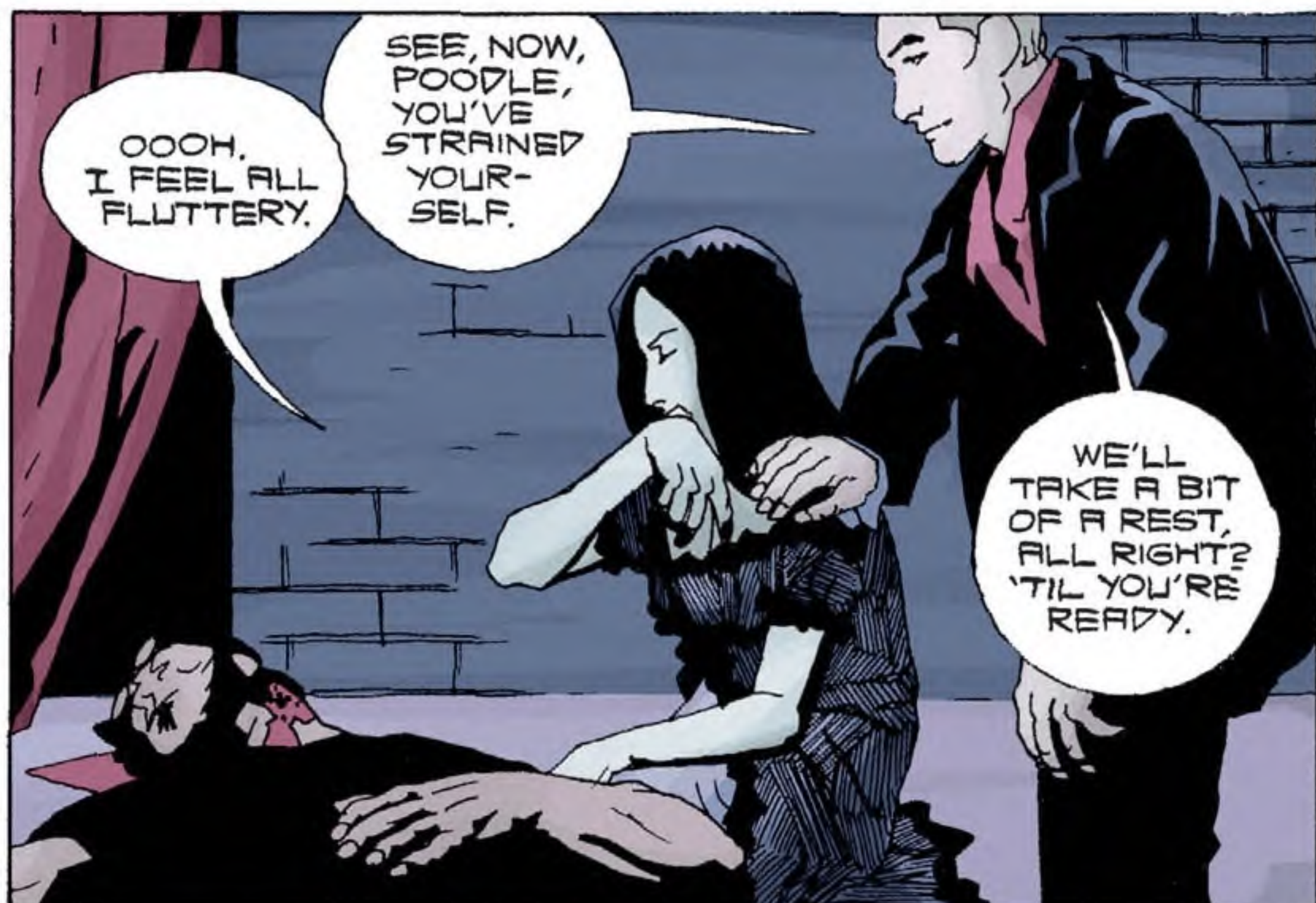
I
SEE YOU,
GREEDY
LITTLE THING.
HIDING YOUR
FACE. I SEE
YOU.

COME
ON, DRU,
OUR LUCK'S
TURNED.





I DO SO
LOVE
MANGOES.



OOOH,
I FEEL ALL
FLUTTERY.

SEE, NOW,
POODLE,
YOU'VE
STRAINED
YOUR-
SELF.

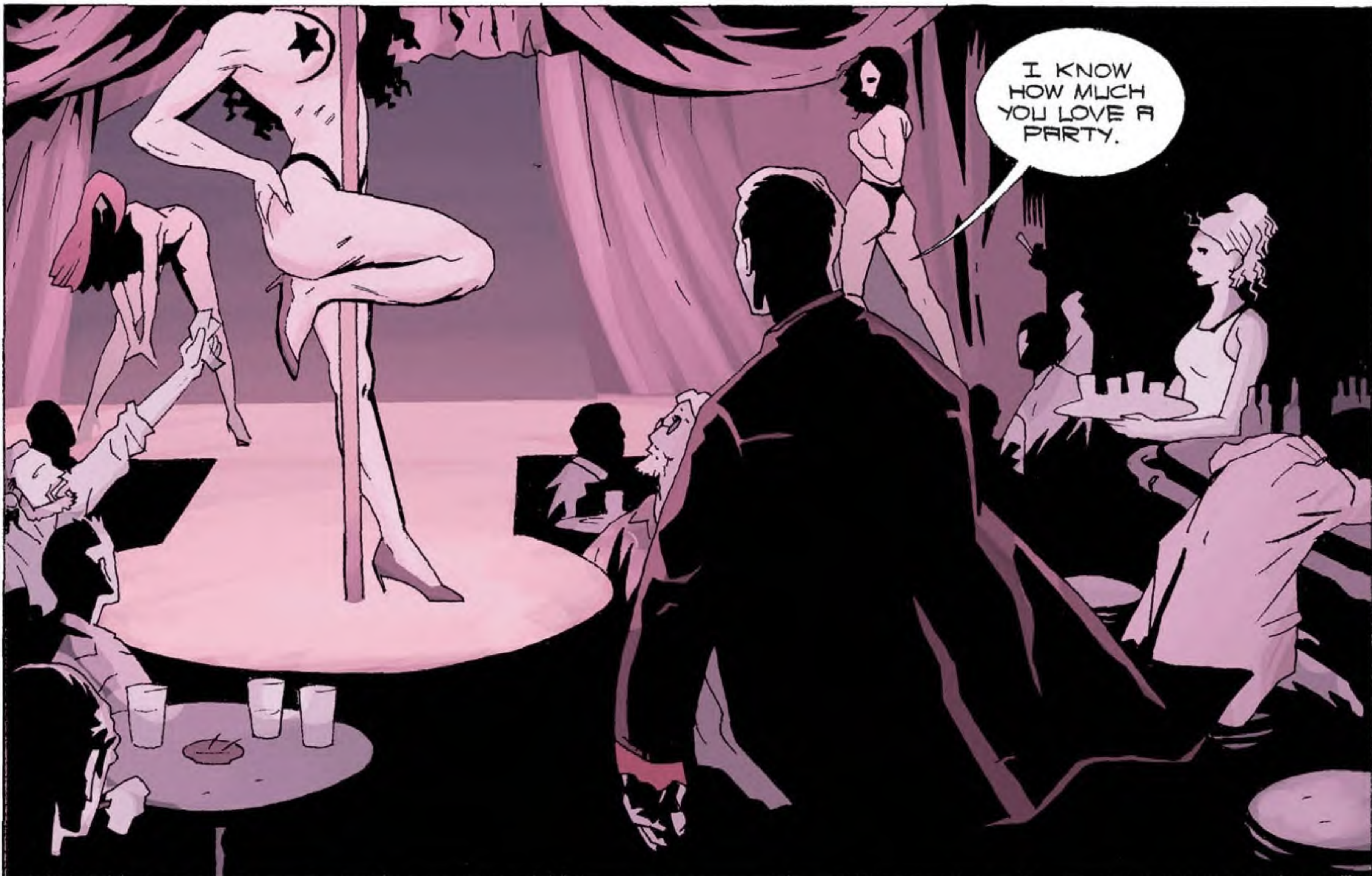
WE'LL
TAKE A BIT
OF A REST,
ALL RIGHT?
'TIL YOU'RE
READY.



YOU GO ON,
DADDY. BABY'S
ALL RIGHT. I
WANT TO WATCH
YOU AT WORK. I
GET ALL TINGLY,
AND EVEN THE
SPIDERS STOP
TO PLAY
ALONG.



ALL RIGHT,
PET. FOR YOU,
THEN. WE'LL
HAVE A BIT OF
A PARTY.



I KNOW
HOW MUCH
YOU LOVE A
PARTY.



YOU'VE GOT SHADOWS ON YOUR EYES, SPIKE. AREN'T YOU HAVING FUN?

TRYING, PET. JUST A BIT OFF IS ALL. WE WERE WINNING TONIGHT, AND IT ALL WENT TO HELL. SORT OF SOURED EVERYTHING.



HE MADE YOU LOSE. SAW HIS OTHER FACE, I DID, MADE ME SHUDDER. THOUGHT HE'D HAVE *ME* FOR DINNER, AND NOW HE'S MADE YOU SAD.

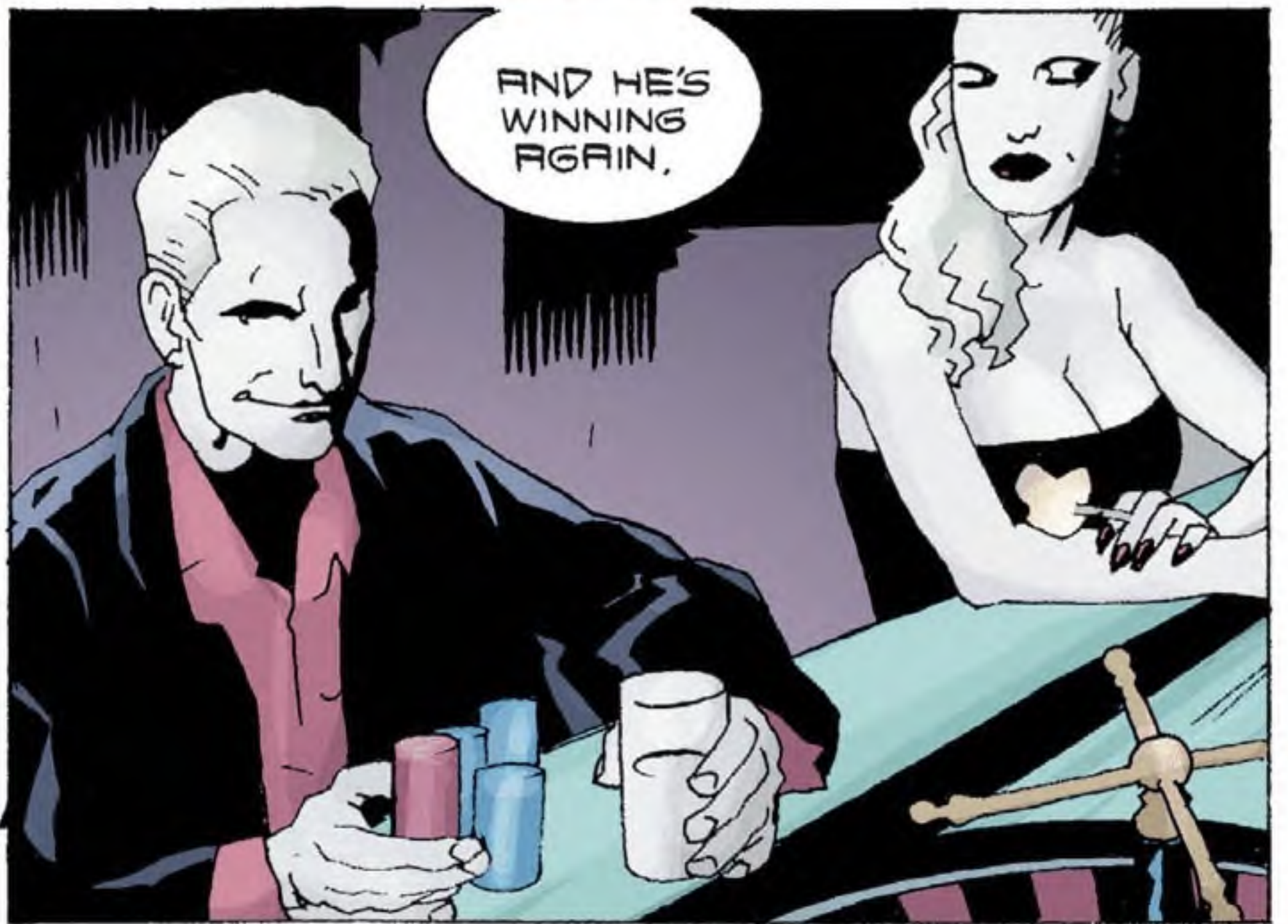
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, DRU? SOME WANKER *MADE* ME LOSE?

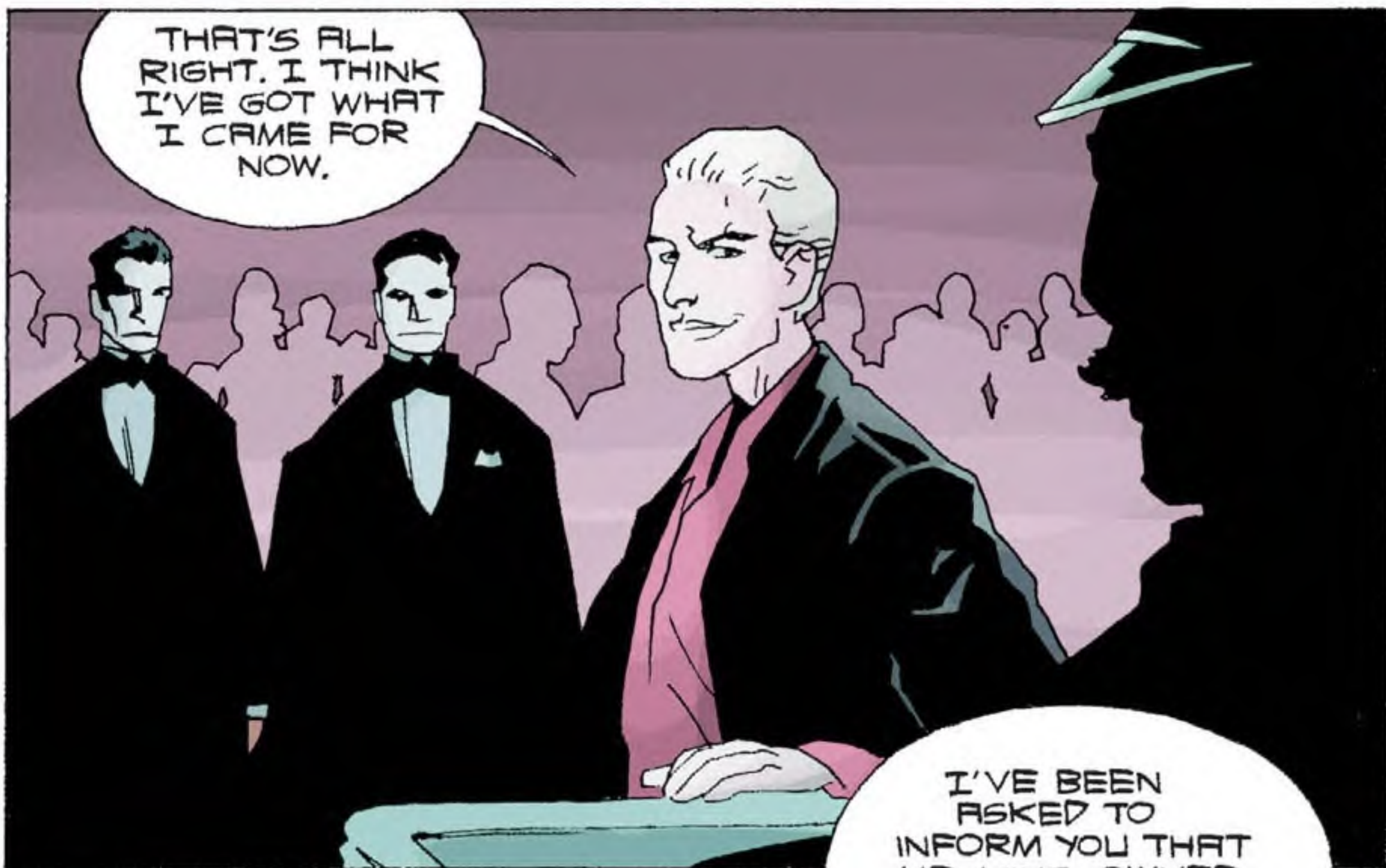


I SAW BOTH HIS FACES. TWO FACES, JUST LIKE THERE'S TWO RIVERS, ONE UNDER THE OTHER, LIKE THE SHADOWS IN THE DARK.

HE'S A NASTY MAN, SPIKE. WE CAN GO BACK IF YOU LIKE. WOULD IT MAKE YOU HAPPY TO KILL HIM?

LIKE IT WAS CHRISTMAS MORNING, PET.







NICE
PLACE,
SO THIS IS
WHERE IT
HAPPENS,
EH?



Y'KNOW, I'M NOT SURPRISED
I DIDN'T SMELL YOU BEFORE.
WHAT WITH ALL THE RUCKUS
DOWN THERE, AND YOU
SMOKIN' THOSE BLOODY AW-
FUL STOGIES TO COVER IT
UP.



THIS CLOSE,
THOUGH, THE
STINK IS
WRETCHED.
MAKES ME
WANT TO
PUKE,
REALLY.

NOT JUST
THE STENCH,
EITHER. YOU
PATCHWORK DEMONS,
ANYTHING FOR A BIT
OF POWER, WORSHIPPIN'
THIS ONE AND THAT.
NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
MORE STOMACH-
TURNING.



YOU KNOW,
I HAVE PLACES
TO GO, PEOPLE
TO EAT. IF YOU'RE
THROUGH, I'LL
HAVE MY MEN
KILL YOU NOW.







I HAD
ANOTHER FACE
ONCE. PRETTY
AND FRAGILE AS
FINE CHINA. IT
CRACKED,
THOUGH, AND
SOMETHING
SPILLED OUT. I
NEVER DID
FIX IT.

EEEEEEE!
MONSTERS!



NOW
THERE'S
SOMETHING
YOU DON'T
SEE EVERY
DAY.



HRRR!

OH, COME
ON, LAD. YOU
STINK ALMOST
AS MUCH AS YER
BOSS-MAN, AND
YOU THOUGHT YOU
COULD SNEAK UP
ON ME?

KLANG







DRU!



KER-ASHH!!

YOU'VE
BEEN VERY,
VERY BAD!

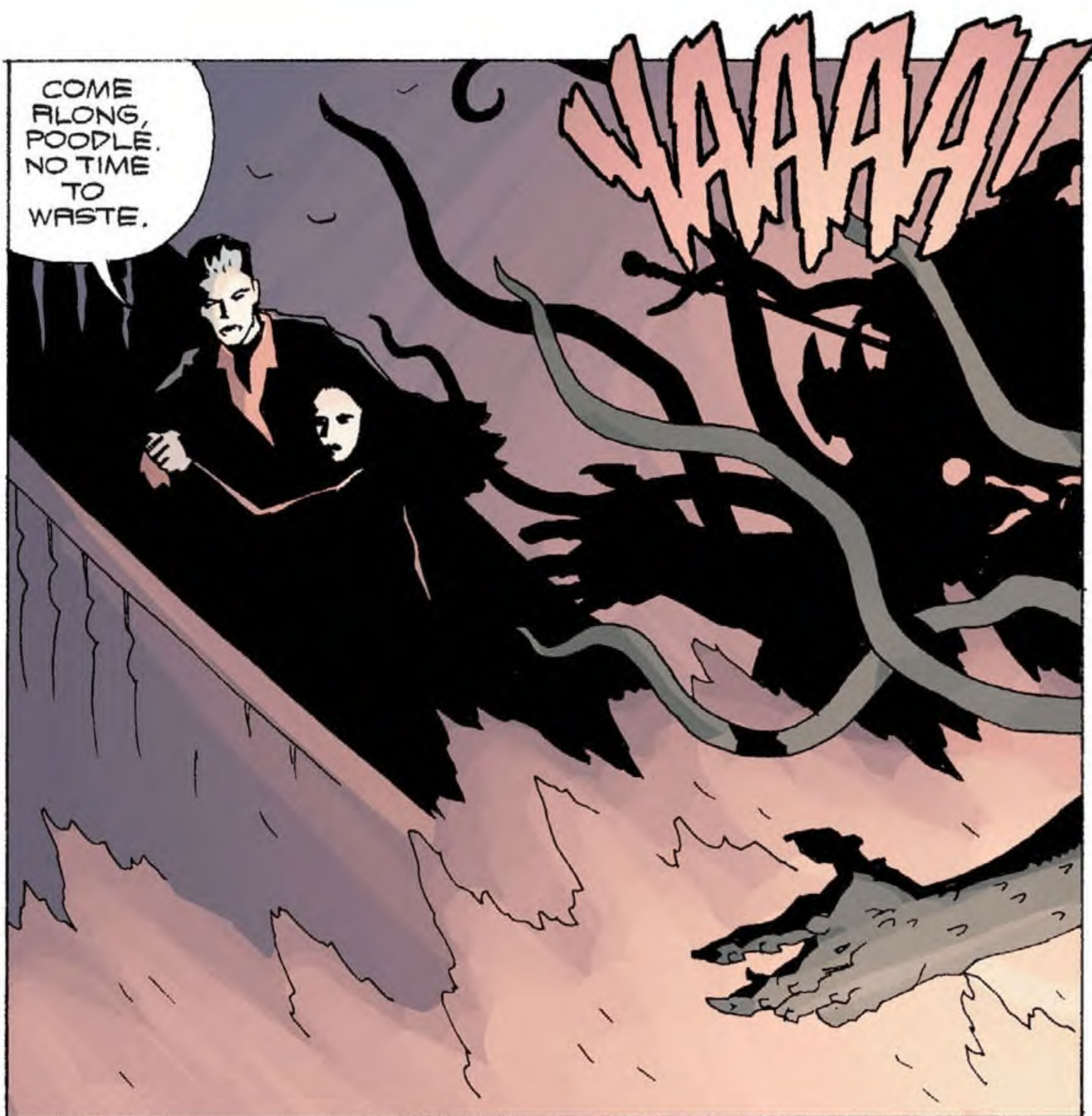
AND
I THINK
SOMEONE'S
HERE TO TAKE
YOU TO TASK
FOR IT,

NO! THIS
CAN'T BE! THESE
ARE HER CHILDREN,
THE SPAWN OF
ICKTHALA, THE
BEAST OF THE
RIVER. BUT THEY
NEVER RISE UNLESS
THEY'RE CALLED,
OR... UNLESS...



...THEY'VE
BEEN FED!





HEADING WEST.

DO YOU
WANT TO
LISTEN TO
THE RADIO,
SPIKE?

JUST A
LITTLE PEACE
AND QUIET AT
THE MOMENT,
DRU. ALL
RIGHT?

ARE
YOU
MAD AT
ME?

COULDN'T BE, PET.
WASN'T YOUR FAULT.
WE WANTED TO HAVE
SOME FUN, DIDN'T WE?
AND WE WILL, JUST
AS SOON AS WE GET
TO THE HELLMOUTH.

OH, I CAN'T
WAIT. IT'LL BE
EVER SO MUCH
FUN.

SPIKE?

YES,
DRUSILLA?

I'M FAMISHED.
YOU KNOW I CAN'T
HEAR THE STARS
WHEN I'M HUNGRY.
DO YOU FANCY
STOPPING FOR A
BITE?

King of Fire



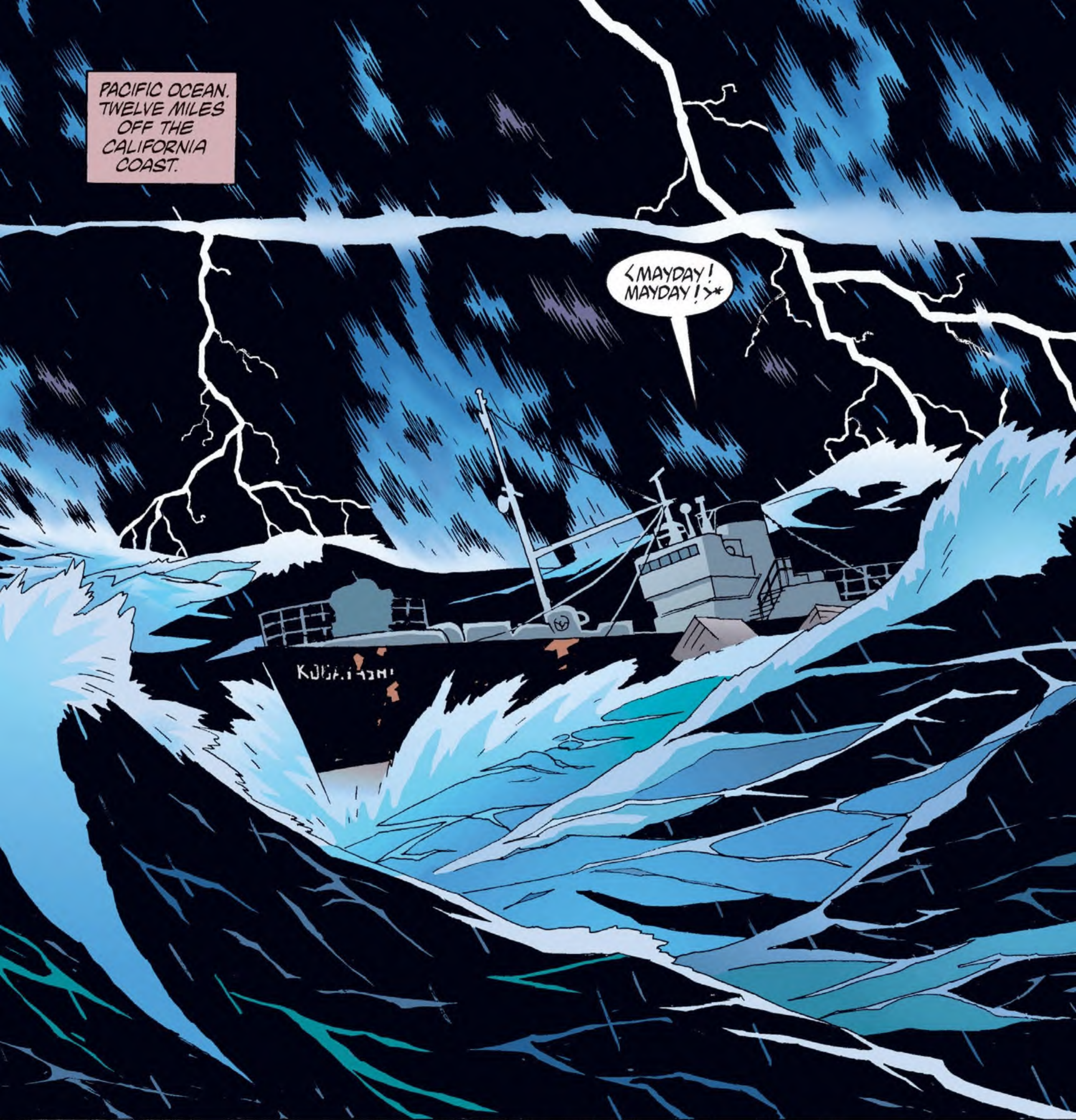
火
の
輪
冊



The Rising

PACIFIC OCEAN.
TWELVE MILES
OFF THE
CALIFORNIA
COAST.

<MAYDAY!
MAYDAY!>*



<THIS IS
TOKYO CARGO
VESSEL KOBAYASHI!
MAYDAY! CAN
ANYBODY
READ ME?!>

<DAMN IT!>

POP
ZZT

SKREEEEEE





<CAPTAIN! OUR CARGO--IT IS CURSED!>

<WE MUST DUMP IT OVERBOARD BEFORE THE CREATURE KILLS US ALL!>



<NO! WE'VE COME THIS FAR, WE WILL NOT-->



HRRK!



<IT IS THE DEVIL HIMSELF! WHAT DOES IT WANT WITH US?>

<WITH US, MASATO? NOTHING.>



<IT IS THIS DAMNED CRATE THE CREATURE SEEKS.>

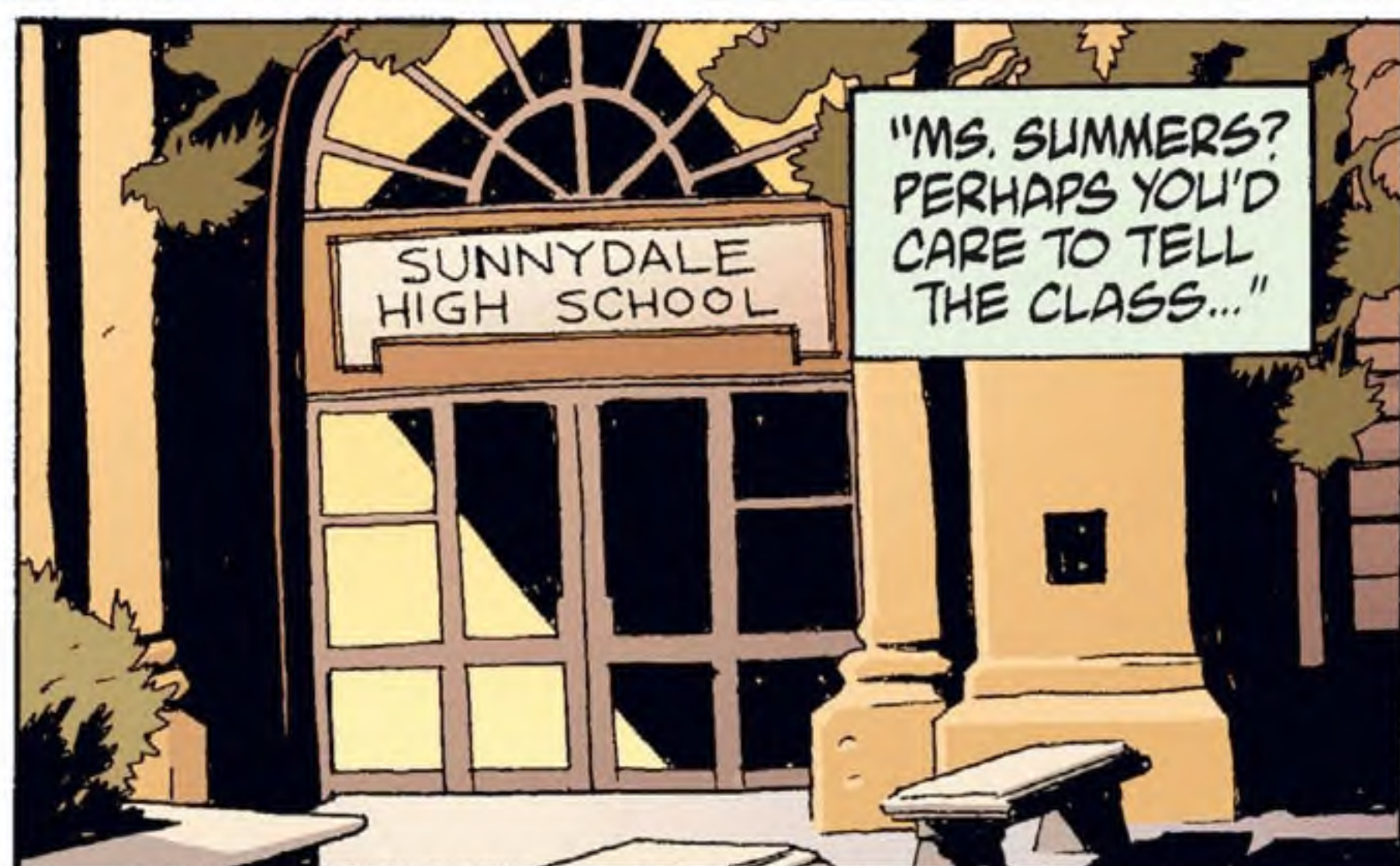


<QUICKLY! LET'S SEND IT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN, AND PERHAPS-->

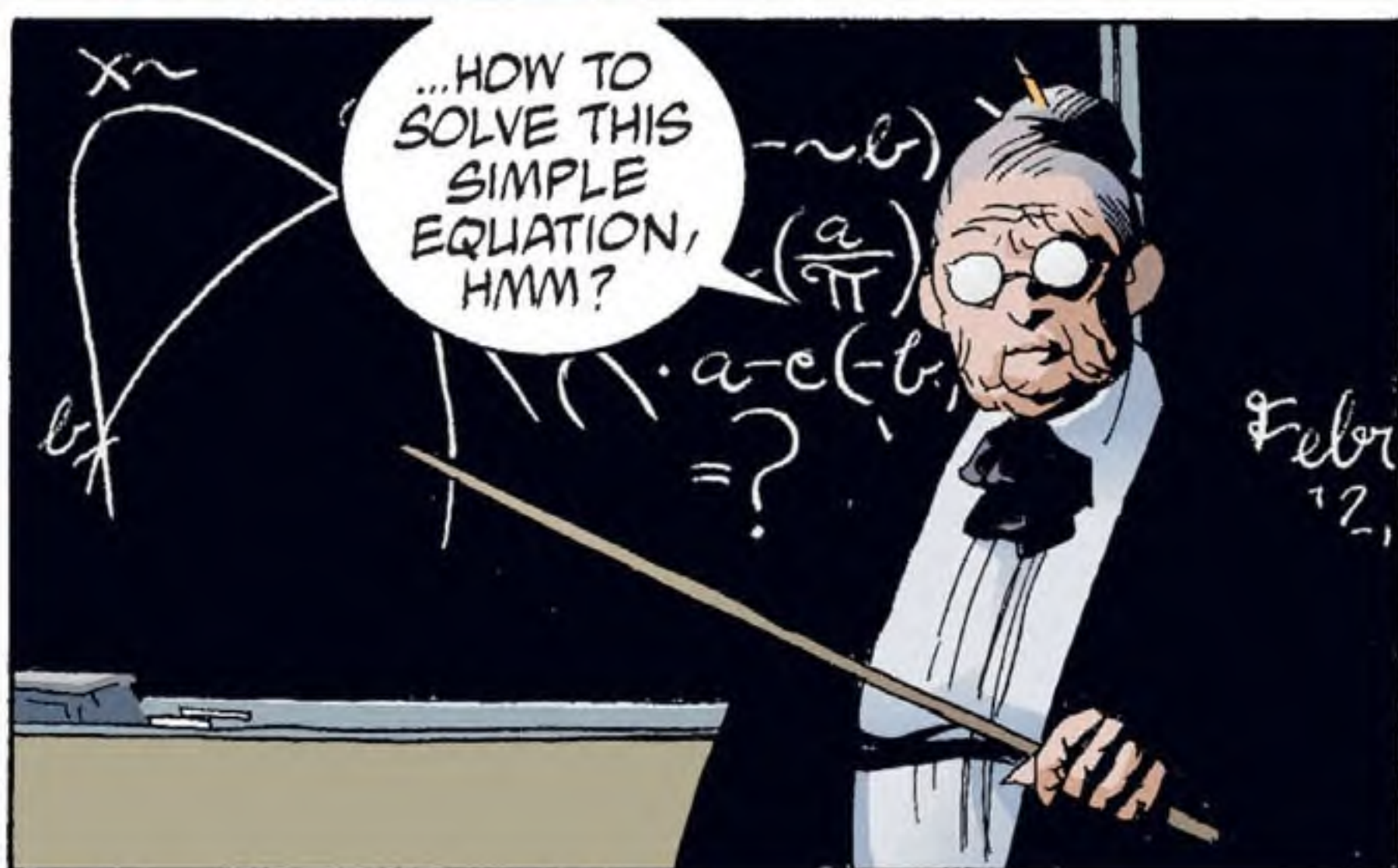




...ANGEL.



"MS. SUMMERS? PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO TELL THE CLASS..."



...HOW TO SOLVE THIS SIMPLE EQUATION, HMM?



HUH? OH, SURE. JUST, UM... CARRY THE...

B
B
R
R
R
I
N
G



BELL!



"CARRY THE BELL?"

OKAY, SO I SPACED. I WAS UP LATE FIGHTING A FLAME DEMON IN THE RAIN. WHAT CAN I--GILES!

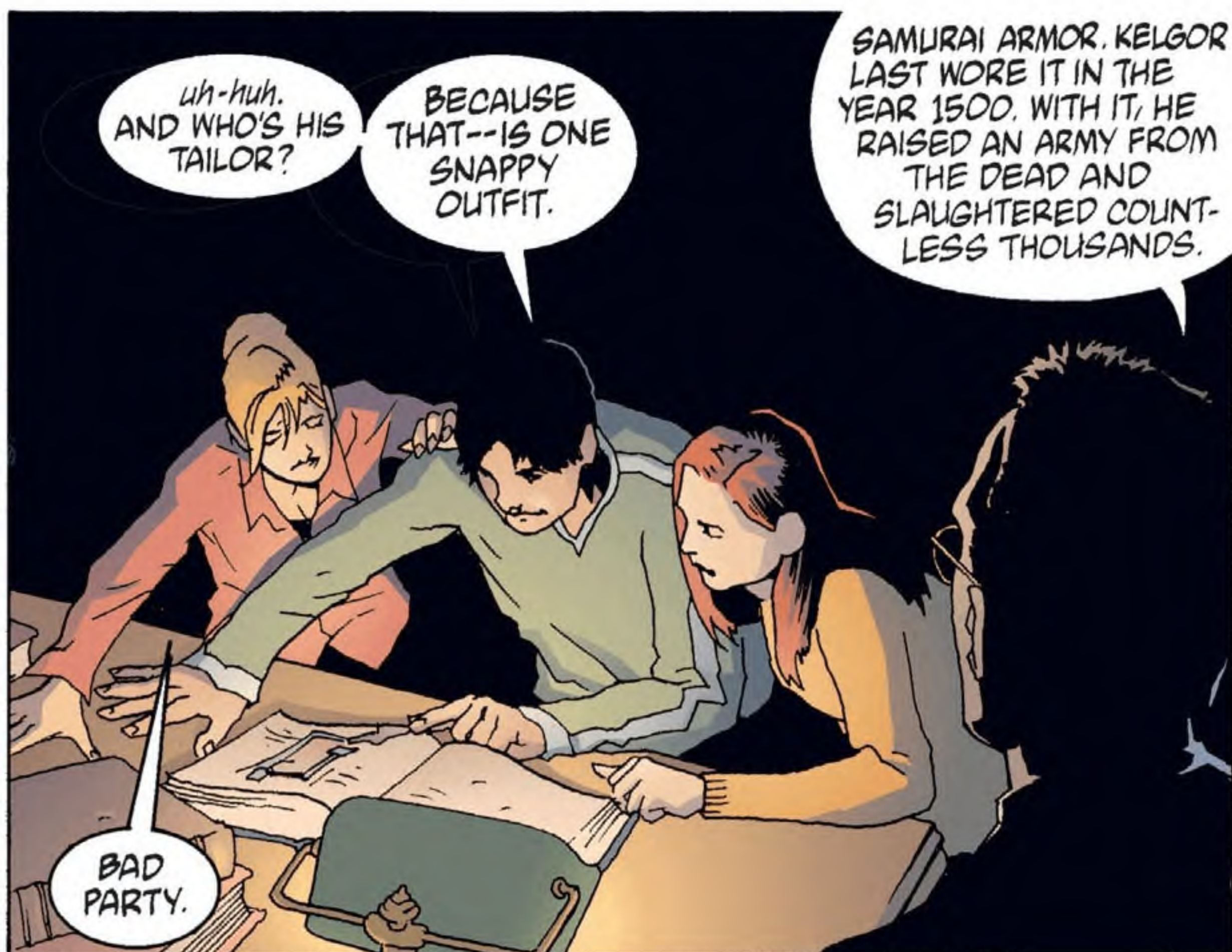


YOU'RE LOOKING MORE GAME FACEY THAN USUAL. WHAT'S UP?

IT'S BAD, BUFFY. IT'S--



...THE
DEMON
KELGOR.



uh-huh.
AND WHO'S HIS
TAILOR?

BECAUSE
THAT--IS ONE
SNAPPY
OUTFIT.

SAMURAI ARMOR. KELGOR
LAST WORE IT IN THE
YEAR 1500. WITH IT, HE
RAISED AN ARMY FROM
THE DEAD AND
SLAUGHTERED COUNT-
LESS THOUSANDS.

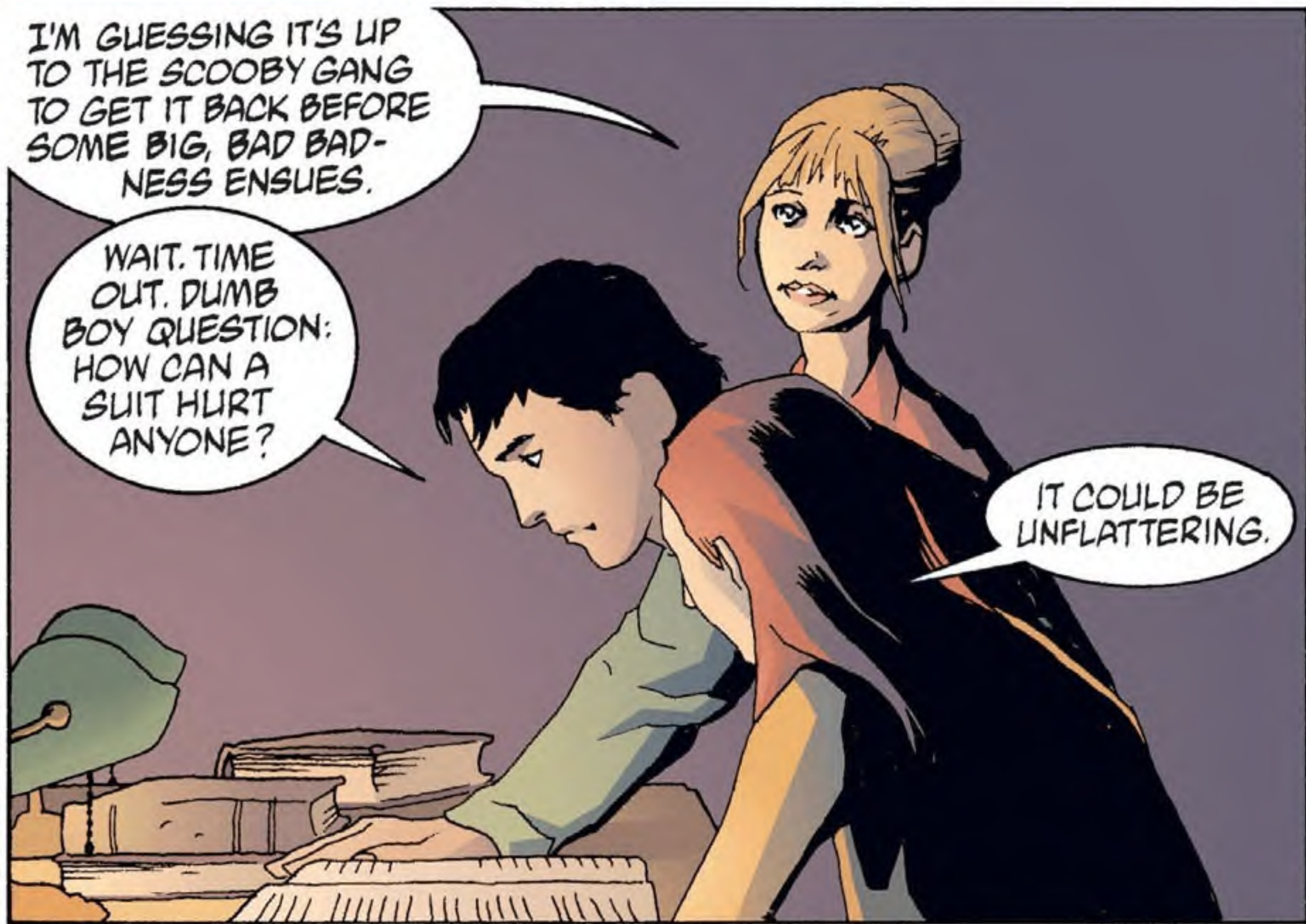
BAD
PARTY.

IT'S NO JOKE, BUFFY. KELGOR
THE WARRIOR DEMON WAS AS
DEADLY WITH THE SWORD AS
WITH SORCERY. NOW. LAST
NIGHT, THE COUNCIL REPORTED
HIS SUIT OF ARMOR STOLEN
FROM SMUGGLERS HOPING
TO SELL IT IN THE
UNITED STATES.



I'M GUESSING IT'S UP
TO THE SCOOBY GANG
TO GET IT BACK BEFORE
SOME BIG, BAD BAD-
NESS ENSUES.

WAIT. TIME
OUT. DUMB
BOY QUESTION:
HOW CAN A
SUIT HURT
ANYONE?



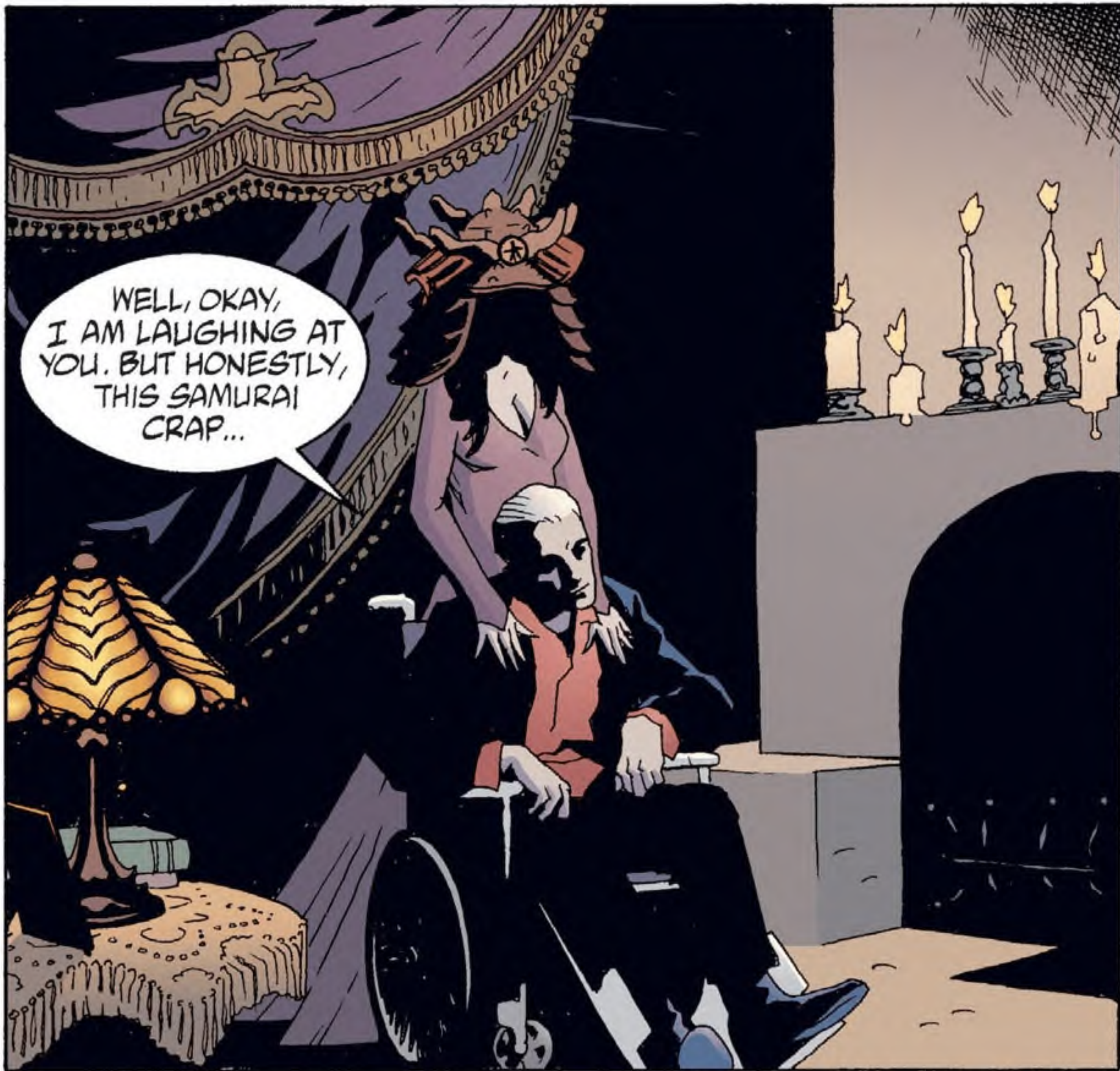
IT COULD BE
UNFLATTERING.

KELGOR'S POWER COMES FROM HIS
ARMOR. THE COUNCIL BURIED HIS
CORPSE HERE OVER A CENTURY AGO.
NOW, SHOULD ANYONE REUNITE THE
DEMON WITH HIS SAMURAI GARMENTS,
IT COULD MEAN--



THE END
OF THE WORLD?
PLEASE. LOOK, MATE--
I'M NOT LAUGHING
AT YOU...





WELL, OKAY,
I AM LAUGHING AT
YOU. BUT HONESTLY,
THIS SAMURAI
CRAP...



...HAS GOT TO BE
THE BIGGEST LOAD
OF MAGIC BEANS YOU
EVER BOUGHT INTO.

FINISHED?



NO. JUST A
MINUTE.



HA!



OKAY,
NOW I'M
FINISHED.

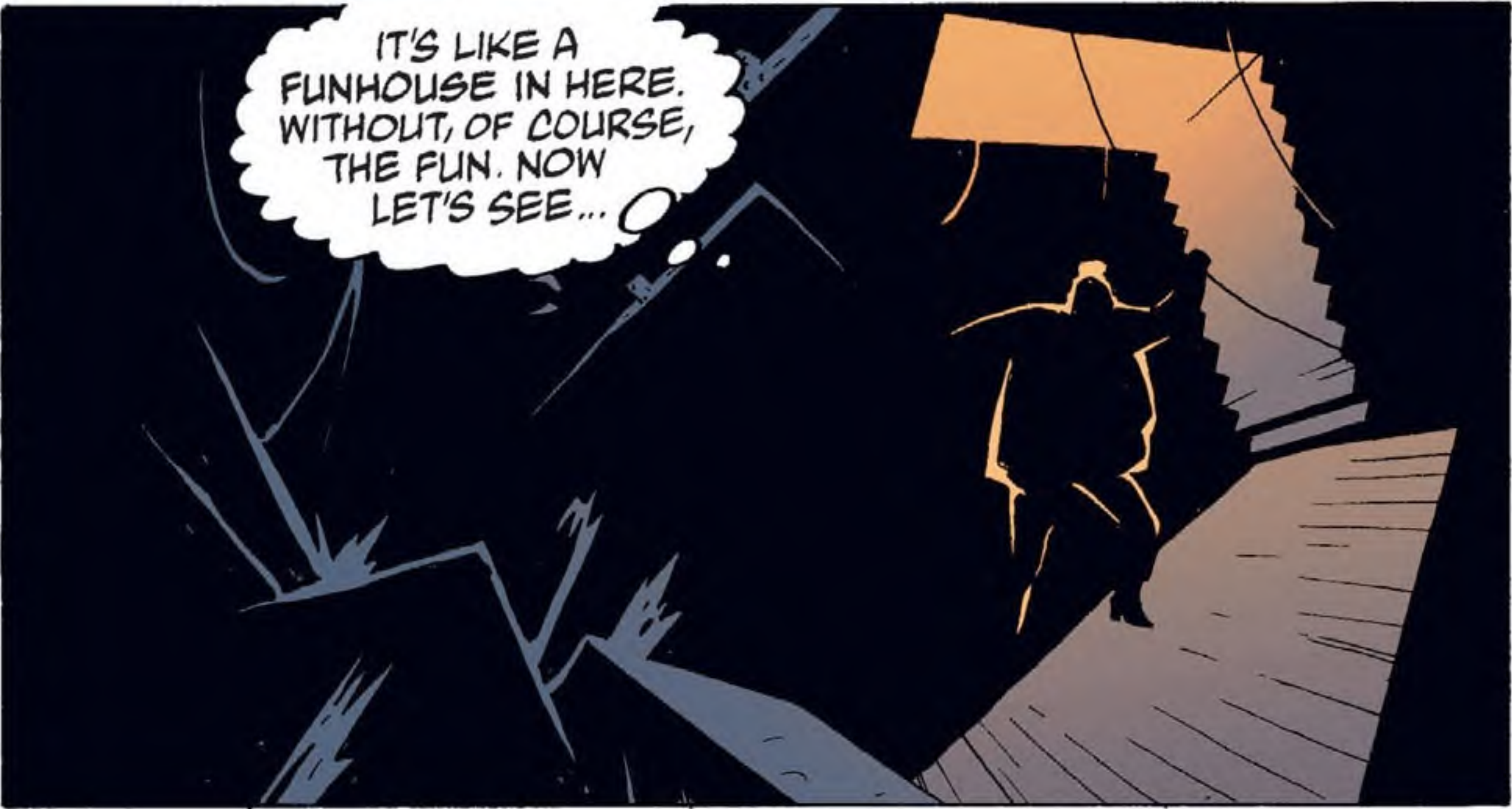
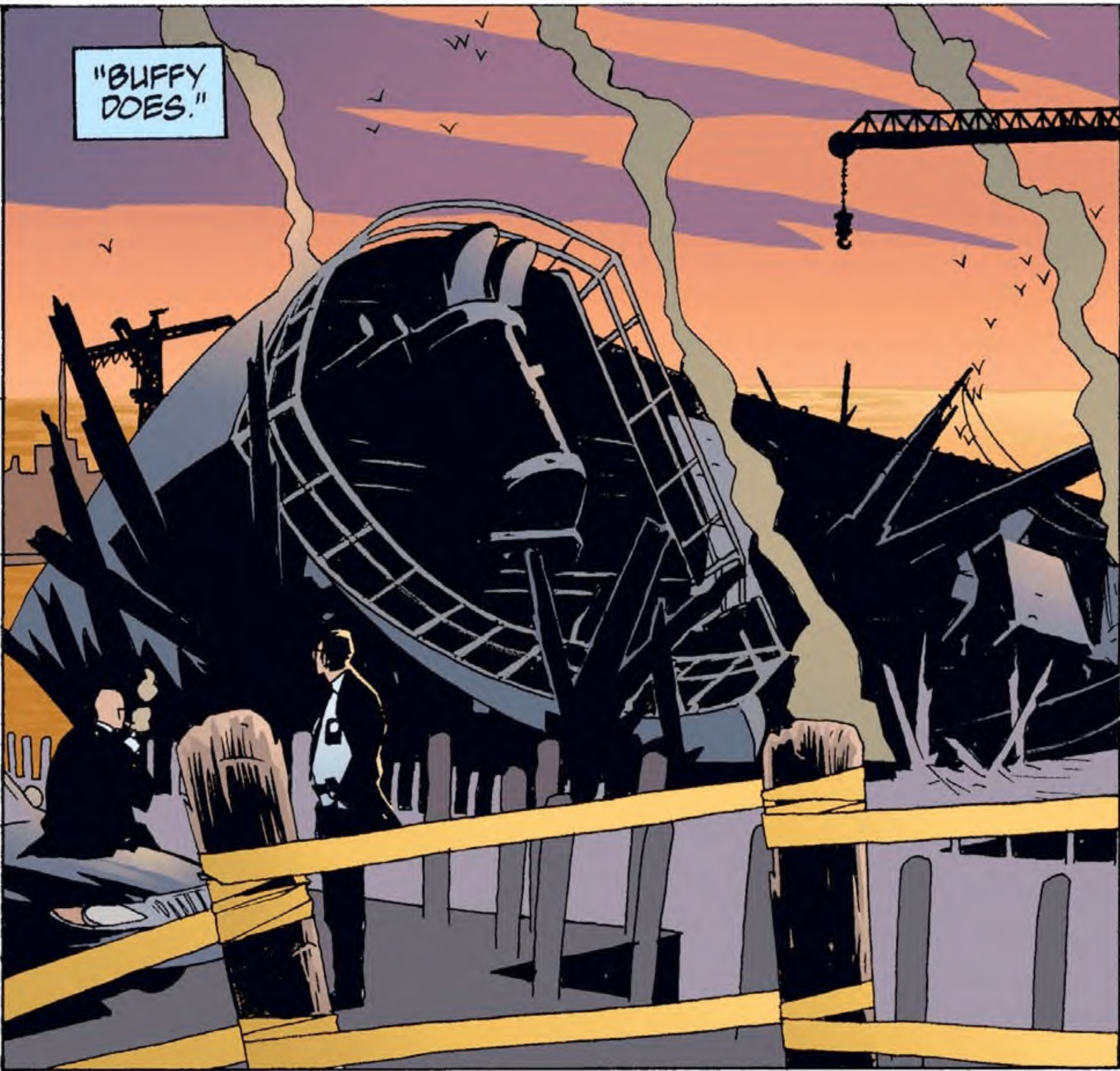


LISTEN, HOT WHEELS--
WE DIG UP KELGOR AND
PUT HIM IN THIS ARMOR?
WE'LL HAVE SO MUCH
POWER, YOU'LL BE
JUMPING--EXCUSE
ME--SPINNING FOR
JOY. BELIEVE ME.



I BELIEVE
YOU. HOW
DO WE FIND
HIM?

WE
DON'T.

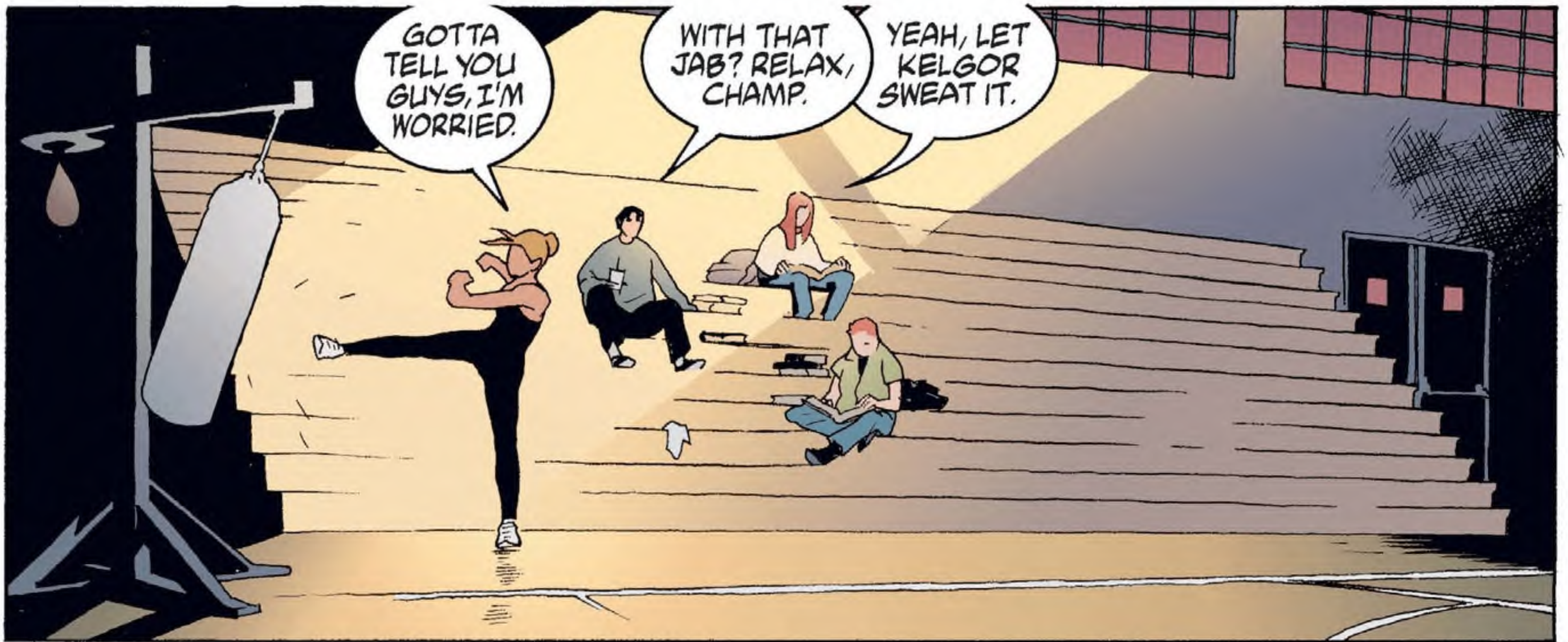




FEELS KINDA SLIMEY
LEAVING THAT GUY
BEHIND, BUT THOSE
GOVERNMENT GOONS'LL
GET HIM HELP. WHAT
WAS HE TRYING TO
TELL ME? I CAN'T
DO THIS ALONE.
I NEED...







GOTTA TELL YOU GUYS, I'M WORRIED.

WITH THAT JAB? RELAX, CHAMP.

YEAH, LET KELGOR SWEAT IT.



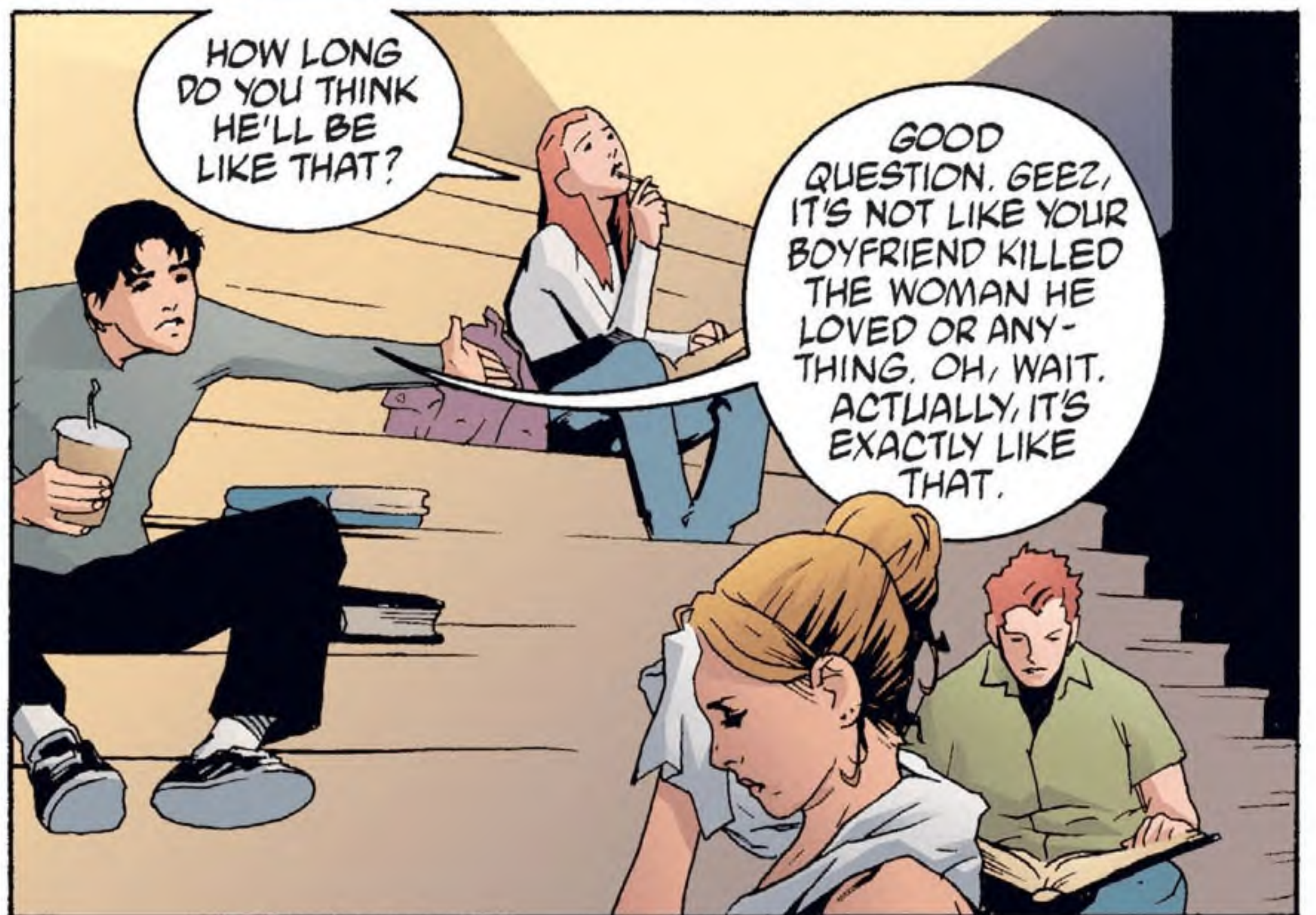
DEMONS I CAN HANDLE. BUT GILES... HE'S STILL HOLDING IN A LOT OF FEELINGS OVER JENNY'S MURDER.

THINK HE MIGHT BURST?

DUNNO.



BUT WE BETTER HANDLE RESEARCH WITHOUT HIM. RIGHT NOW, HE'S IN NO SHAPE TO BE WATCHER-GUY.



HOW LONG DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE LIKE THAT?

GOOD QUESTION. GEEZ, IT'S NOT LIKE YOUR BOYFRIEND KILLED THE WOMAN HE LOVED OR ANYTHING. OH, WAIT. ACTUALLY, IT'S EXACTLY LIKE THAT.



THANK YOU, XANDER. AND IF THERE'S A WAY YOU CAN BE LESS SENSITIVE, I'LL CALL.

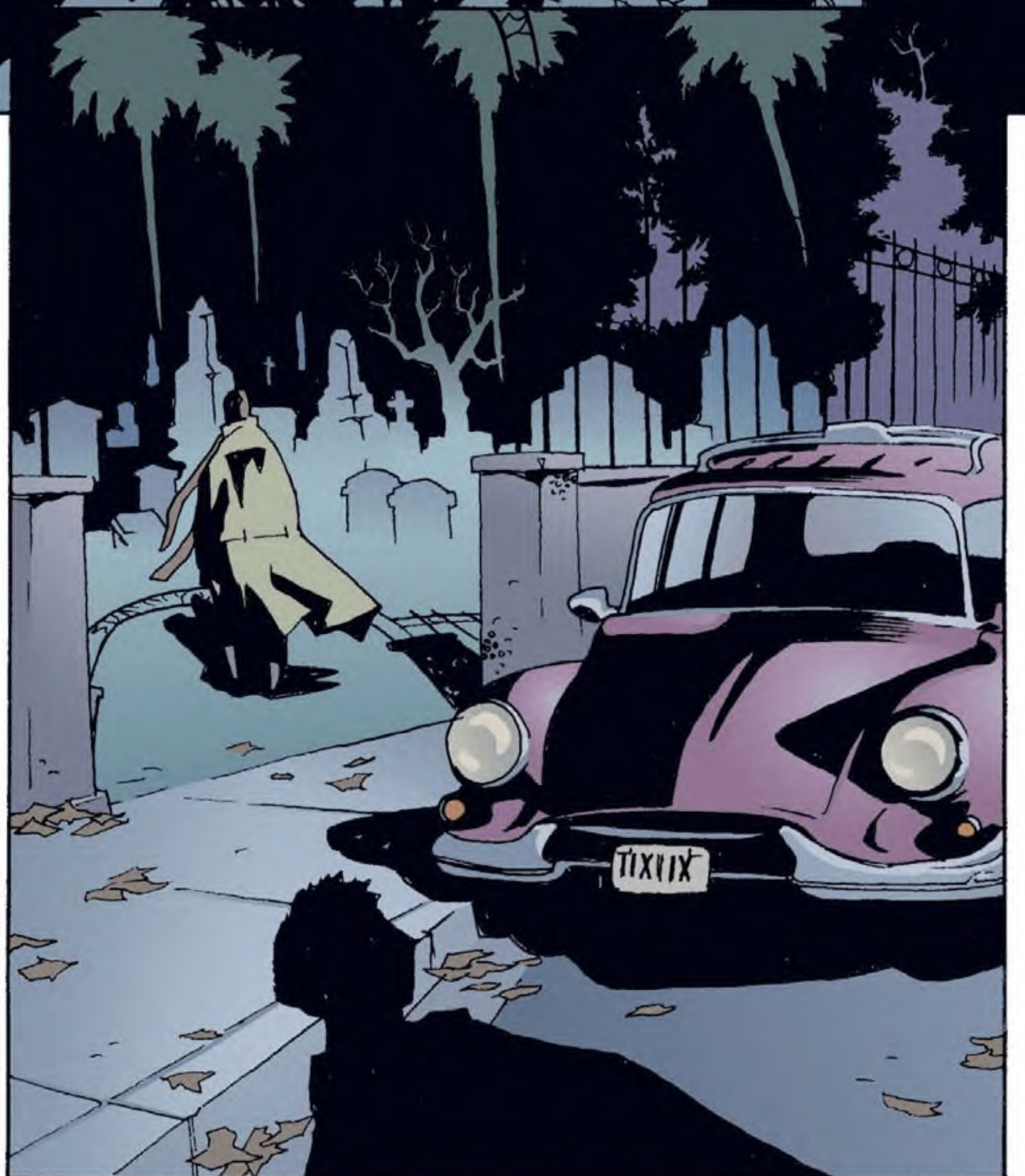
YOU KNOW THAT "NOT WORRYING ABOUT KELGOR" PART OF THE PLAN?



WELL, SPEAKING FOR MYSELF...

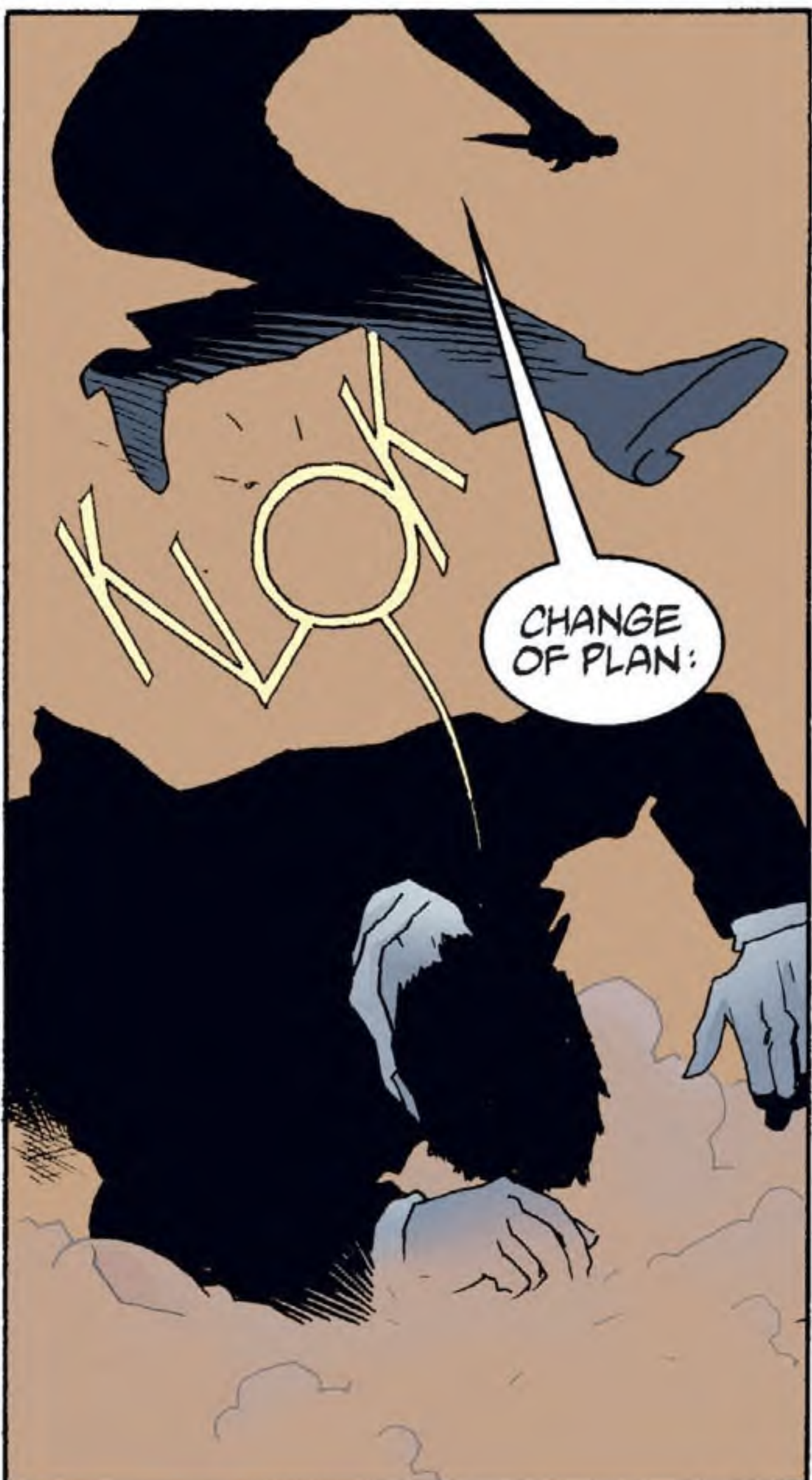


"SOMEBODY OUGHT TO LOOK AFTER HIM."

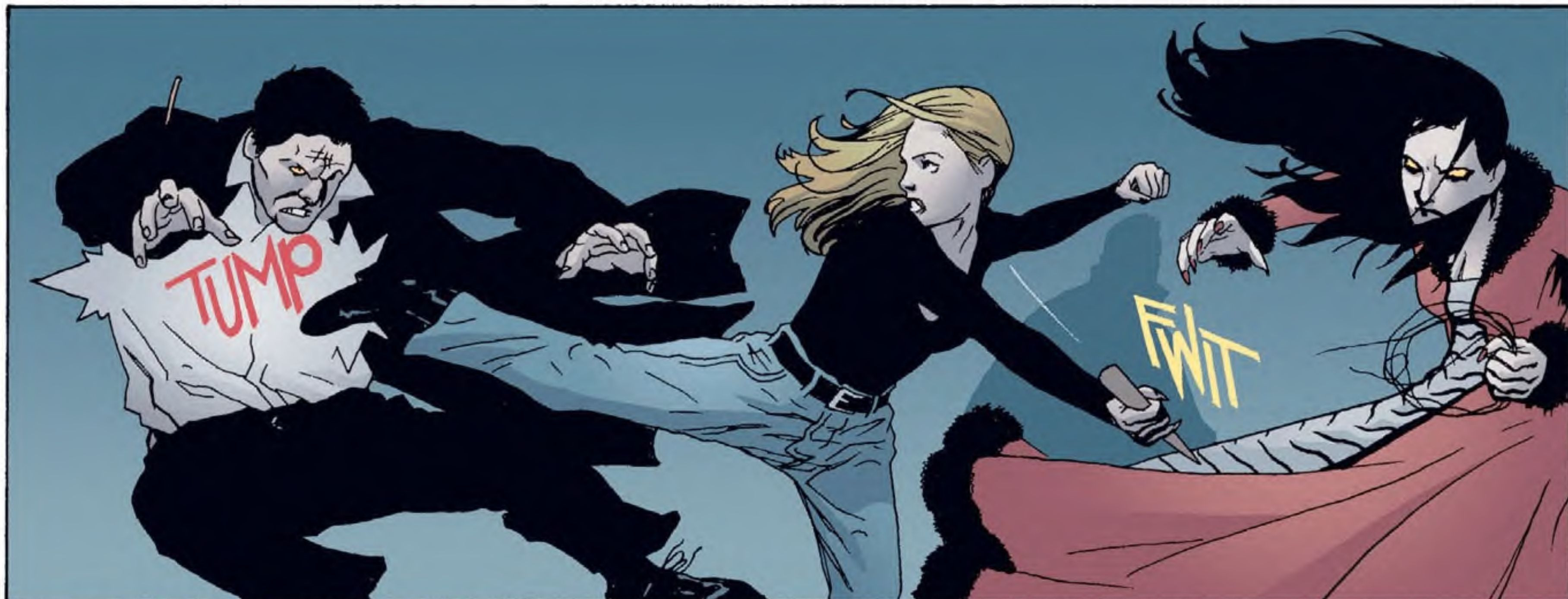














SPIKE
MUST'VE TRAILED
THE OTHERS. I
BETTER BOLT.

YES...



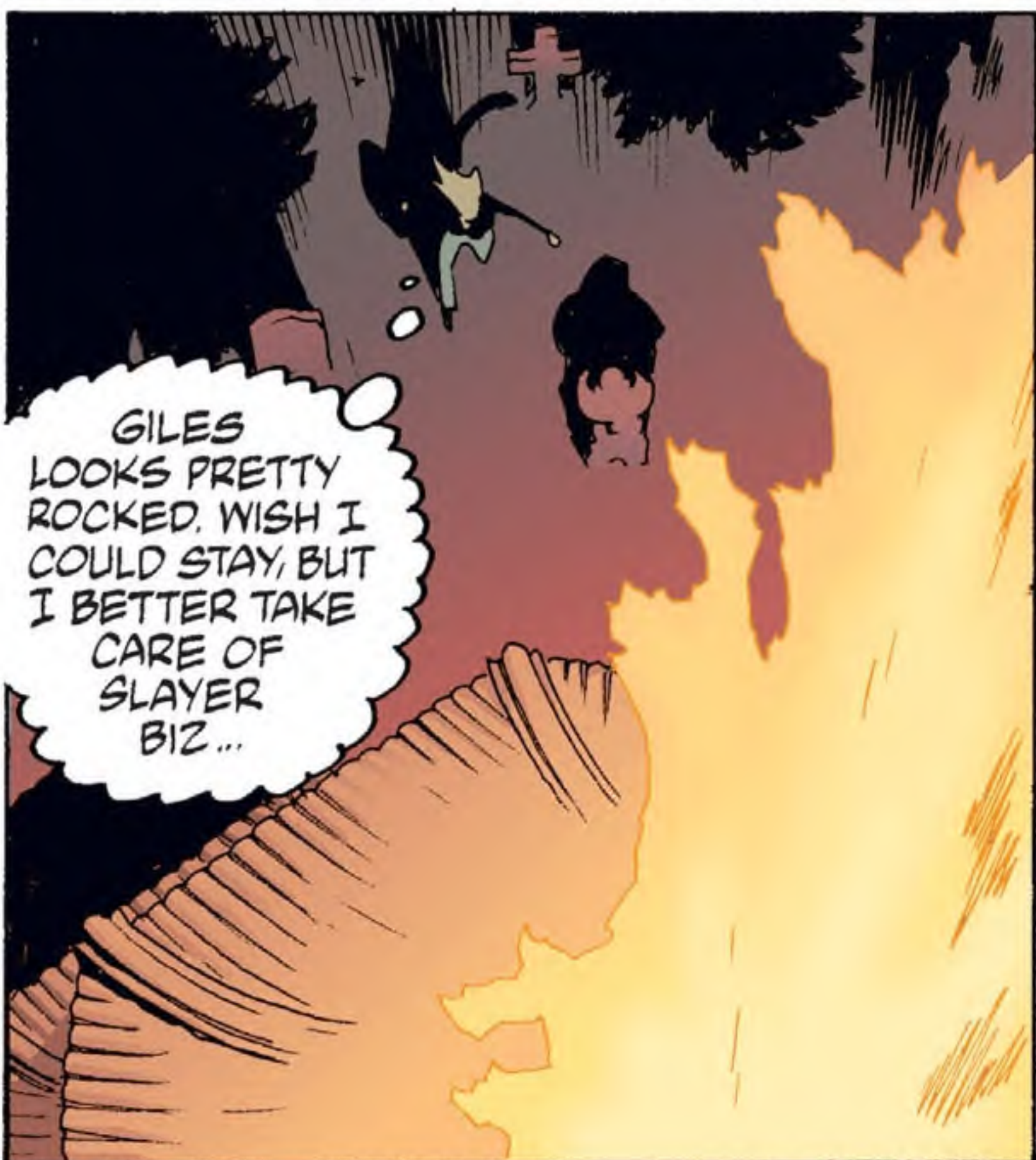
YOU
OKAY?



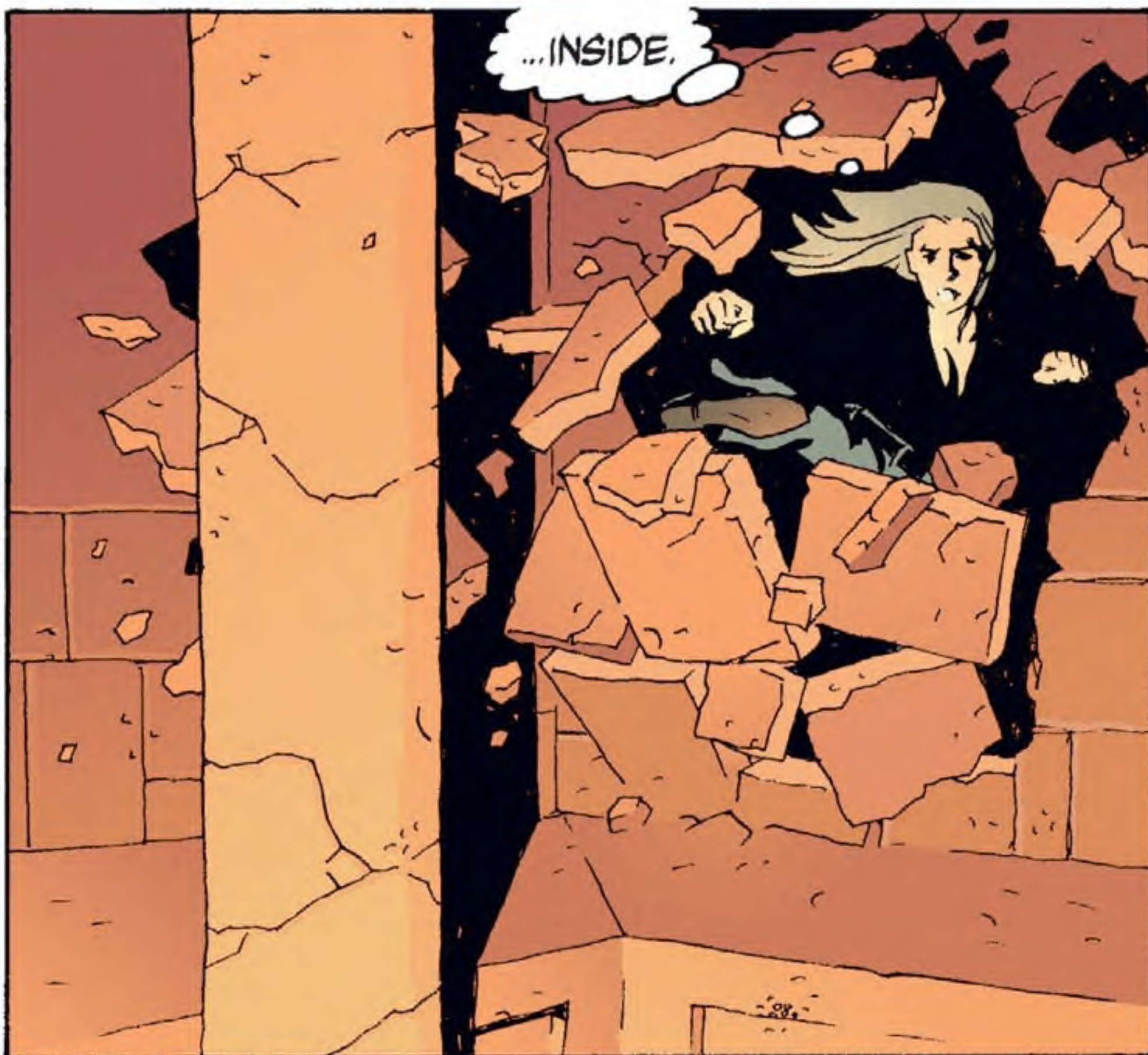
I'M FINE.



GO.



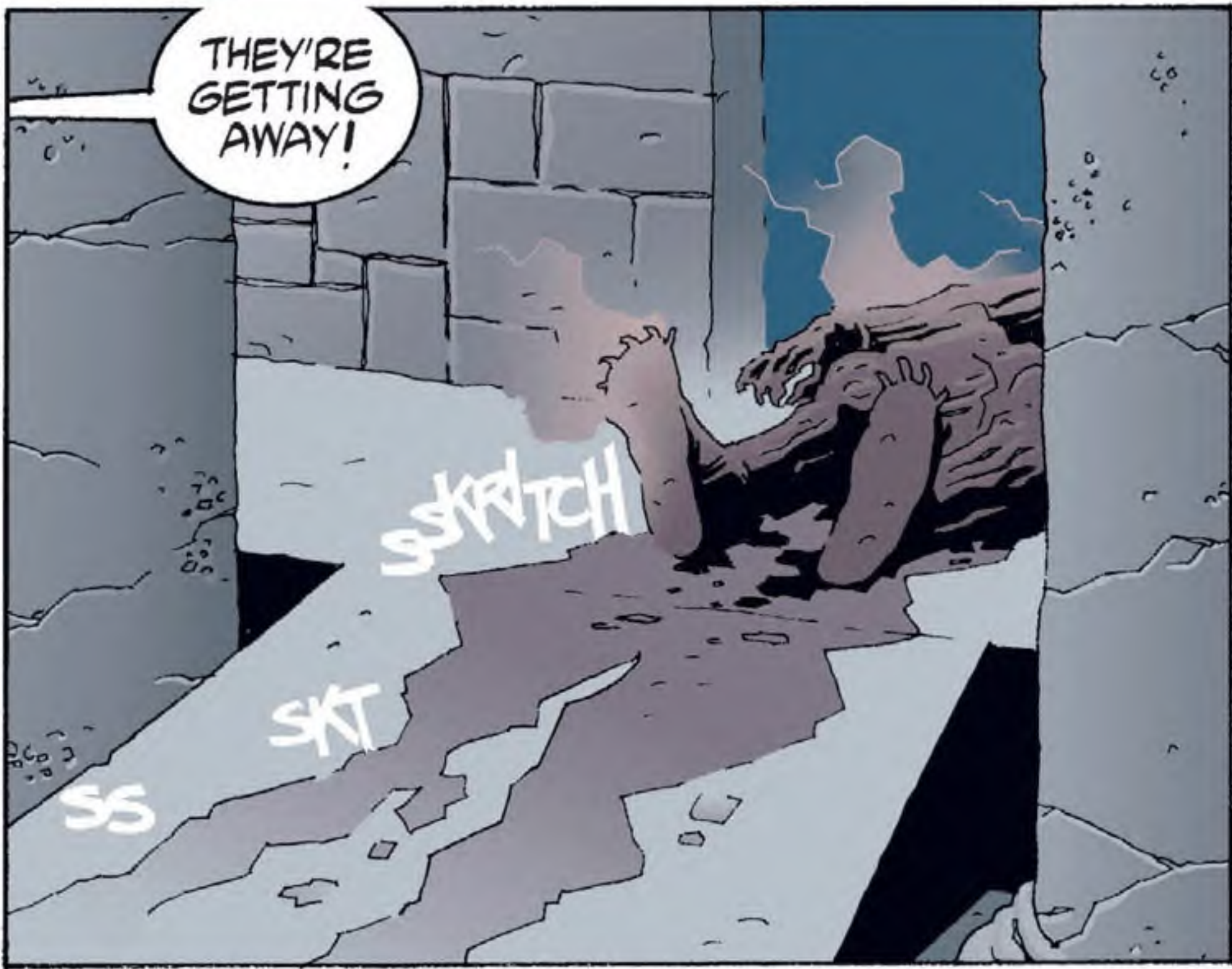
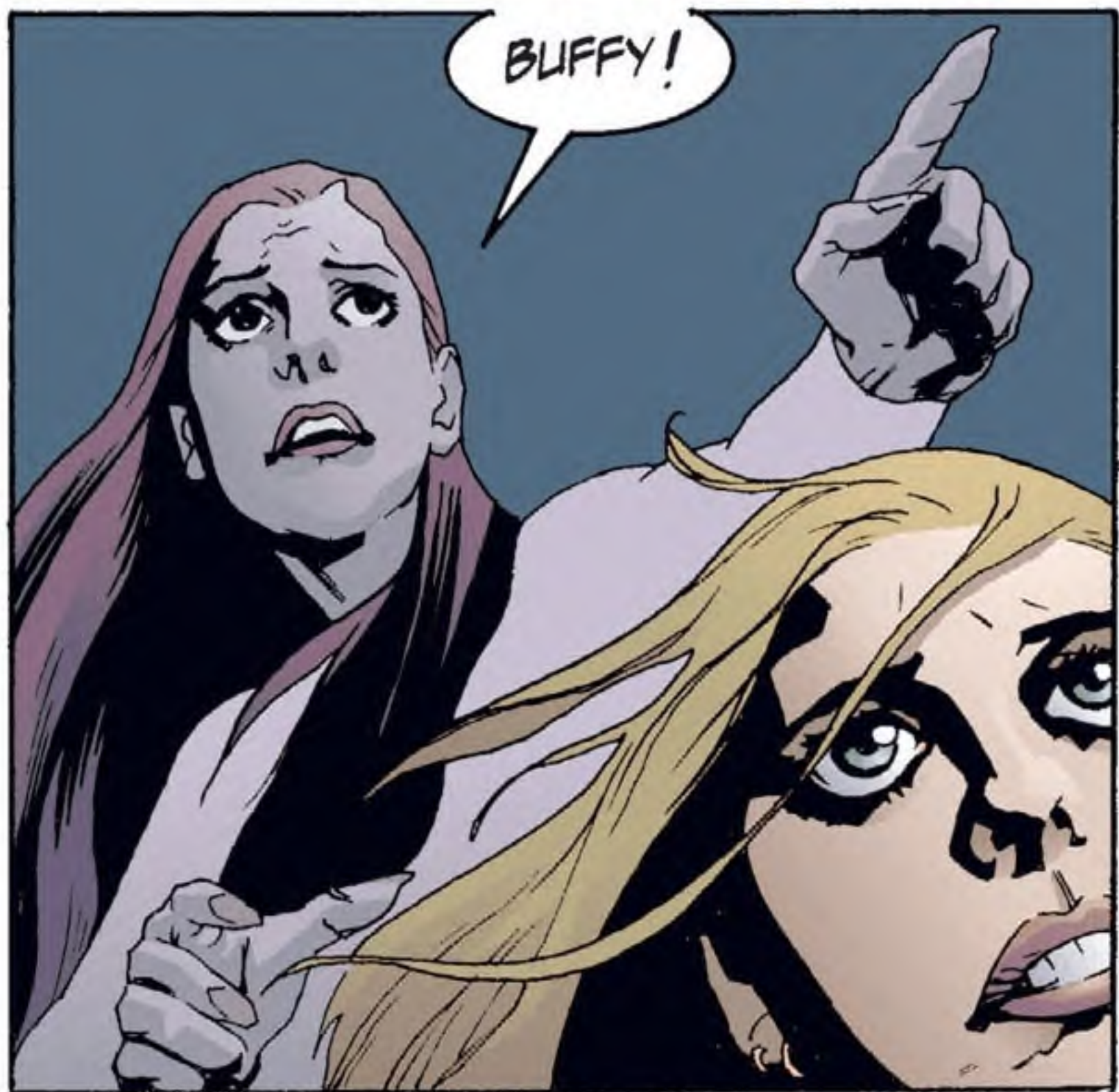
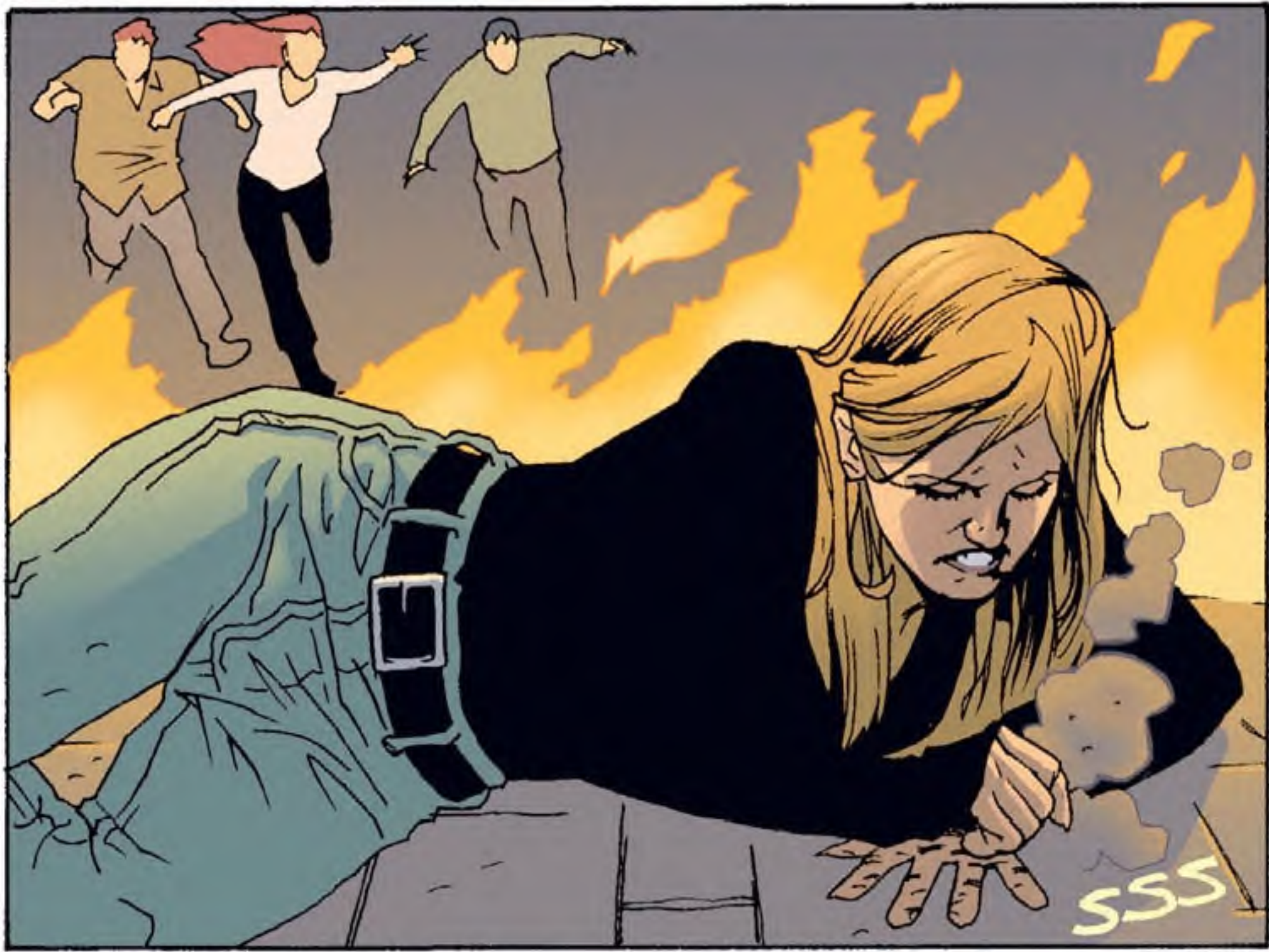
GILES
LOOKS PRETTY
ROCKED. WISH I
COULD STAY, BUT
I BETTER TAKE
CARE OF
SLAYER
BIZ...

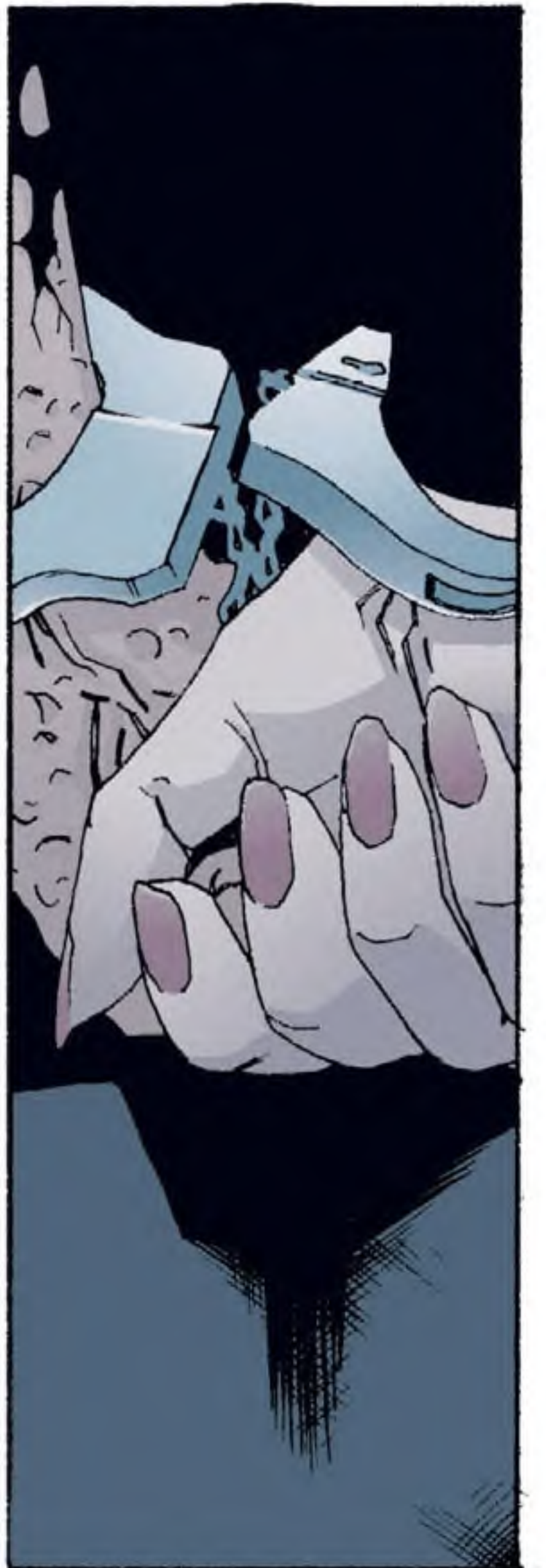


...INSIDE.









悪魔侍



The Seven Samurai



BRILLIANT!
ABSOLUTELY
BLOODY
BRILLIANT,
YOU ARE!



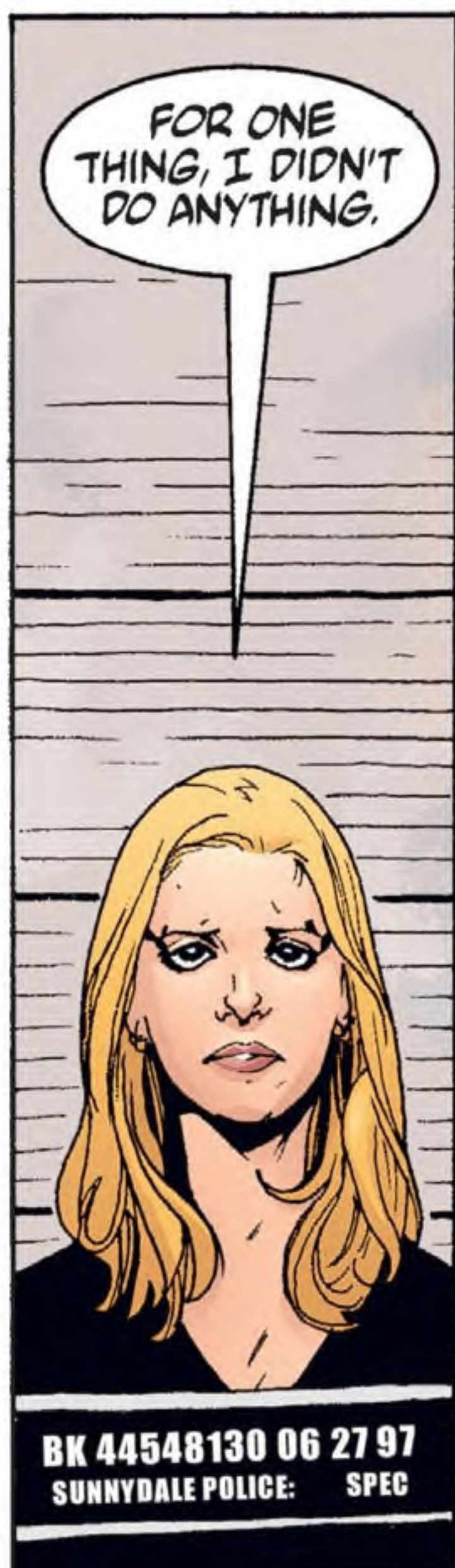
RISKING
MY LIFE--AND
DRU'S--FOR THIS
--THIS--DEAD
CORPSE???

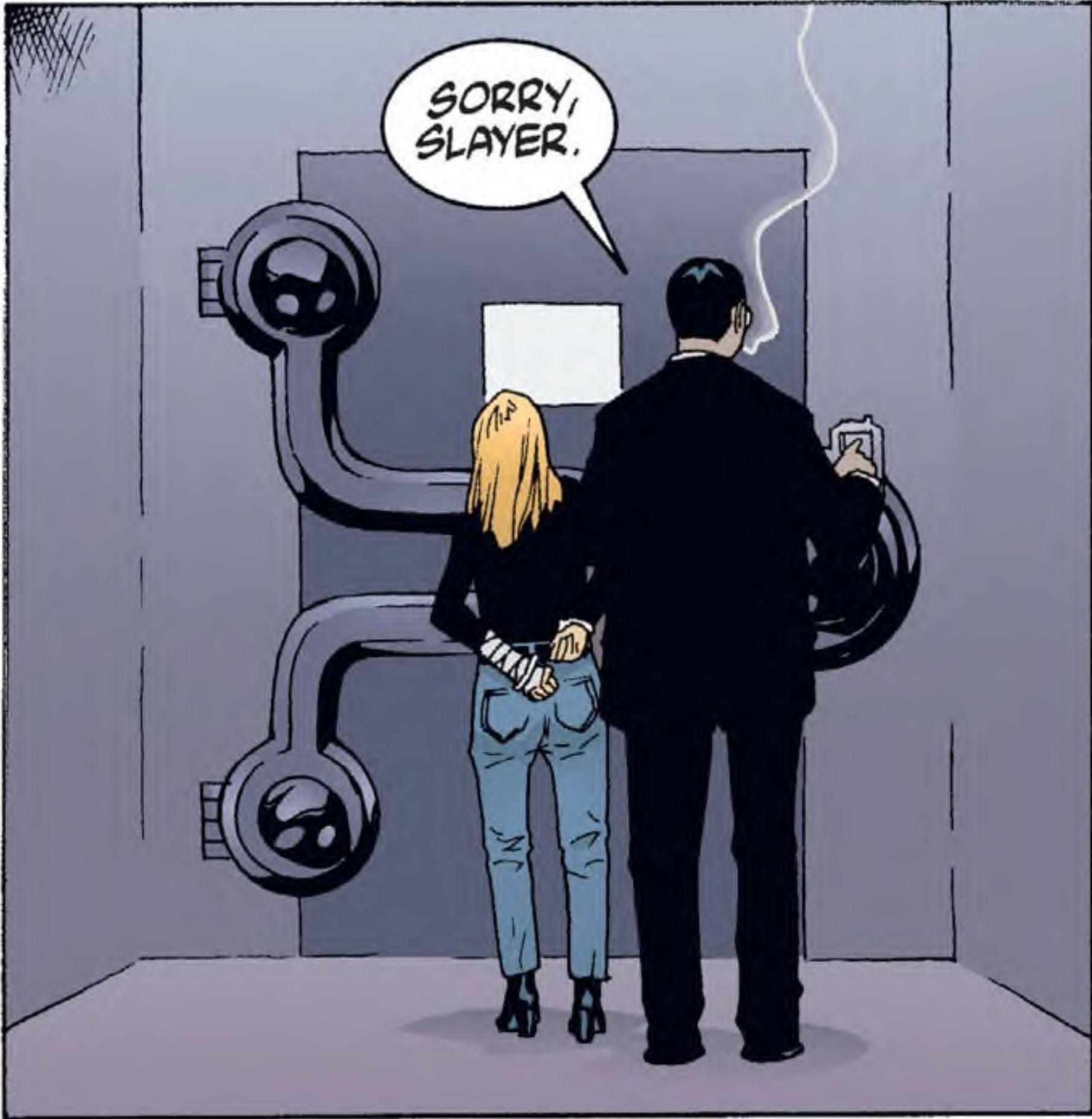
THEY DON'T
MAKE LIVE ONES.
AND I'D WATCH THE
TONE, HELL-ON-
WHEELS.

BOYS...











I MEAN, "DESECRATION OF SACRED PROPERTIES"? SINCE WHEN WAS THAT A FEDERAL CRIME?

WILLOW'S RIGHT. NOT LEGALLY, OF COURSE, BUT EMOTIONALLY. AND MORE TO THE POINT...



...WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE "SHAFT"?

THEY'RE NOT FBI.



BUT THEY HAD BADGES AND... BADGES, AND...

THE UNMISTAKABLE AIR OF AUTHORITY.



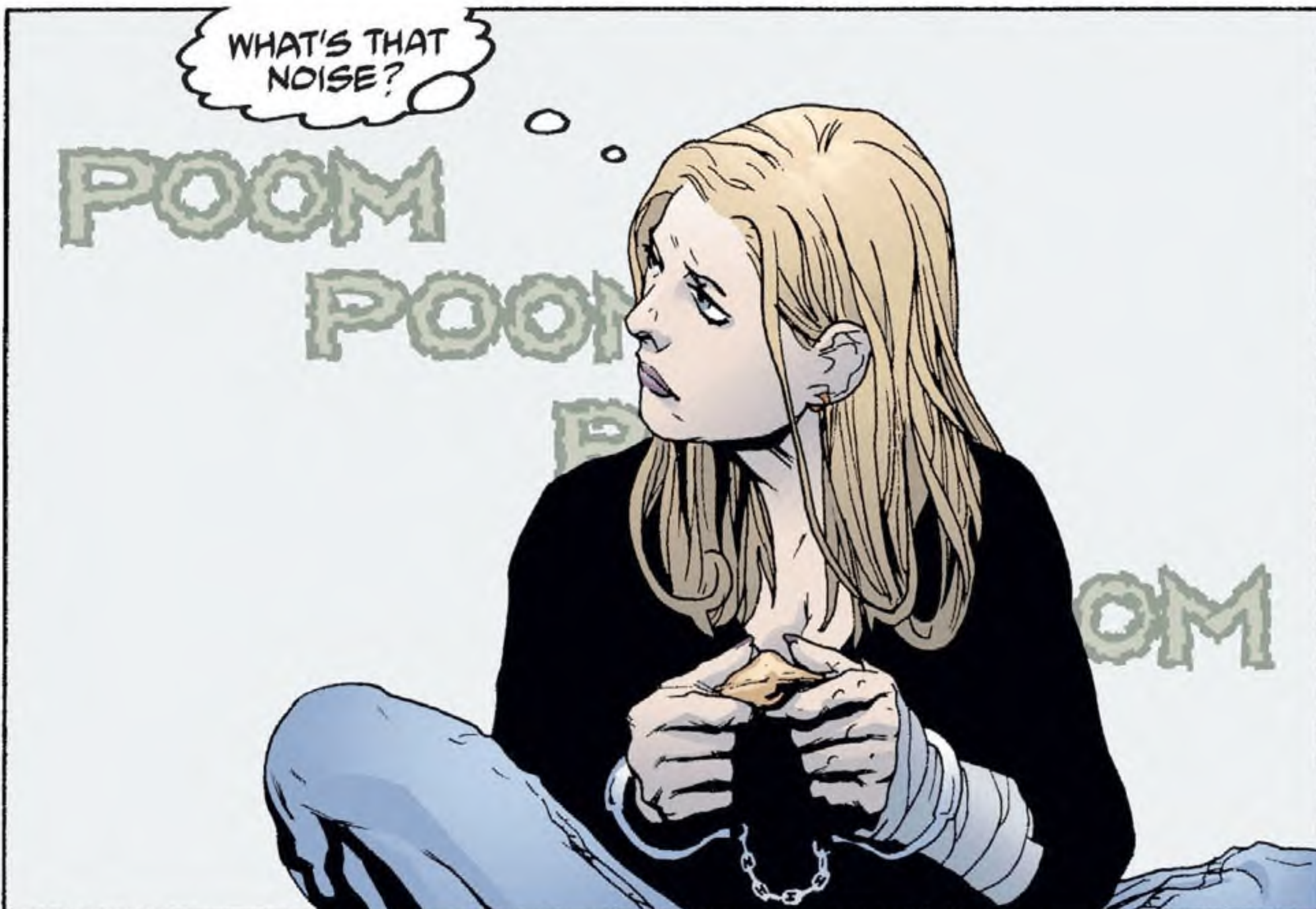
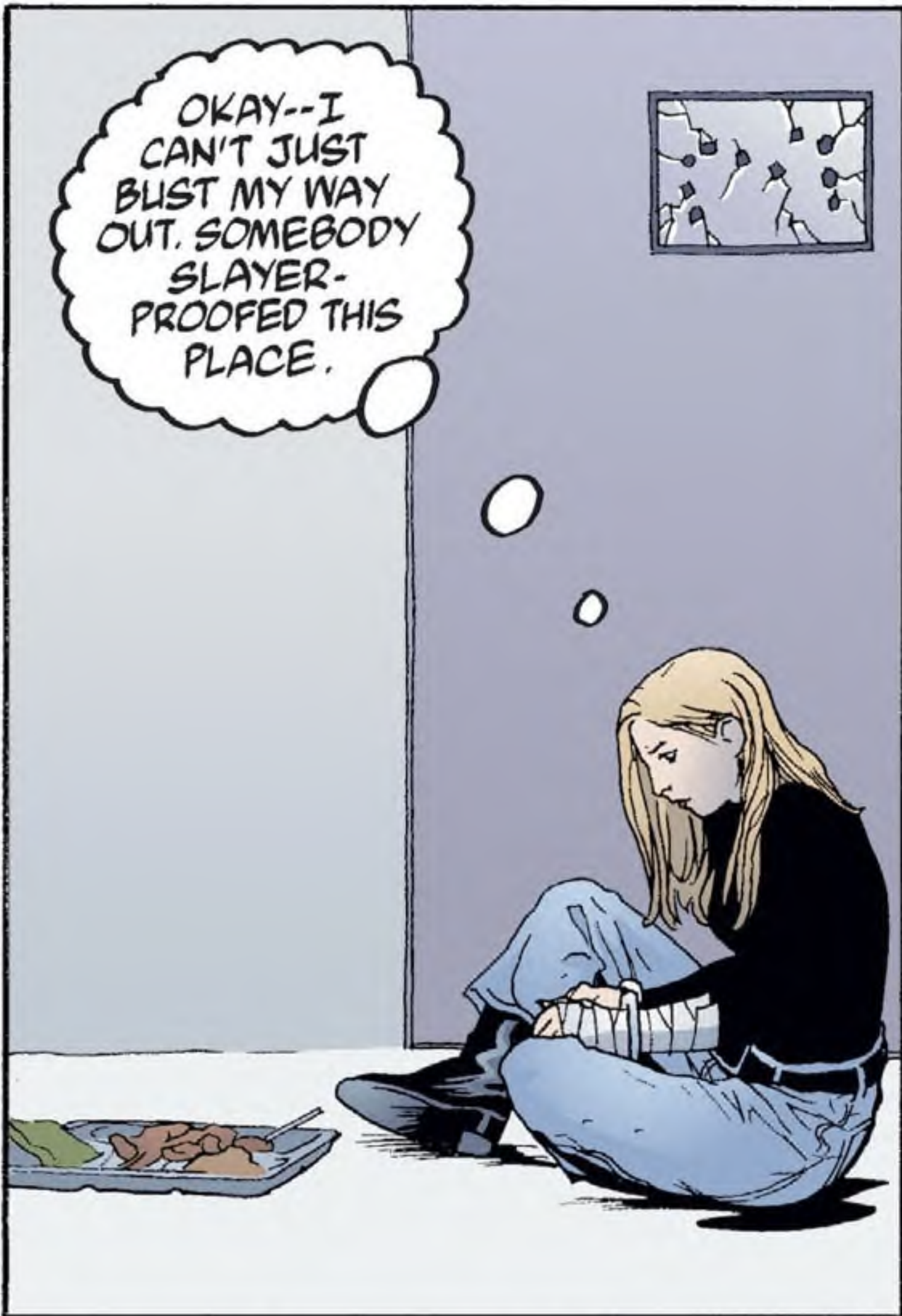
THEY SAID THEY WERE FROM THE BUREAU. THEY NEVER SAID WHICH ONE. DON'T WORRY...

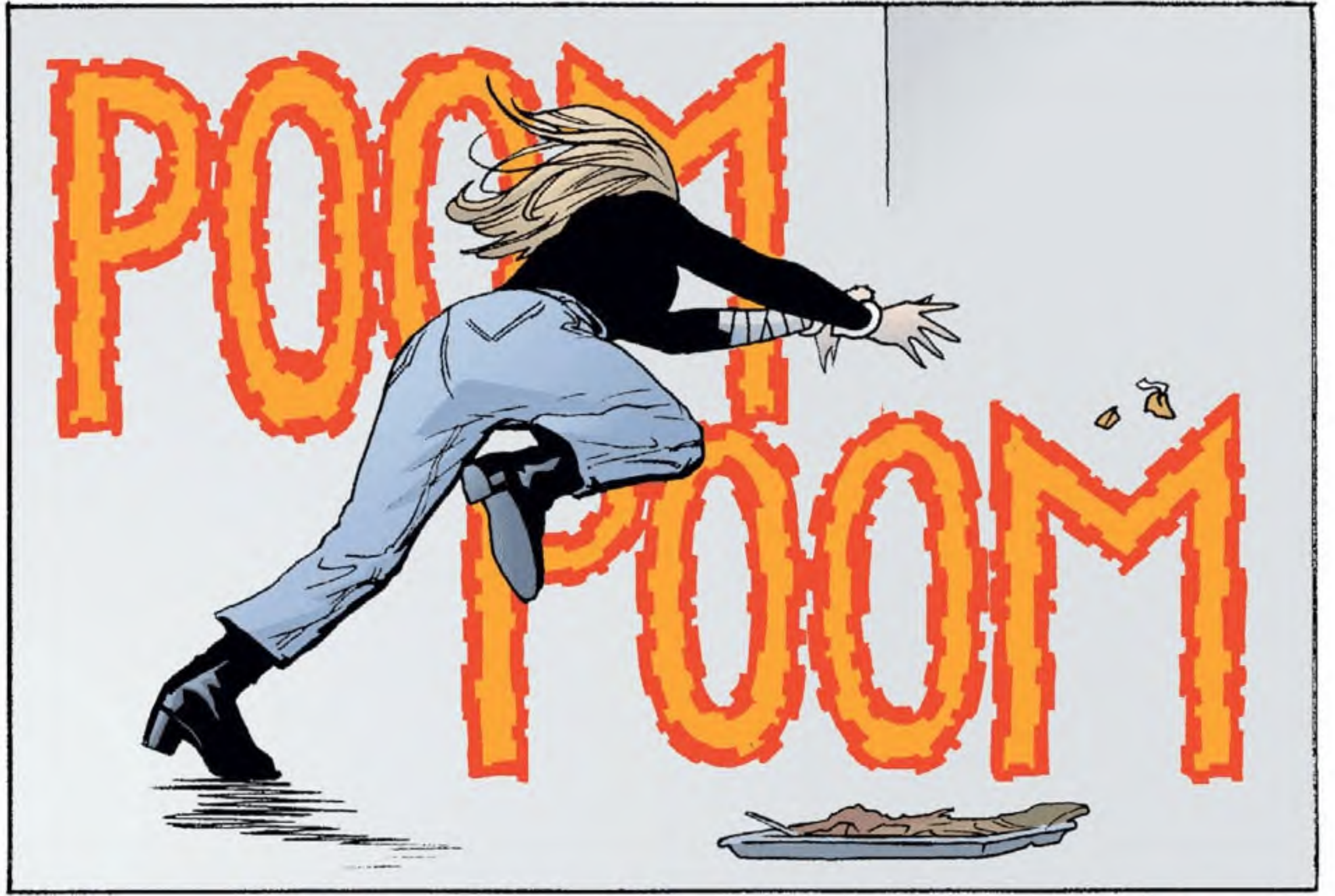


"...I'LL HANDLE THIS."

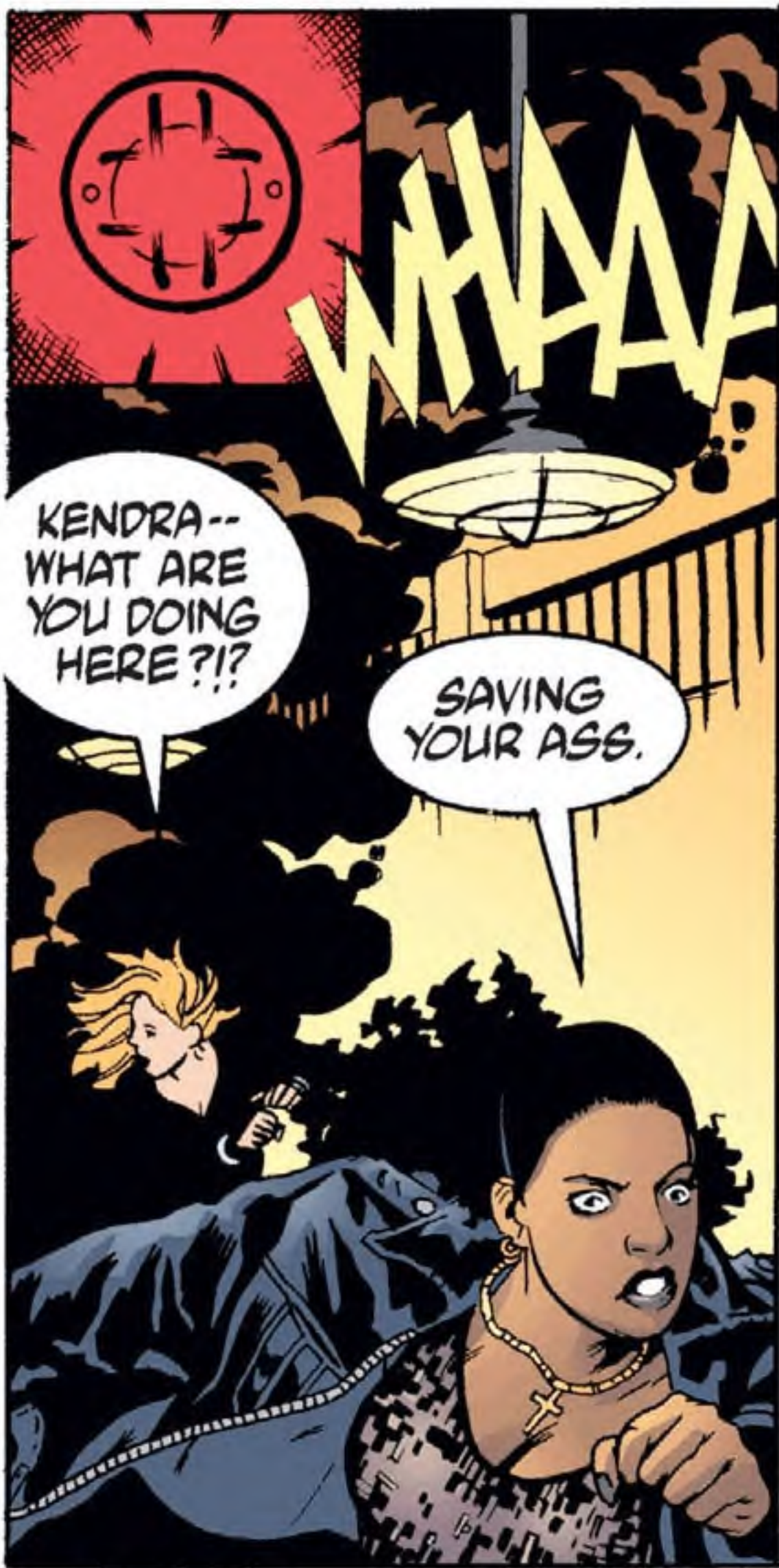
SKRRREEEE









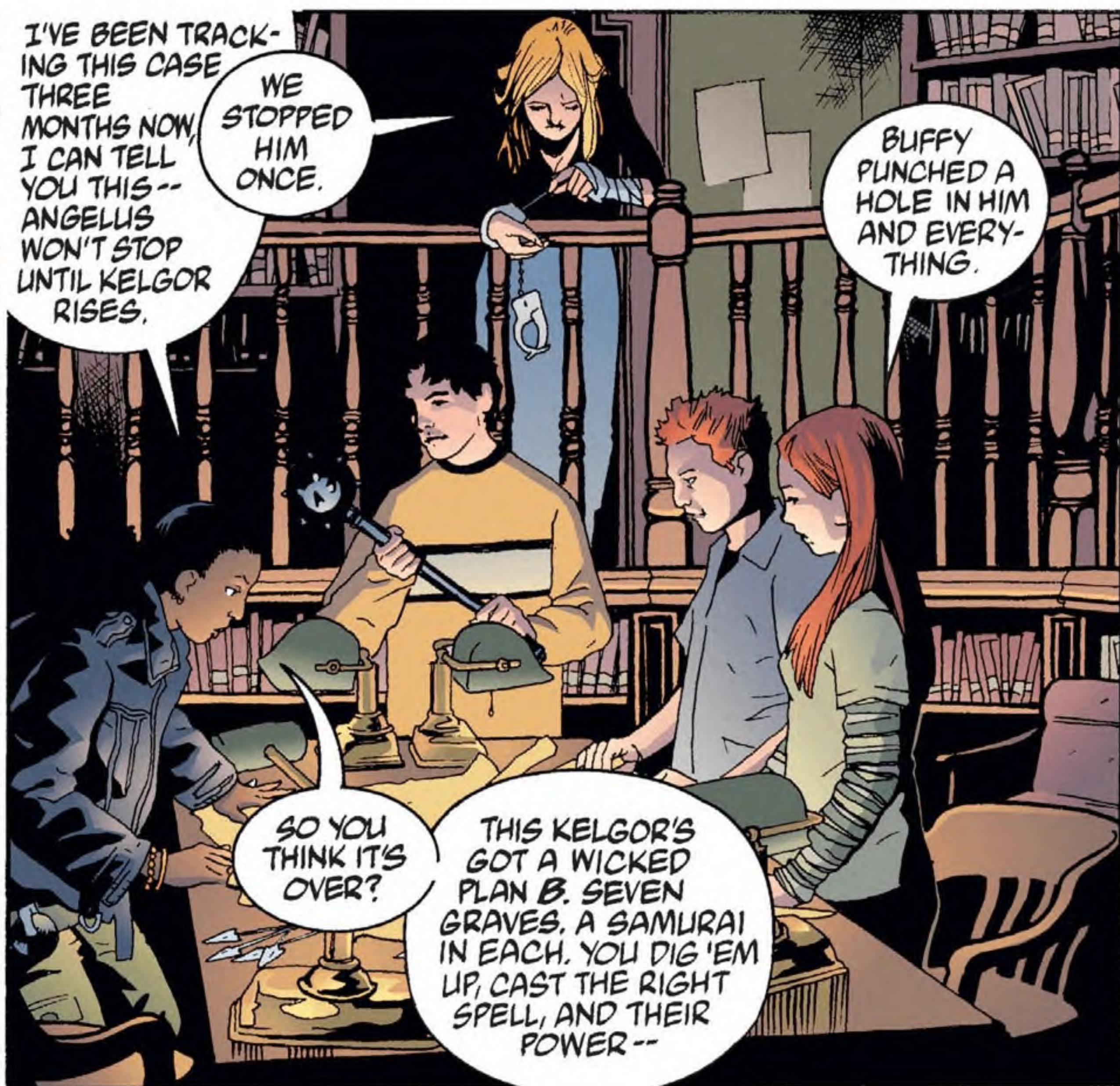








YOU DON'T WANT
NO PART OF THIS
RESURRECTION BUSINESS
--BELIEVE ME.



I'VE BEEN TRACK-
ING THIS CASE
THREE
MONTHS NOW,
I CAN TELL
YOU THIS--
ANGELUS
WON'T STOP
UNTIL KELGOR
RISES.

WE
STOPPED
HIM
ONCE.

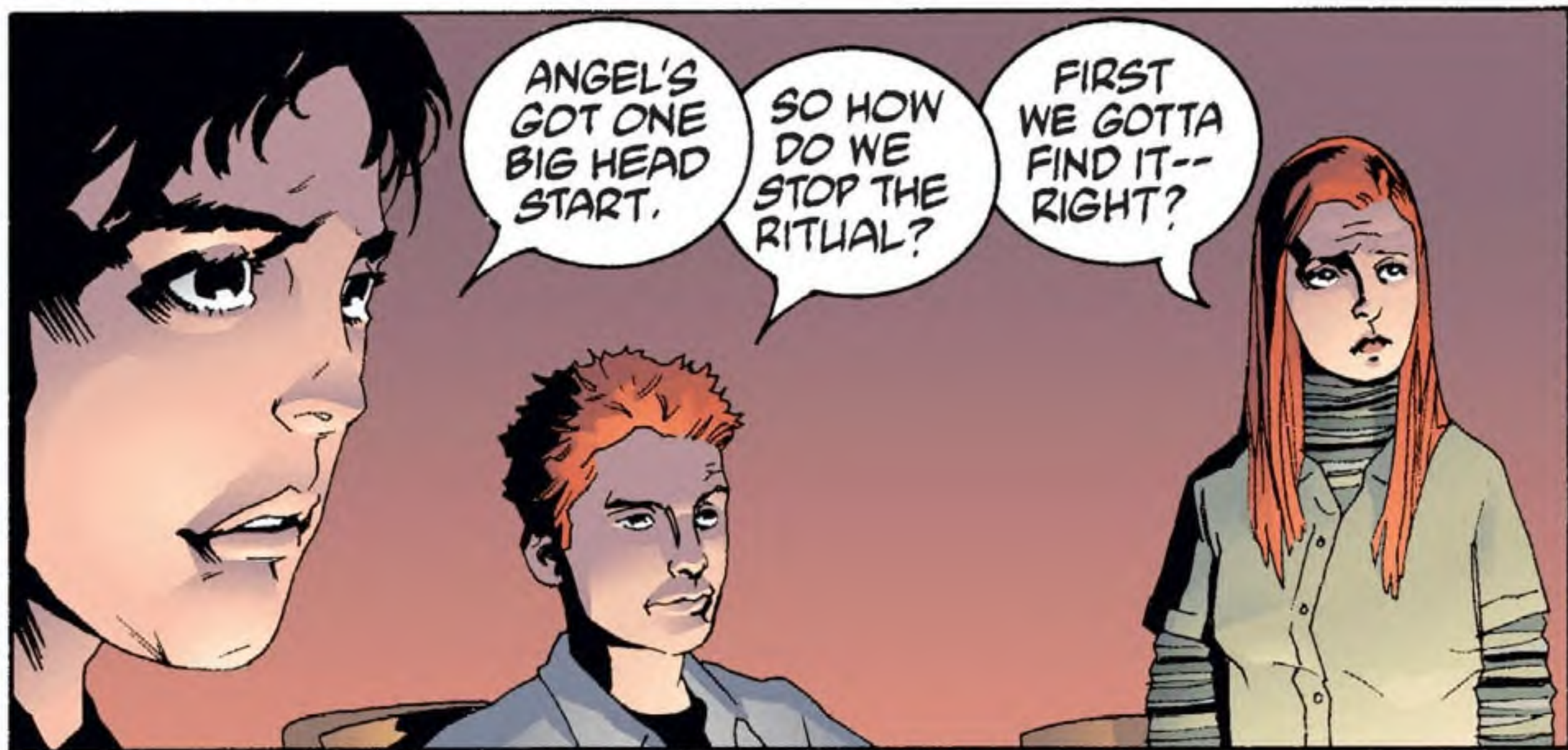
BUFFY
PUNCHED A
HOLE IN HIM
AND EVERY-
THING.

SO YOU
THINK IT'S
OVER?

THIS KELGOR'S
GOT A WICKED
PLAN B. SEVEN
GRAVES. A SAMURAI
IN EACH. YOU DIG 'EM
UP, CAST THE RIGHT
SPELL, AND THEIR
POWER--



--IS
HIS.



ANGEL'S
GOT ONE
BIG HEAD
START.

SO HOW
DO WE
STOP THE
RITUAL?

FIRST
WE GOTTA
FIND IT--
RIGHT?



THAT'S
WHERE YOU
COME IN.

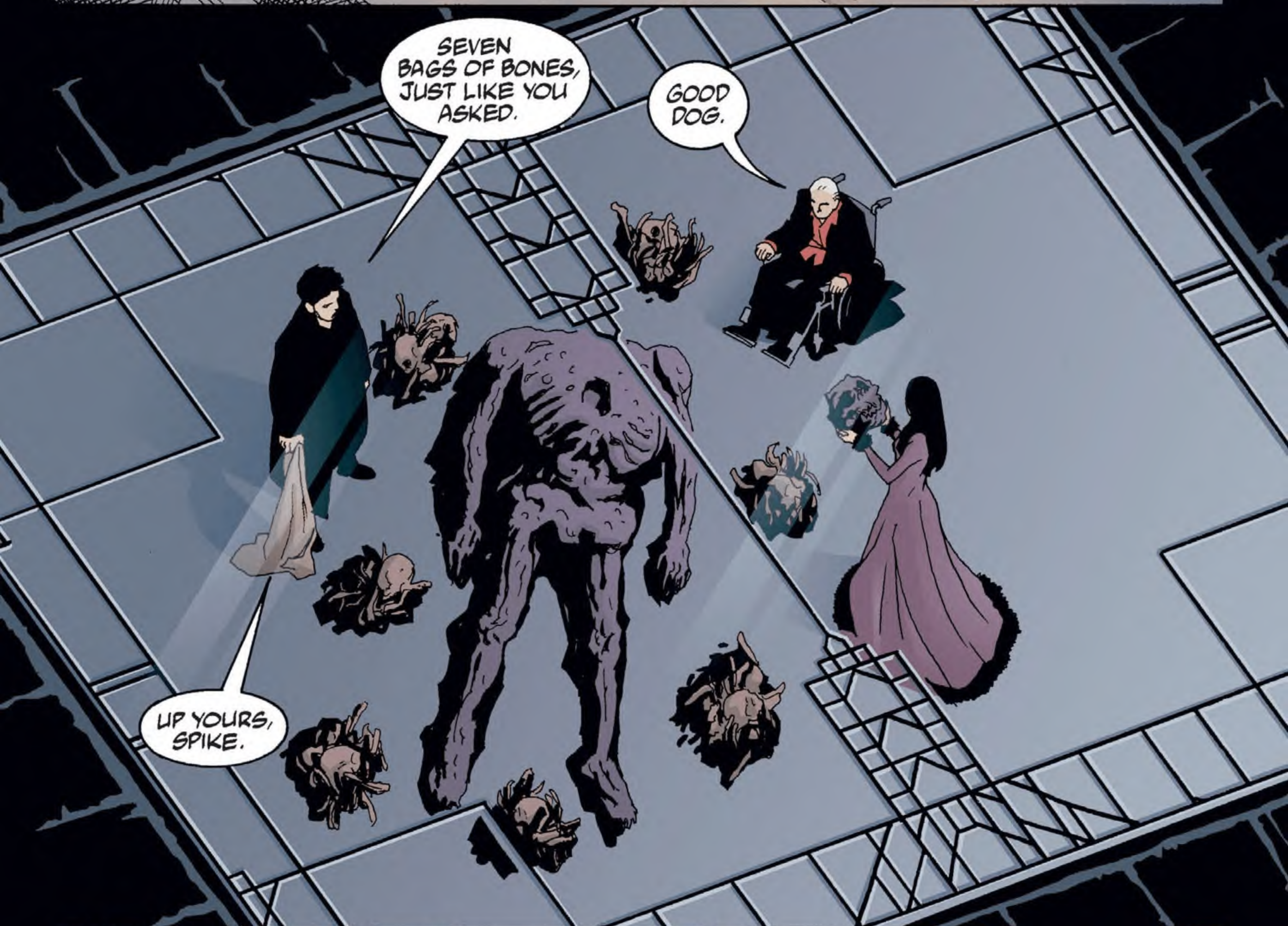
M-ME?

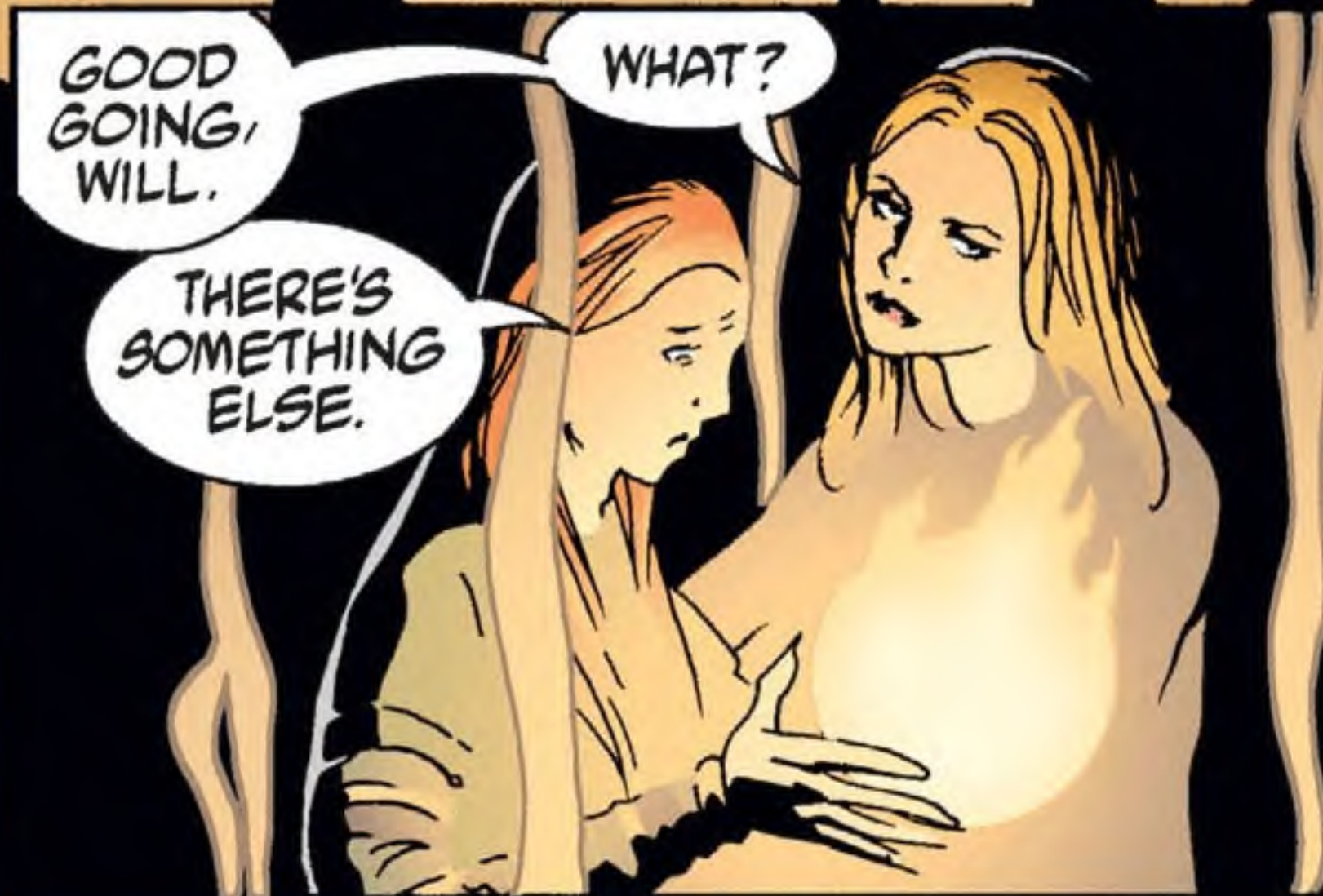
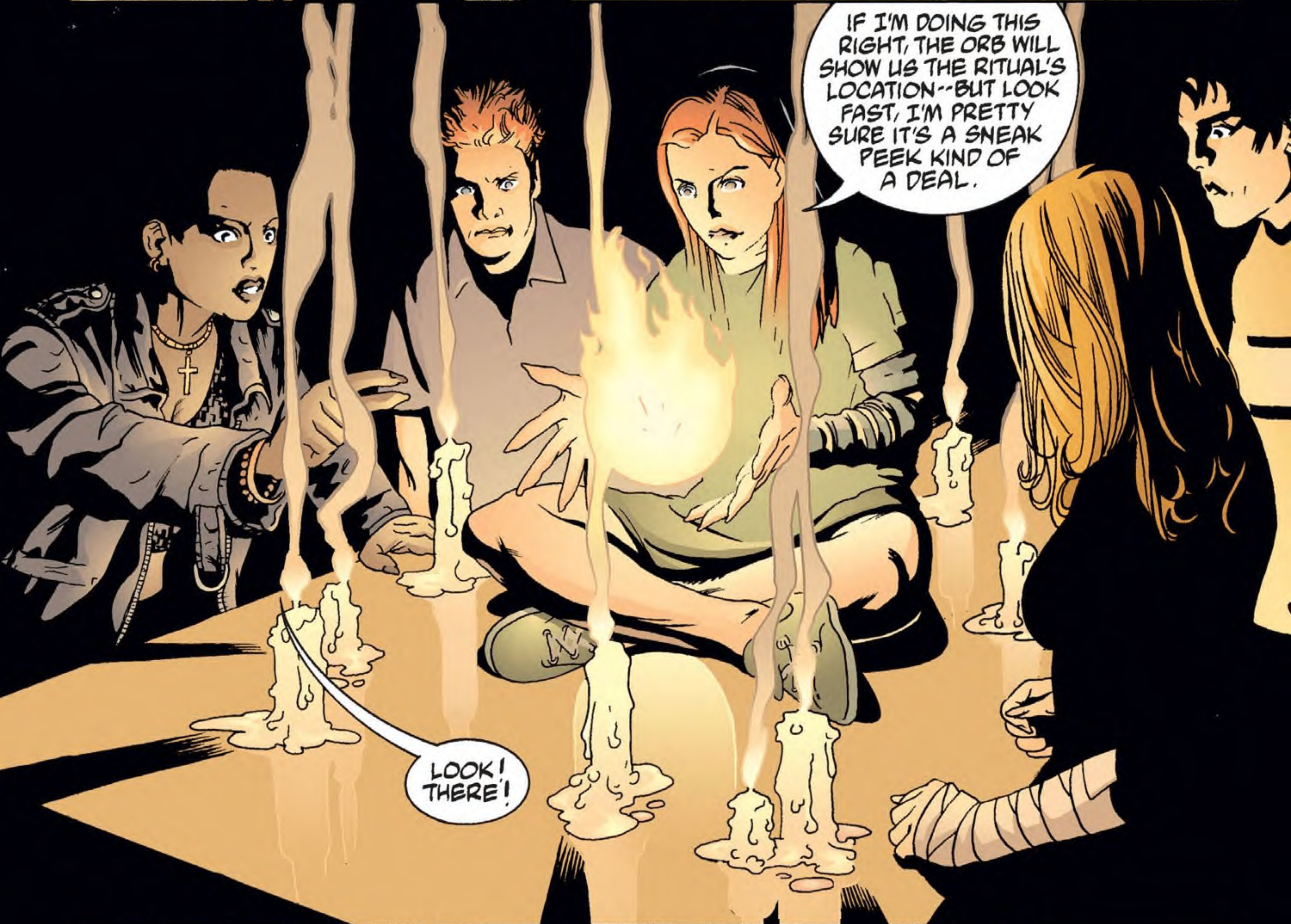


YOU'RE
A WITCH,
AIN'T YOU?



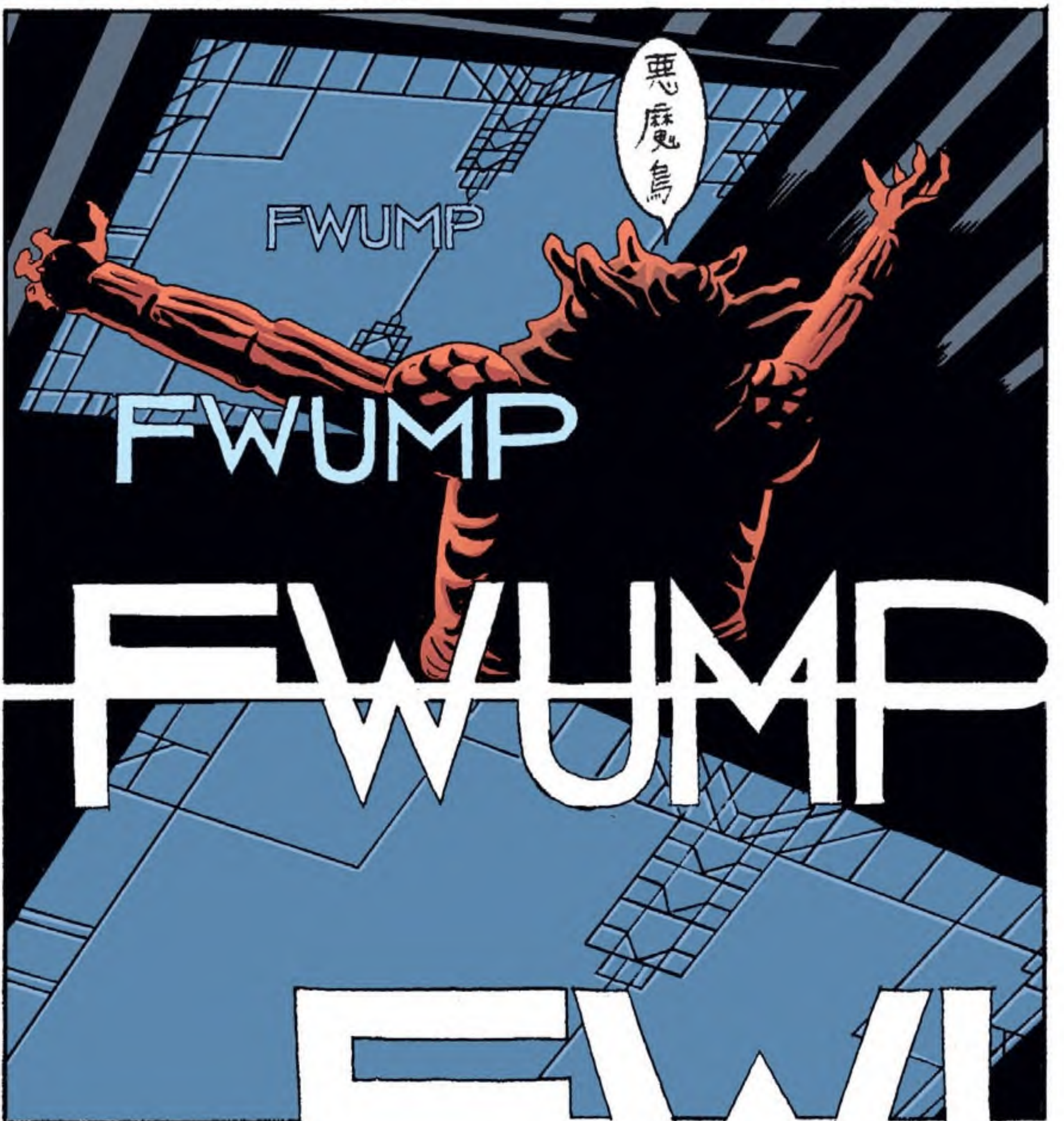












FWUMP
FWUMP
FWUMP

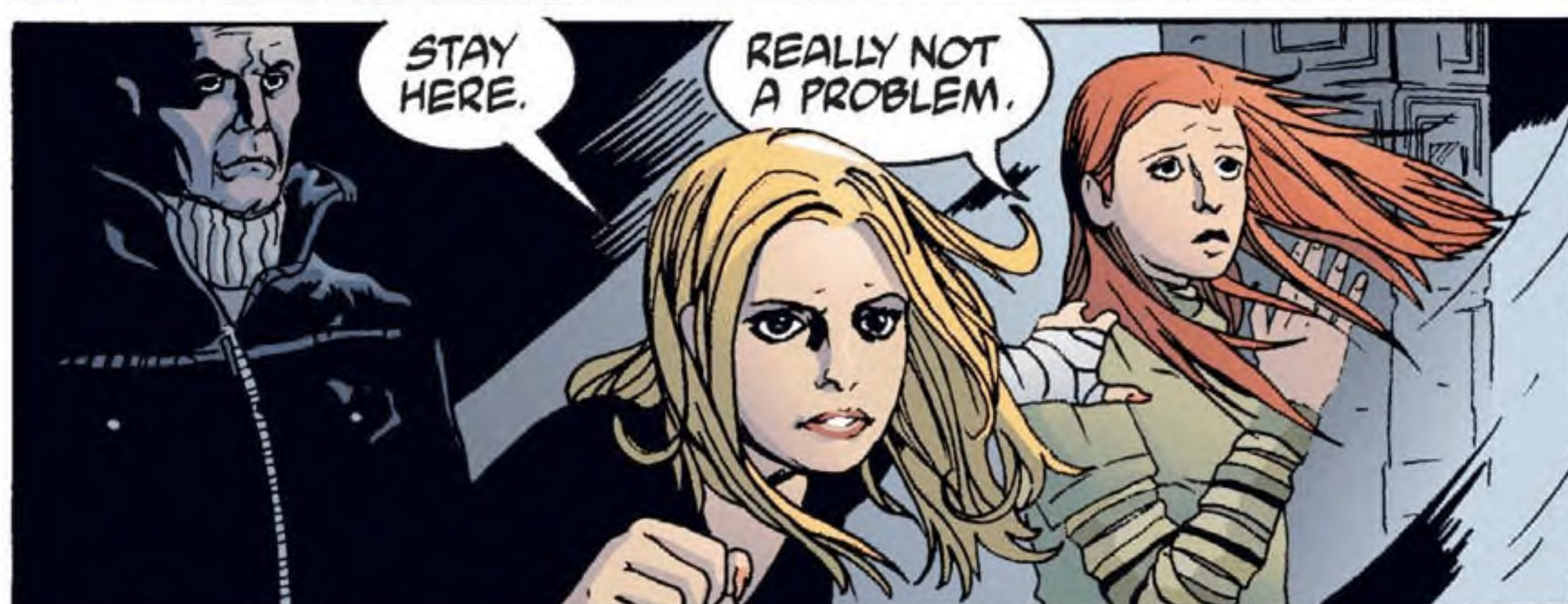
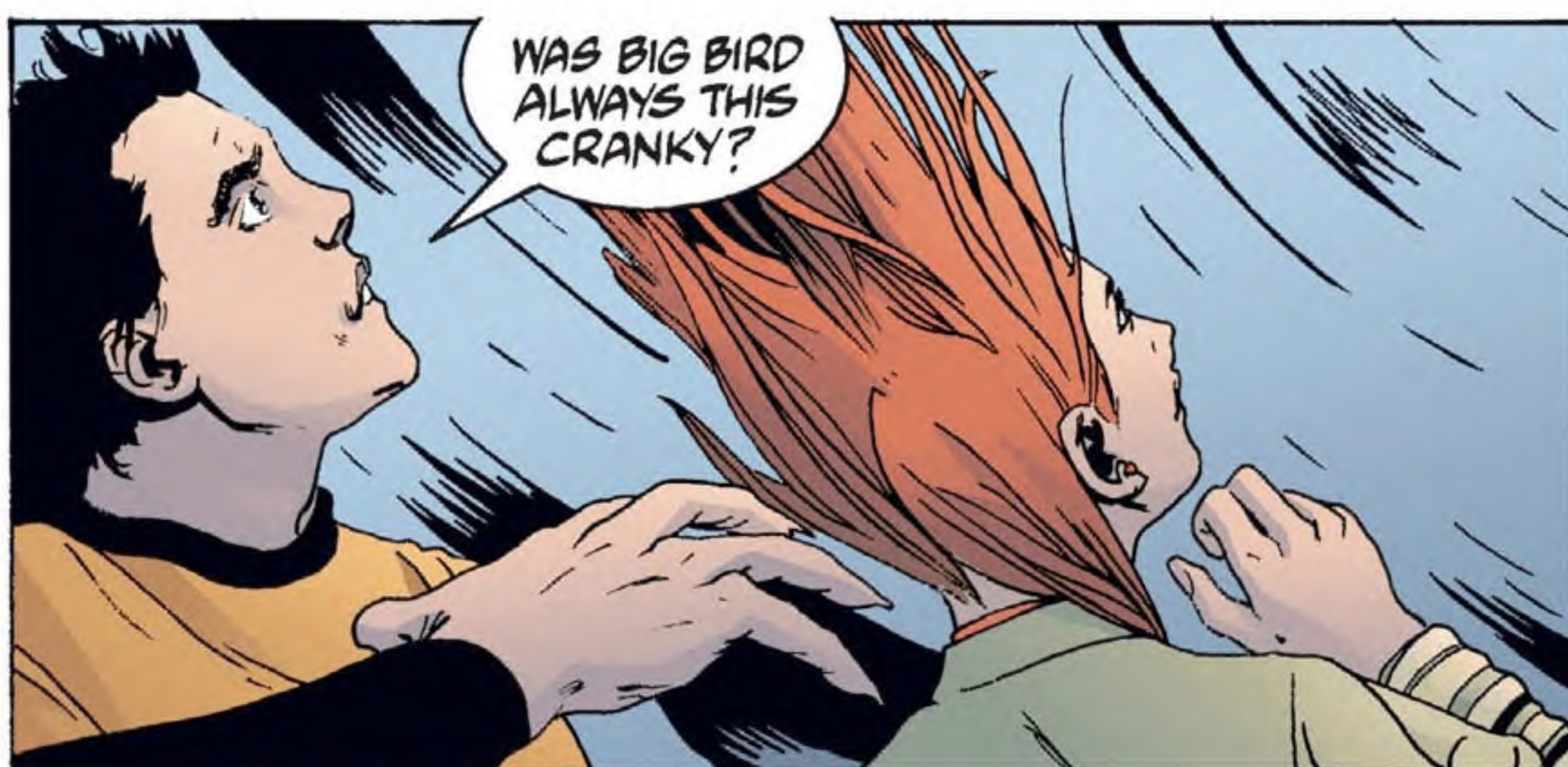


惡魔鳥



Kelgor Unbound

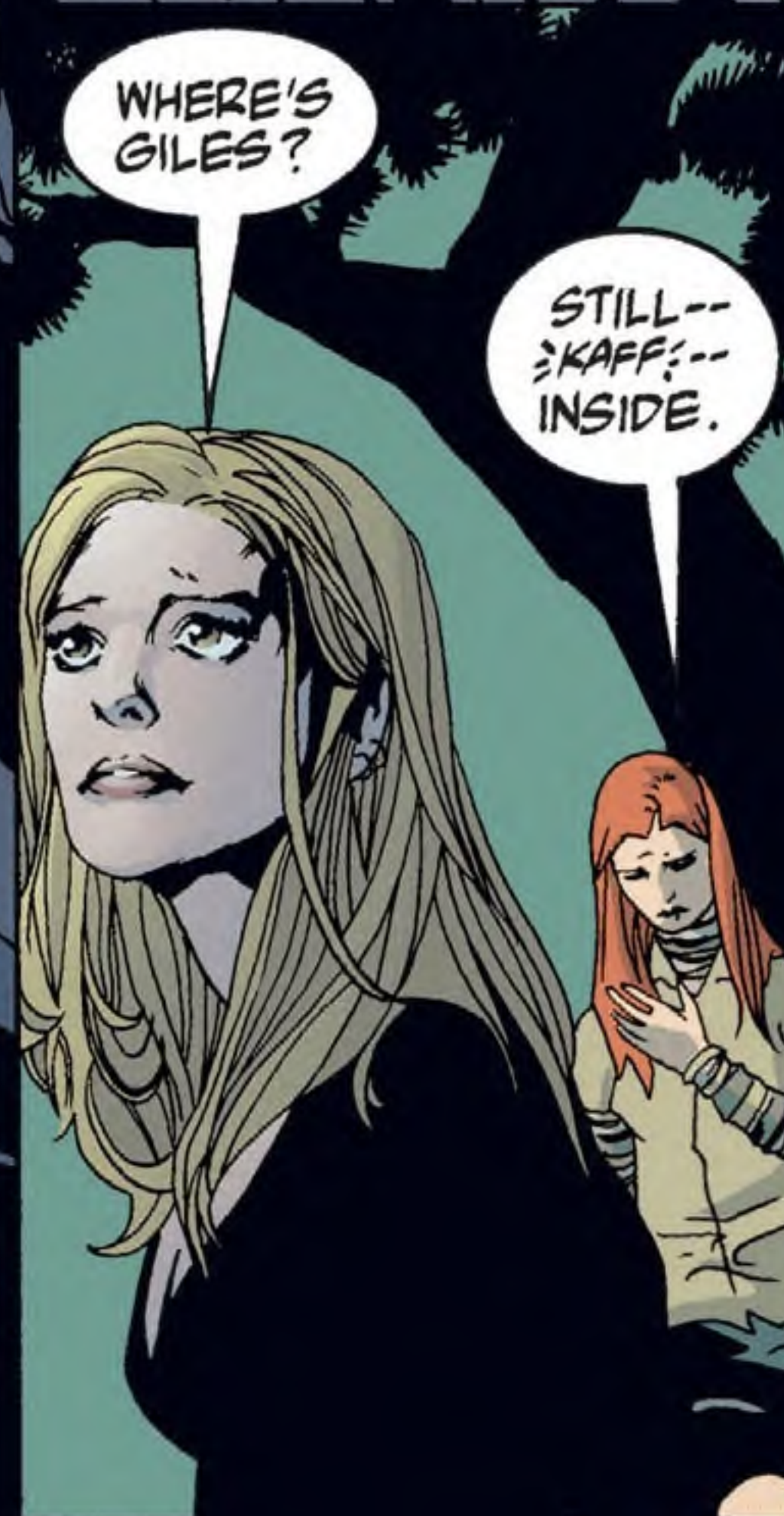
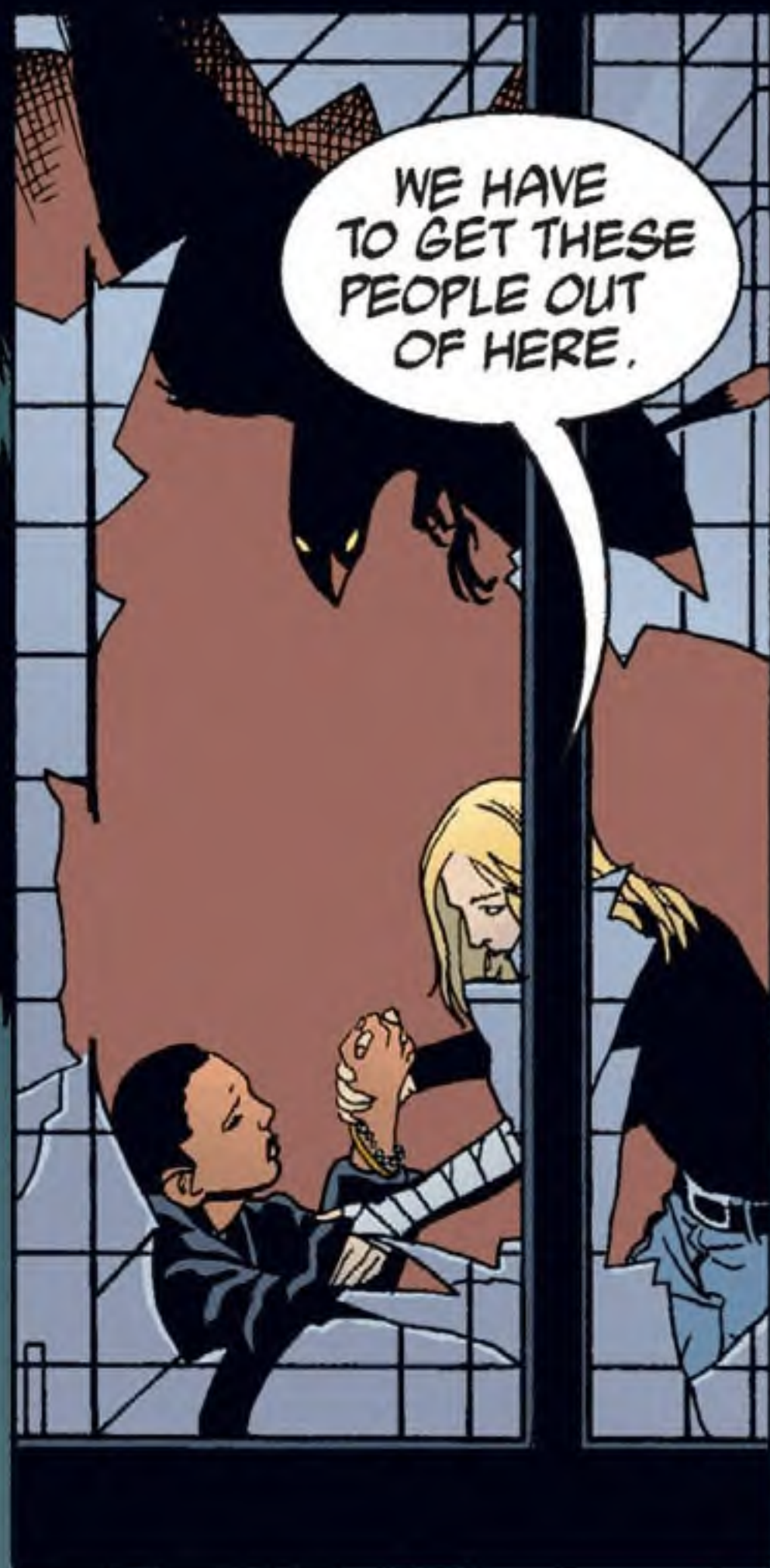


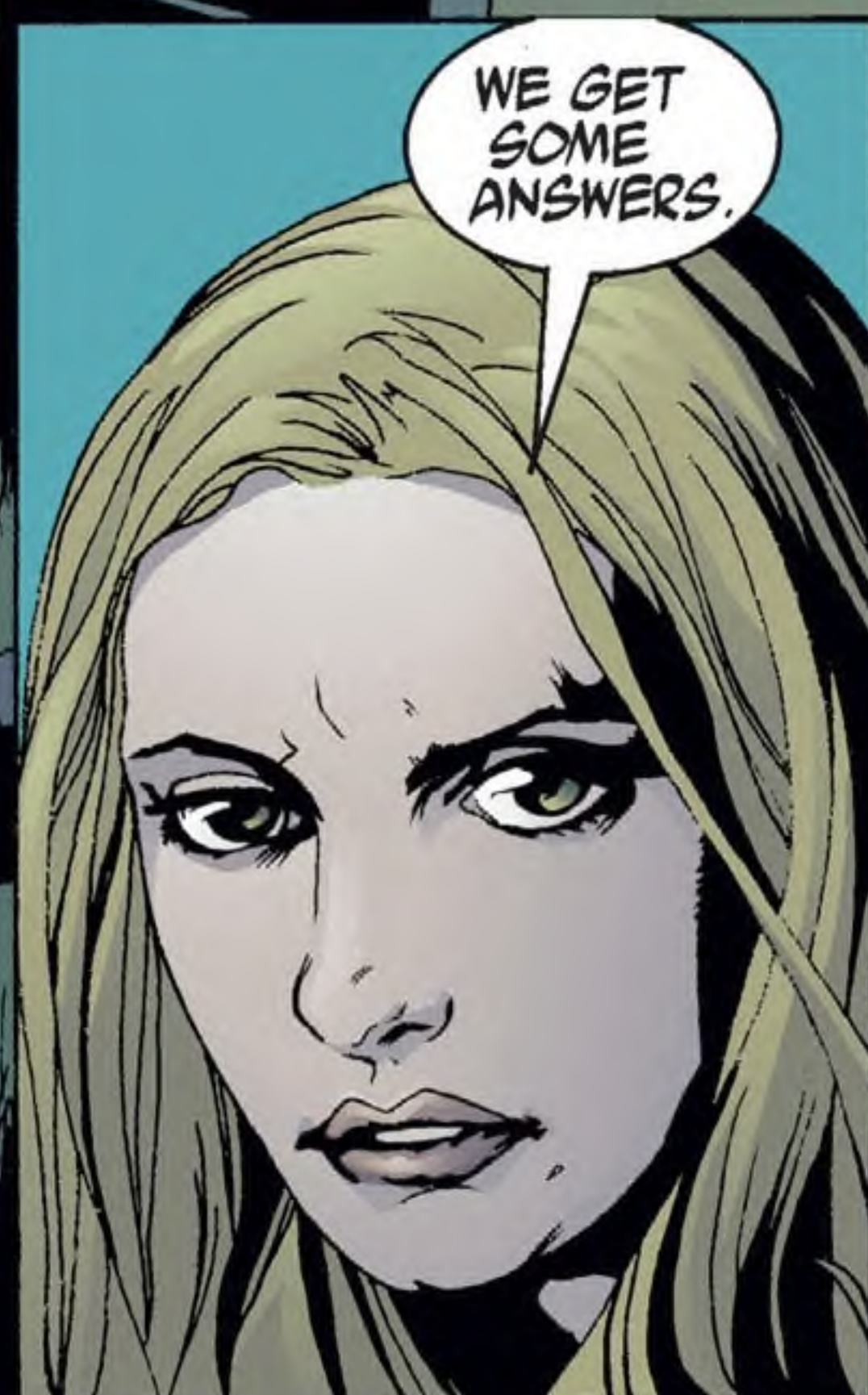




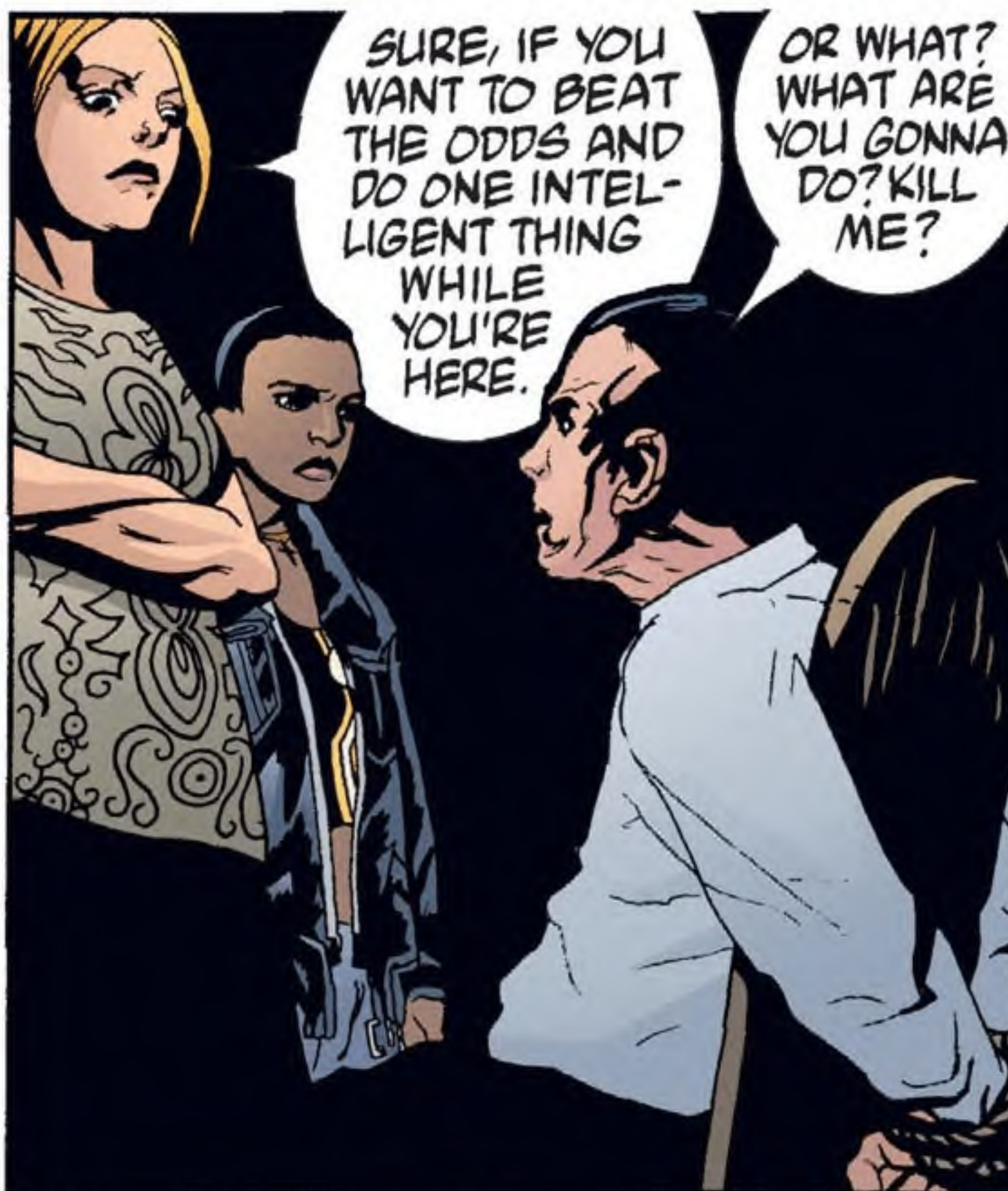


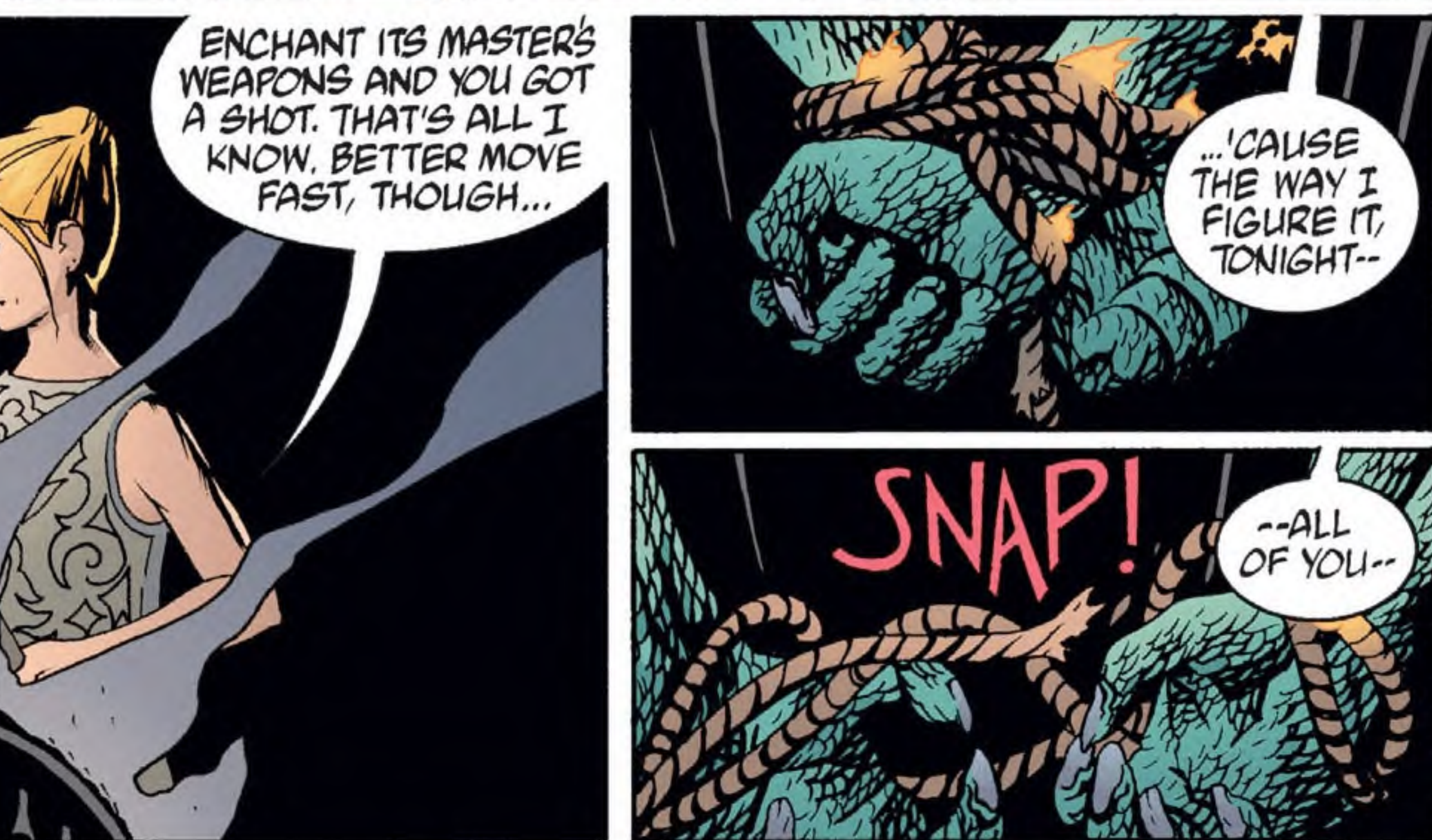


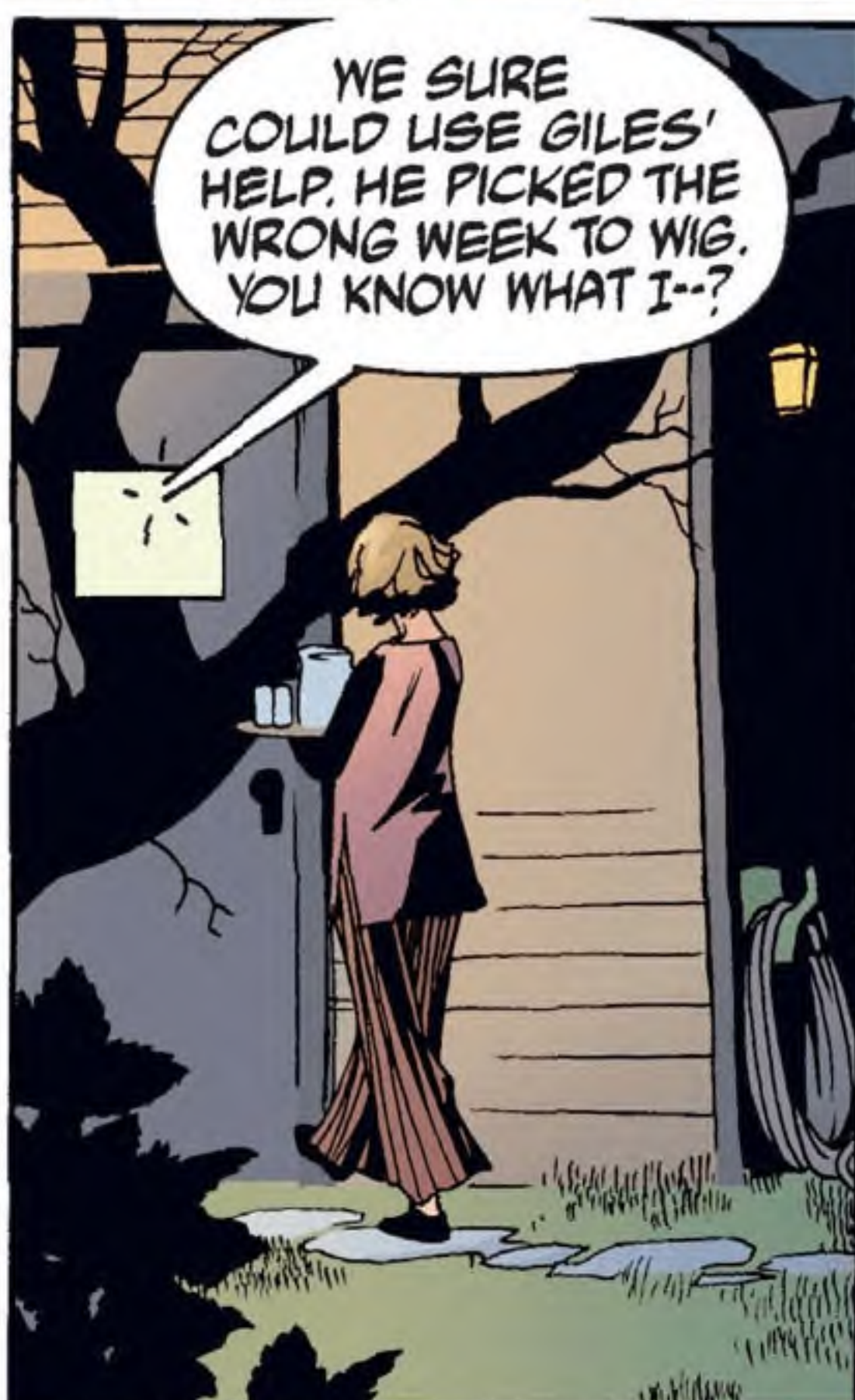


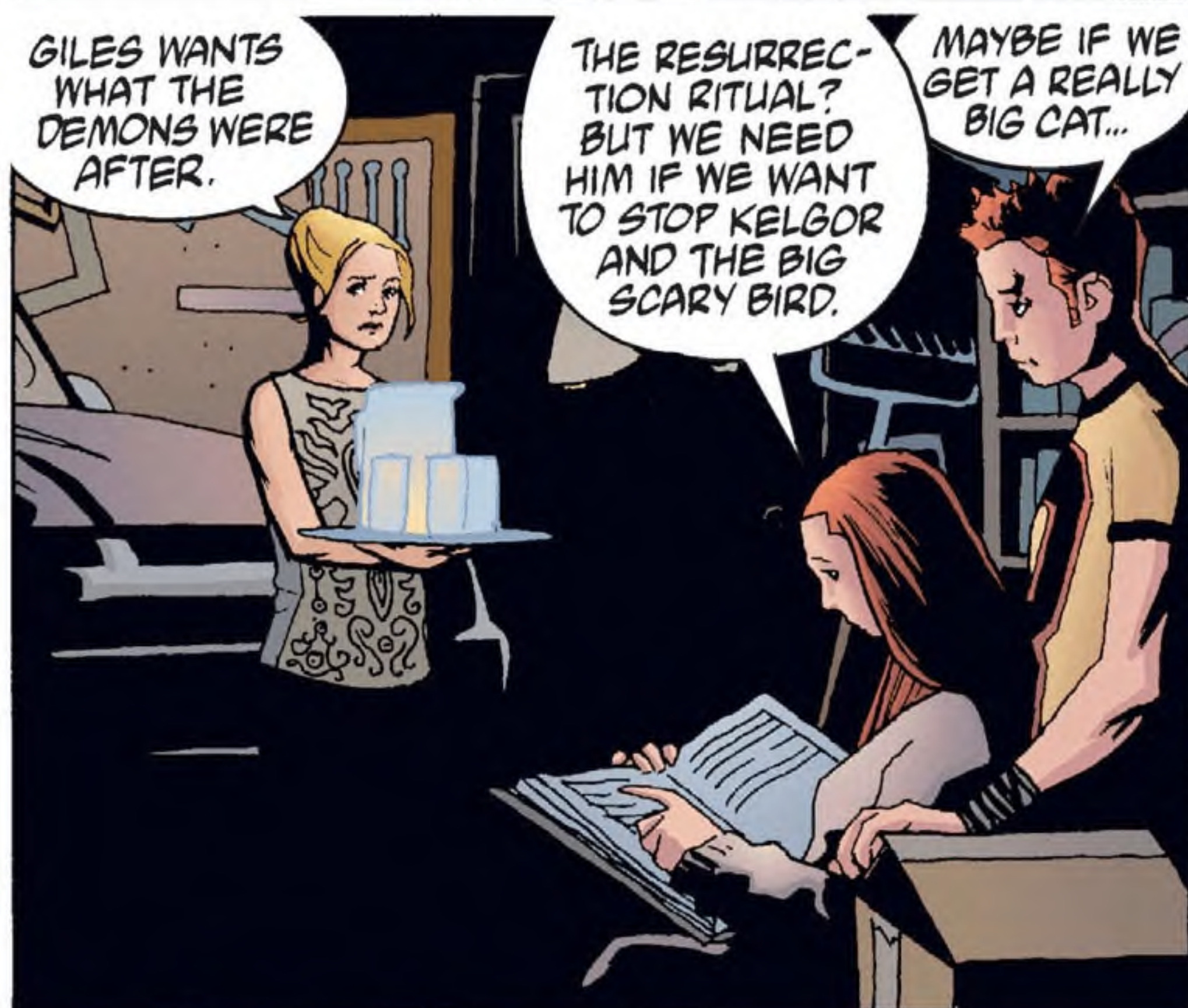
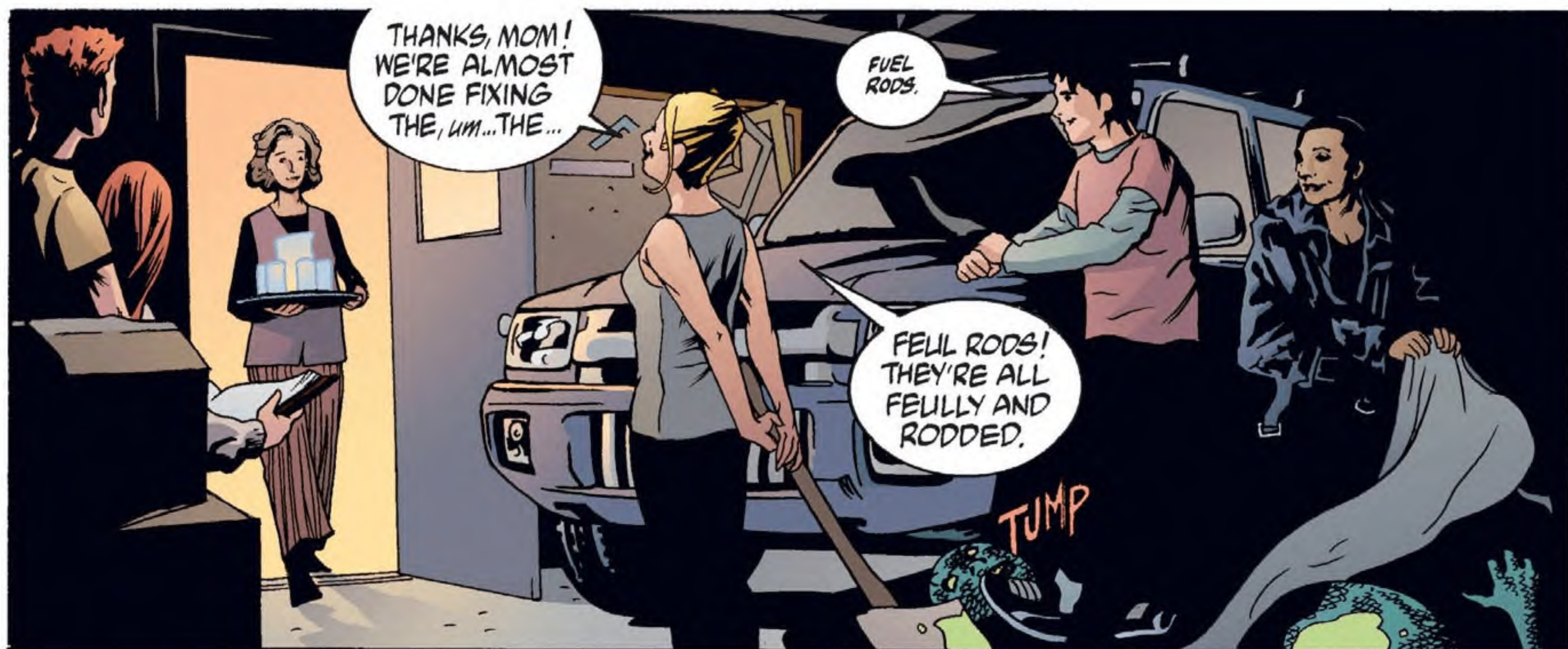


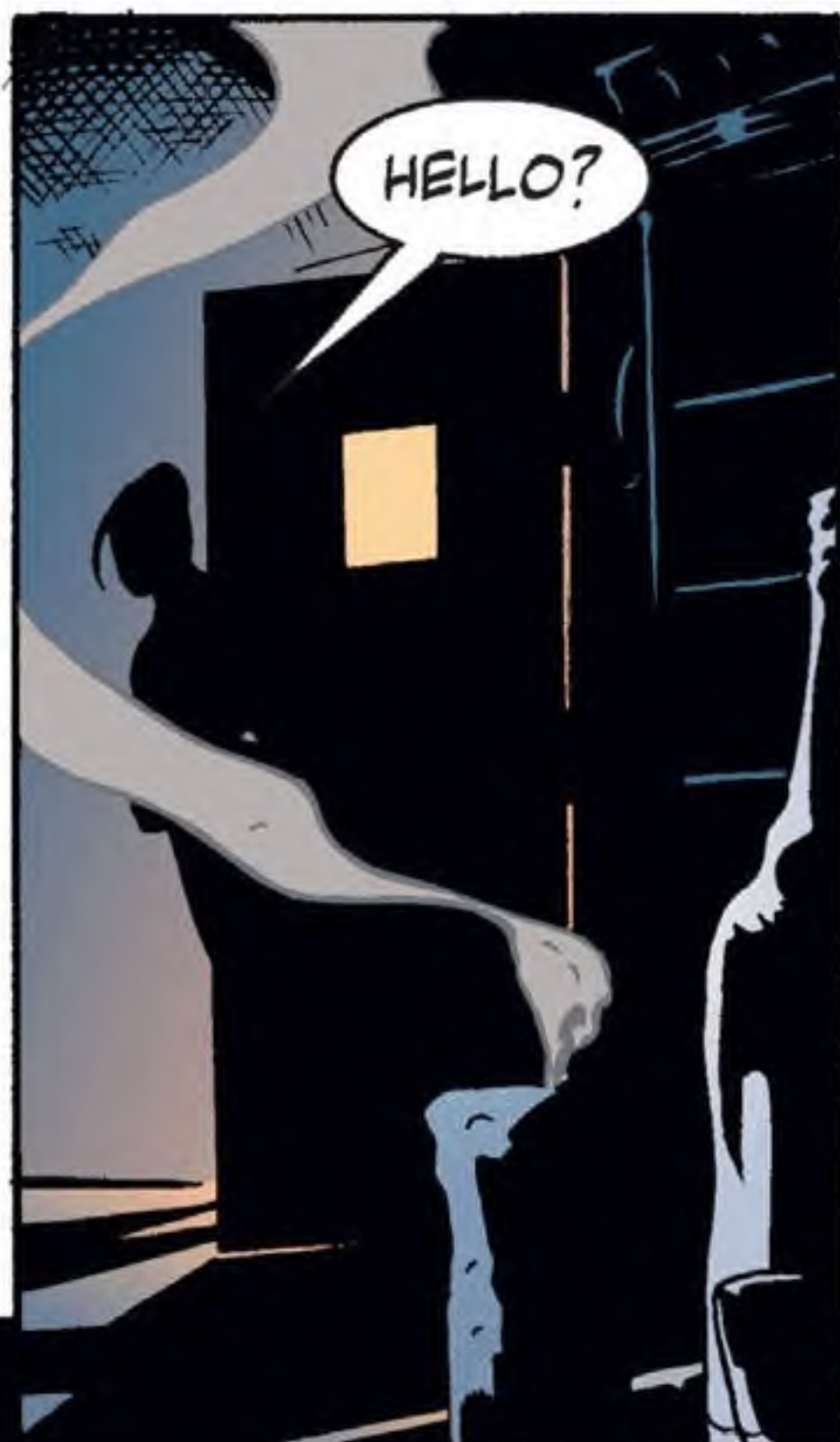






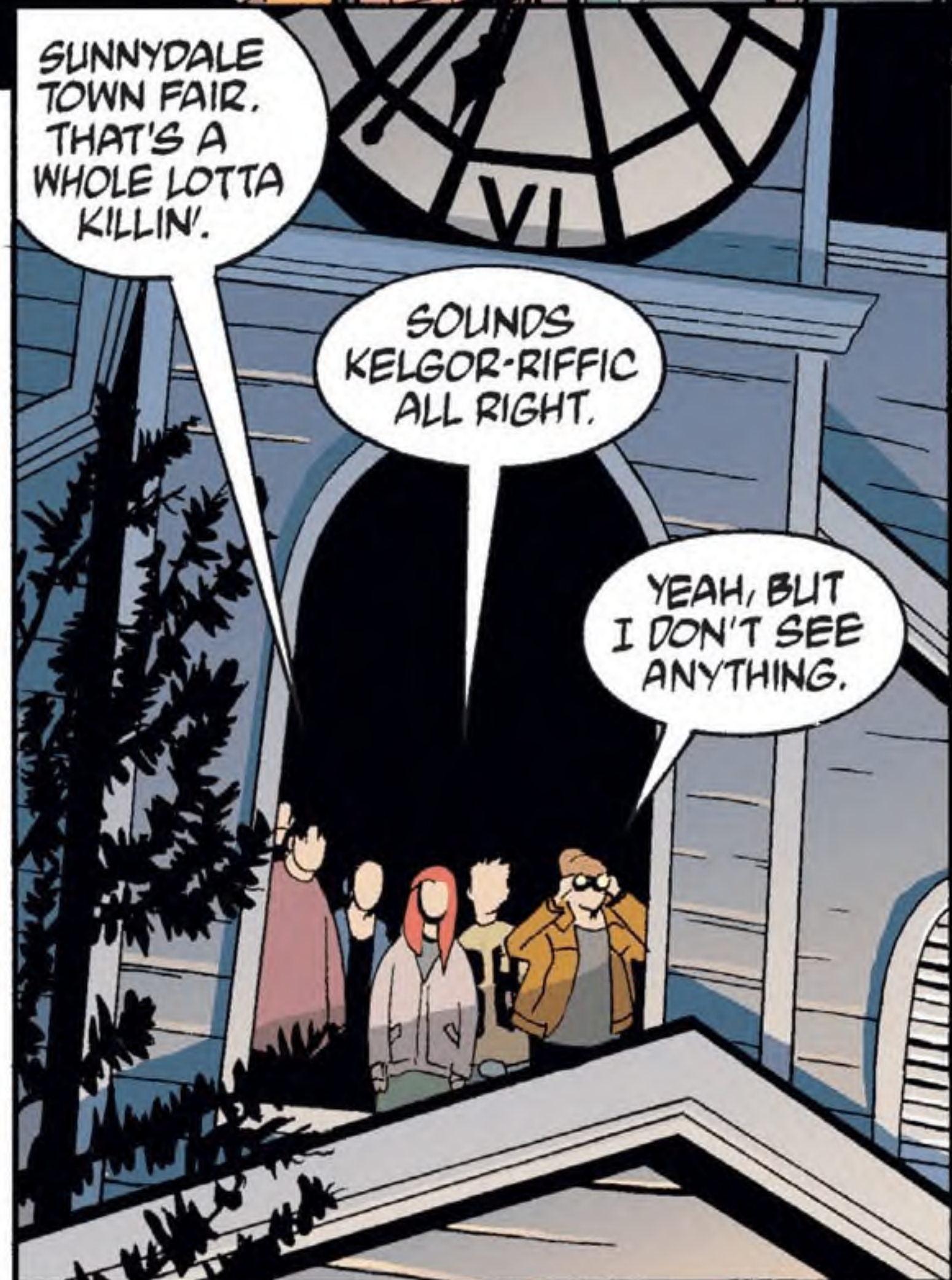






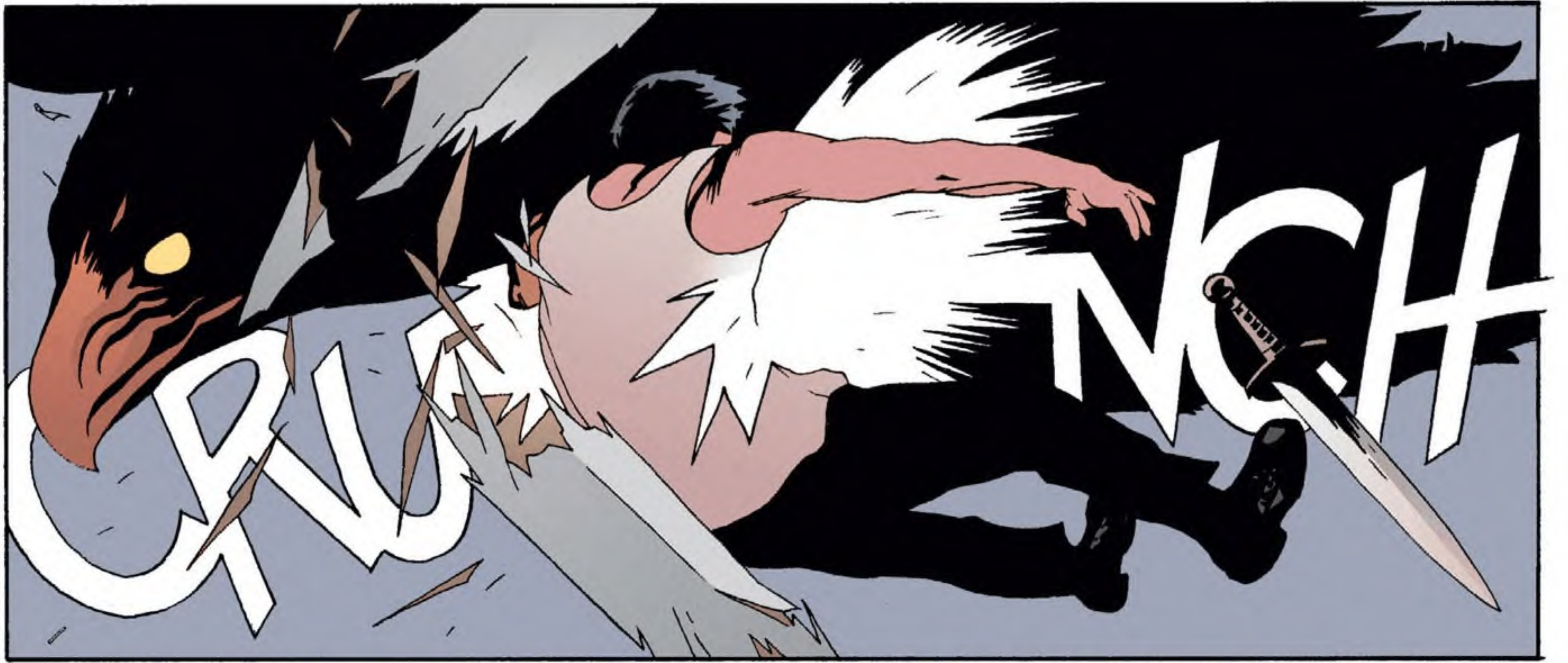
BUFFY, WITHOUT GILES, I DON'T THINK I'M WITCHLY ENOUGH TO ENCHANT KELGOR'S WEAPONS ALL BY MYSELF.

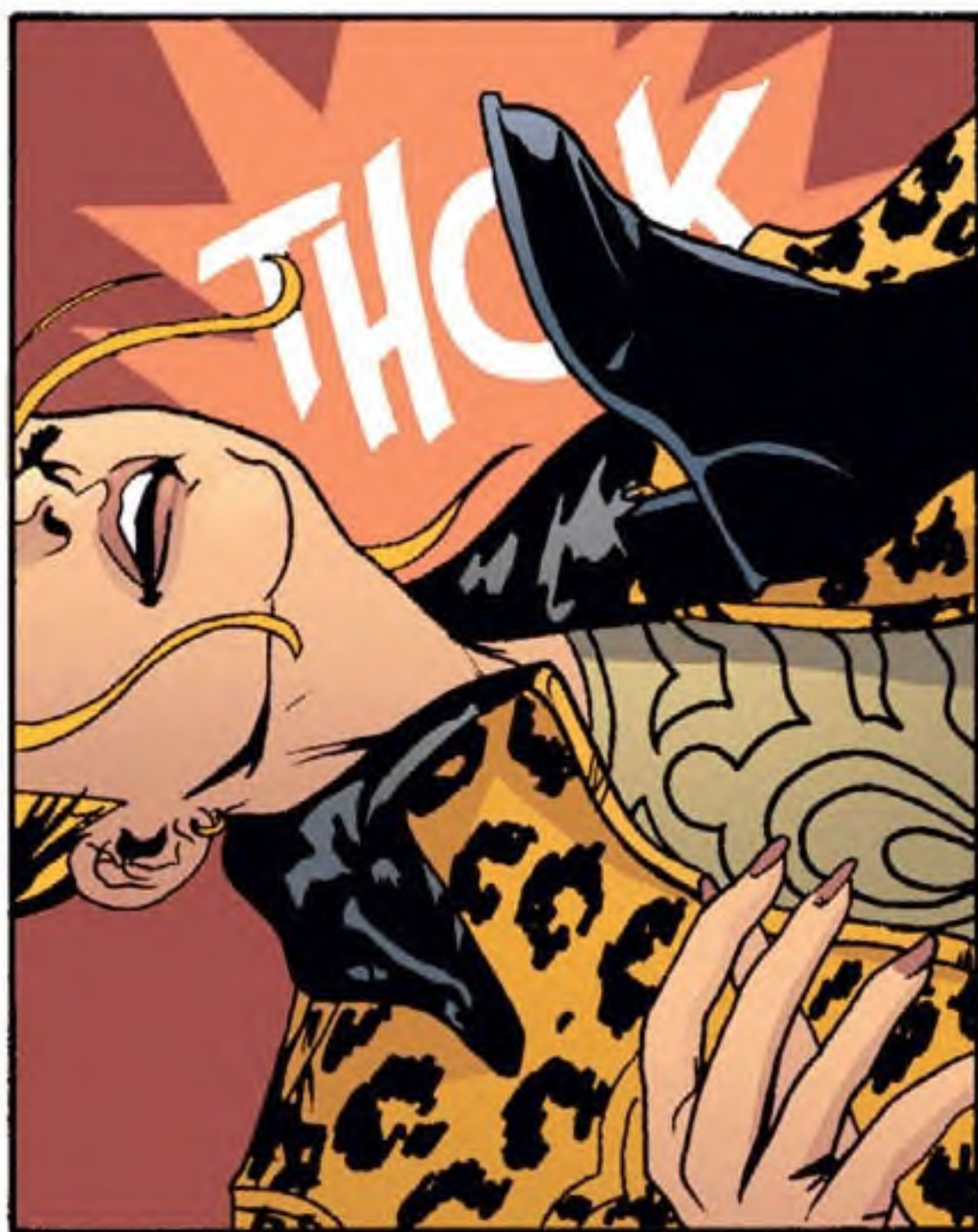
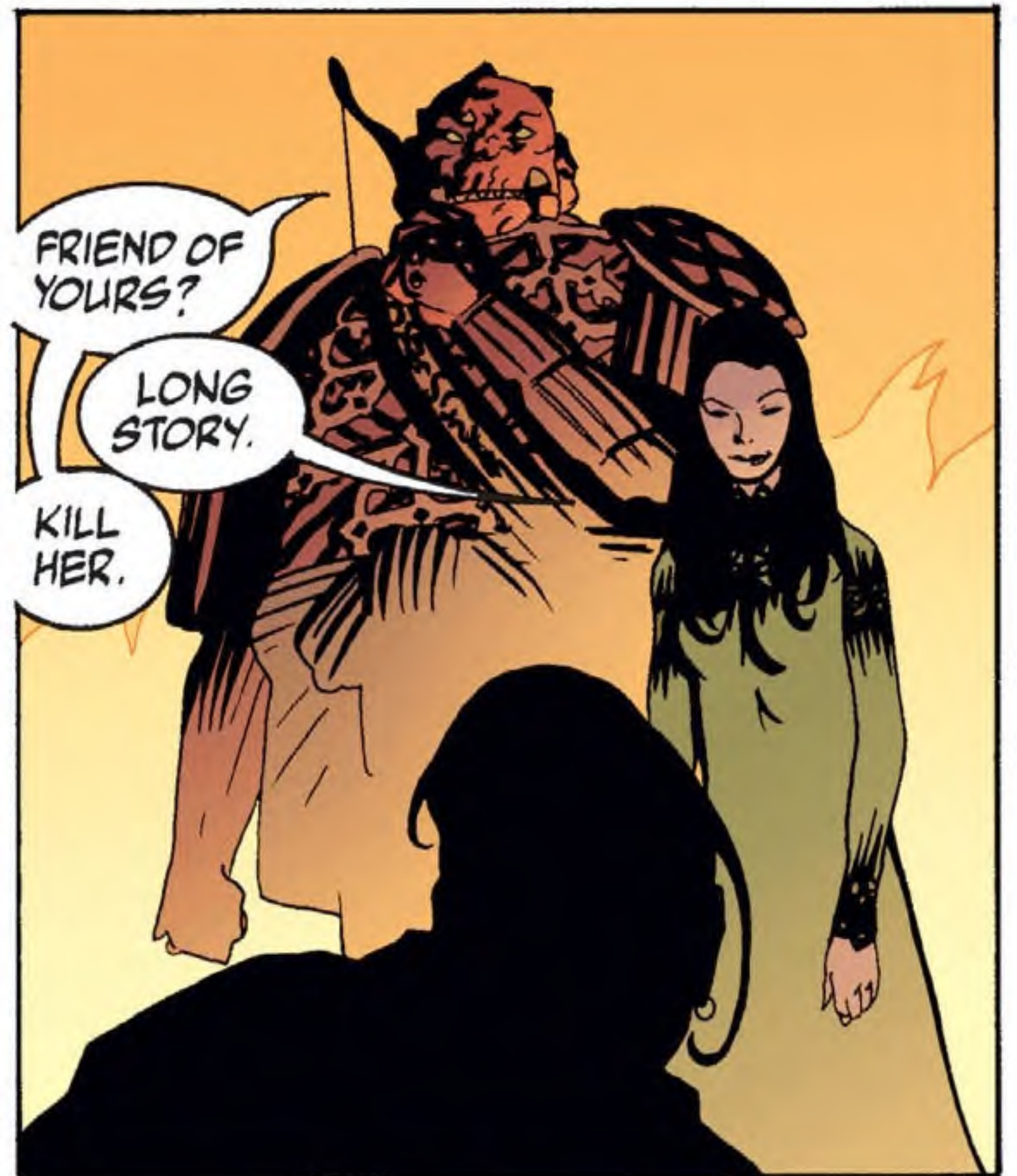
AND THAT'S ASSUMING WE CAN FIND HIM. ANY IDEAS WHERE THE BAD, THE WORSE, AND THE UGLY WOULD WANNA HANG TONIGHT?

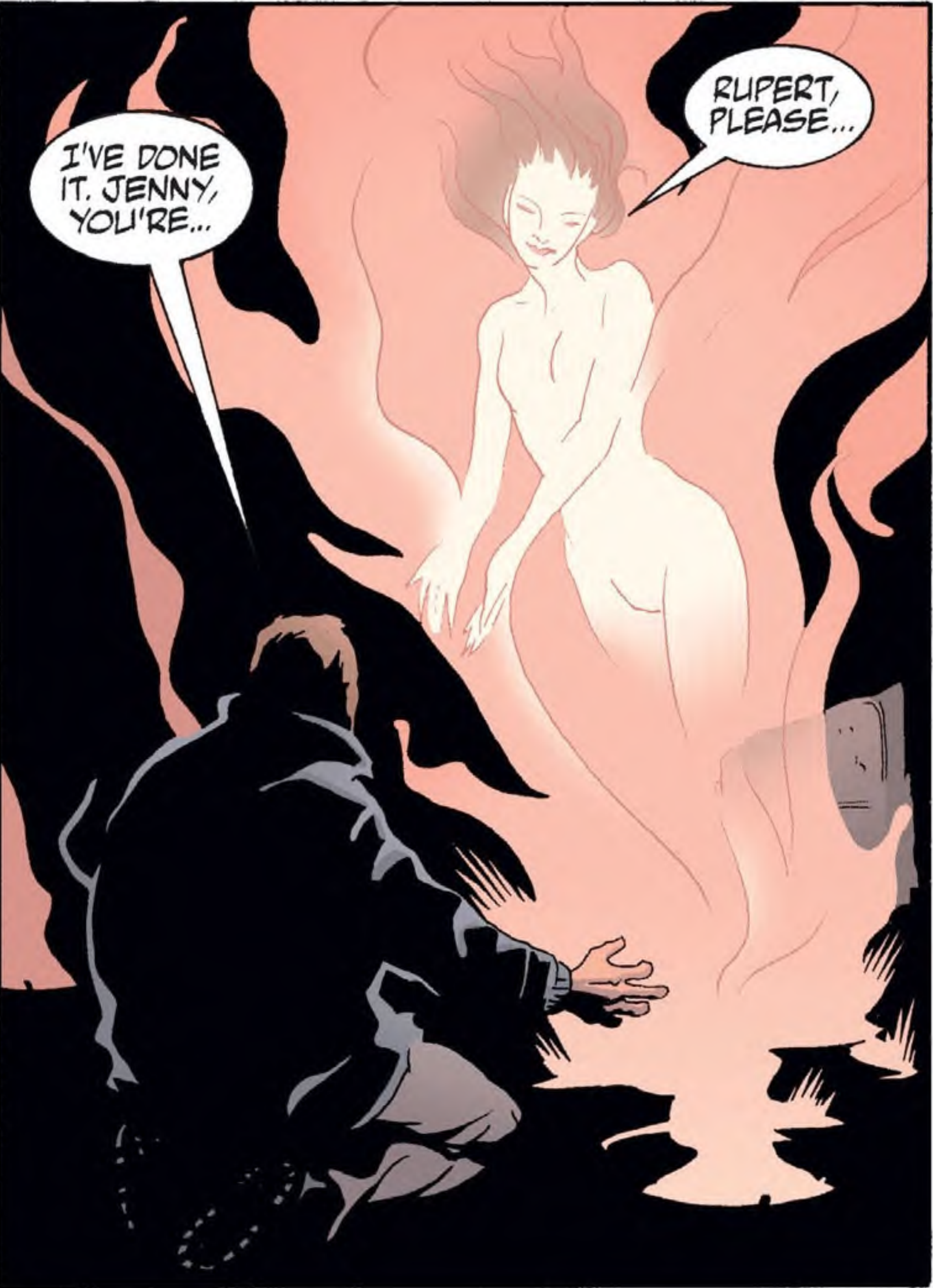
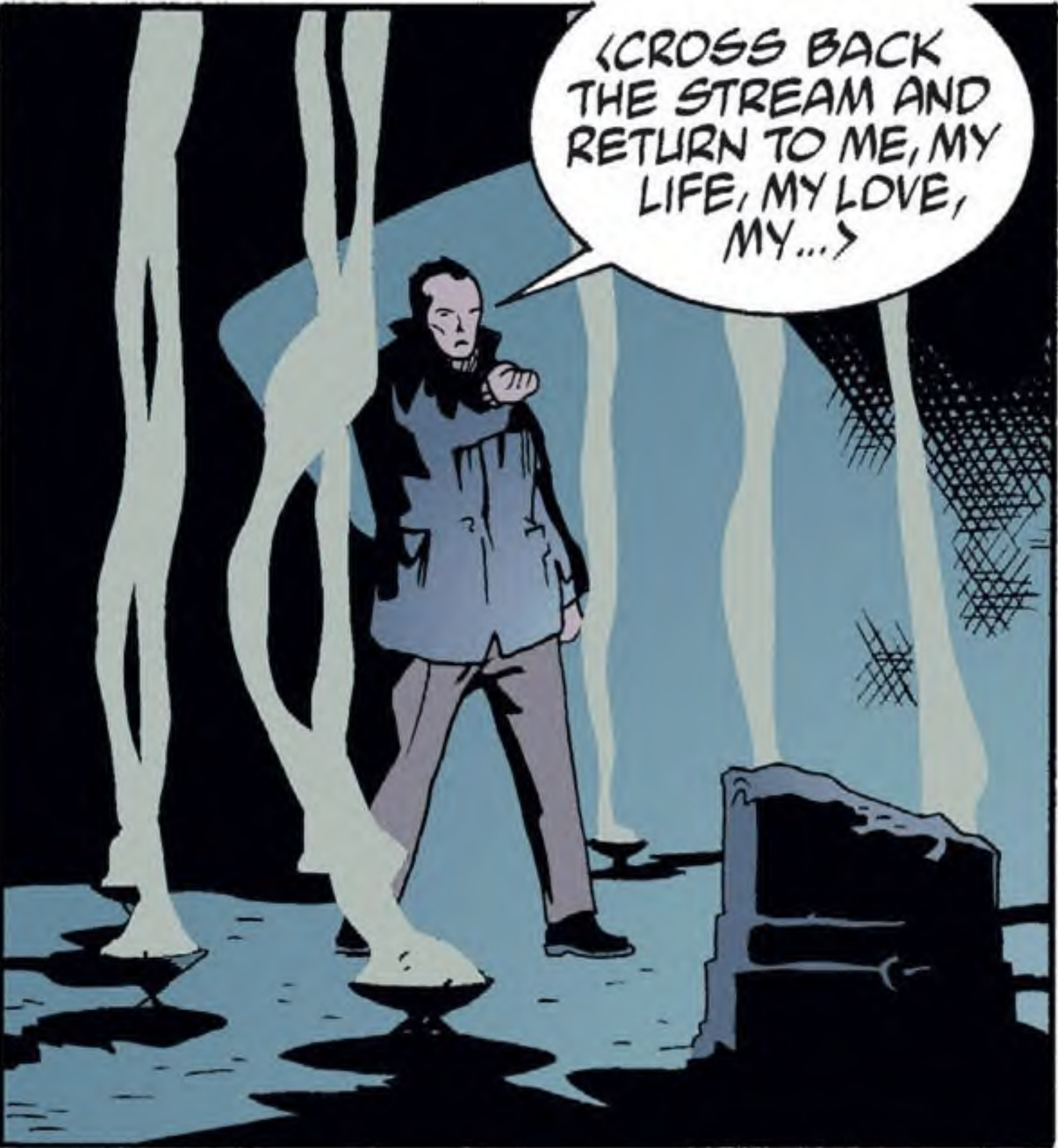




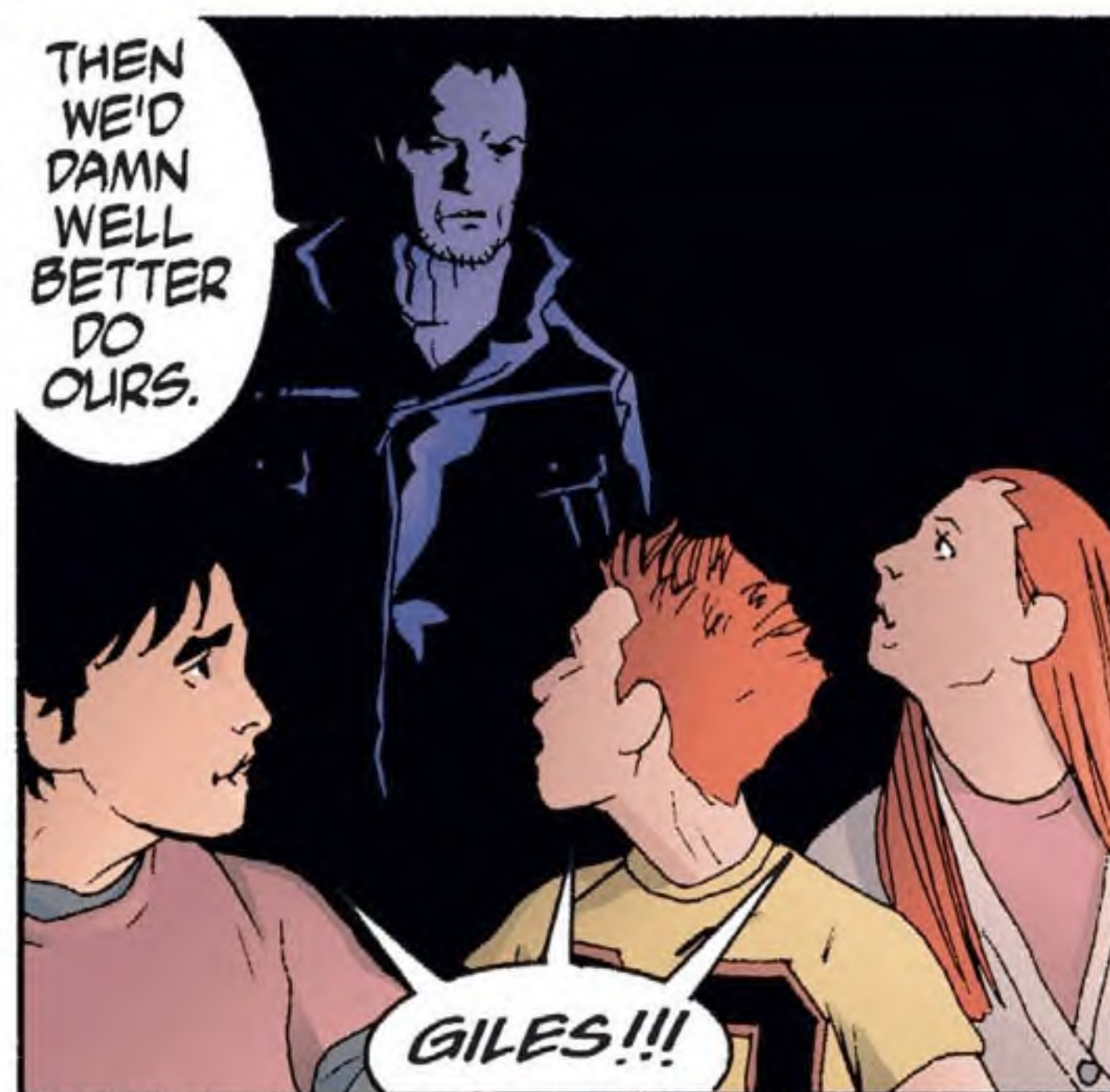
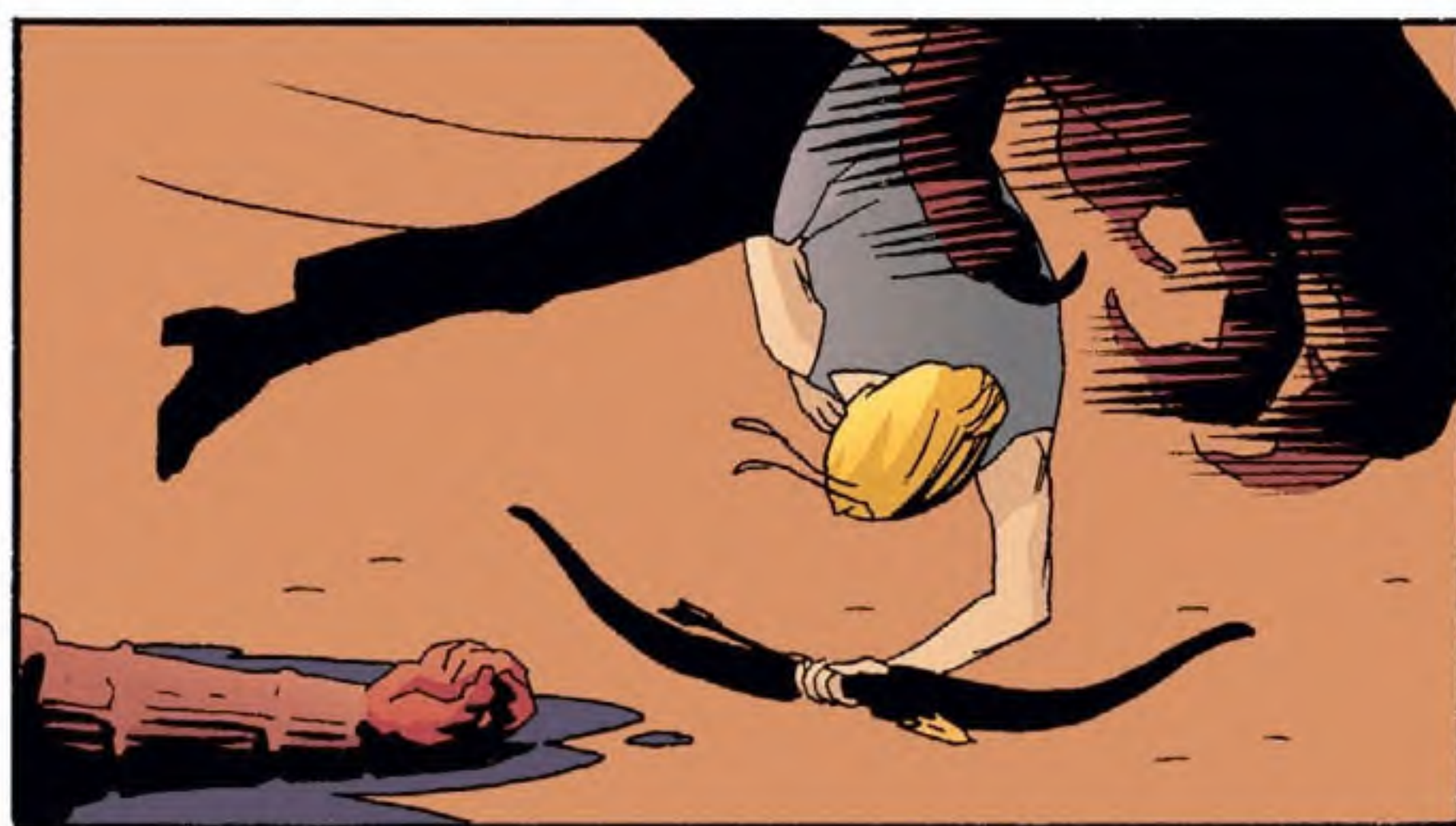


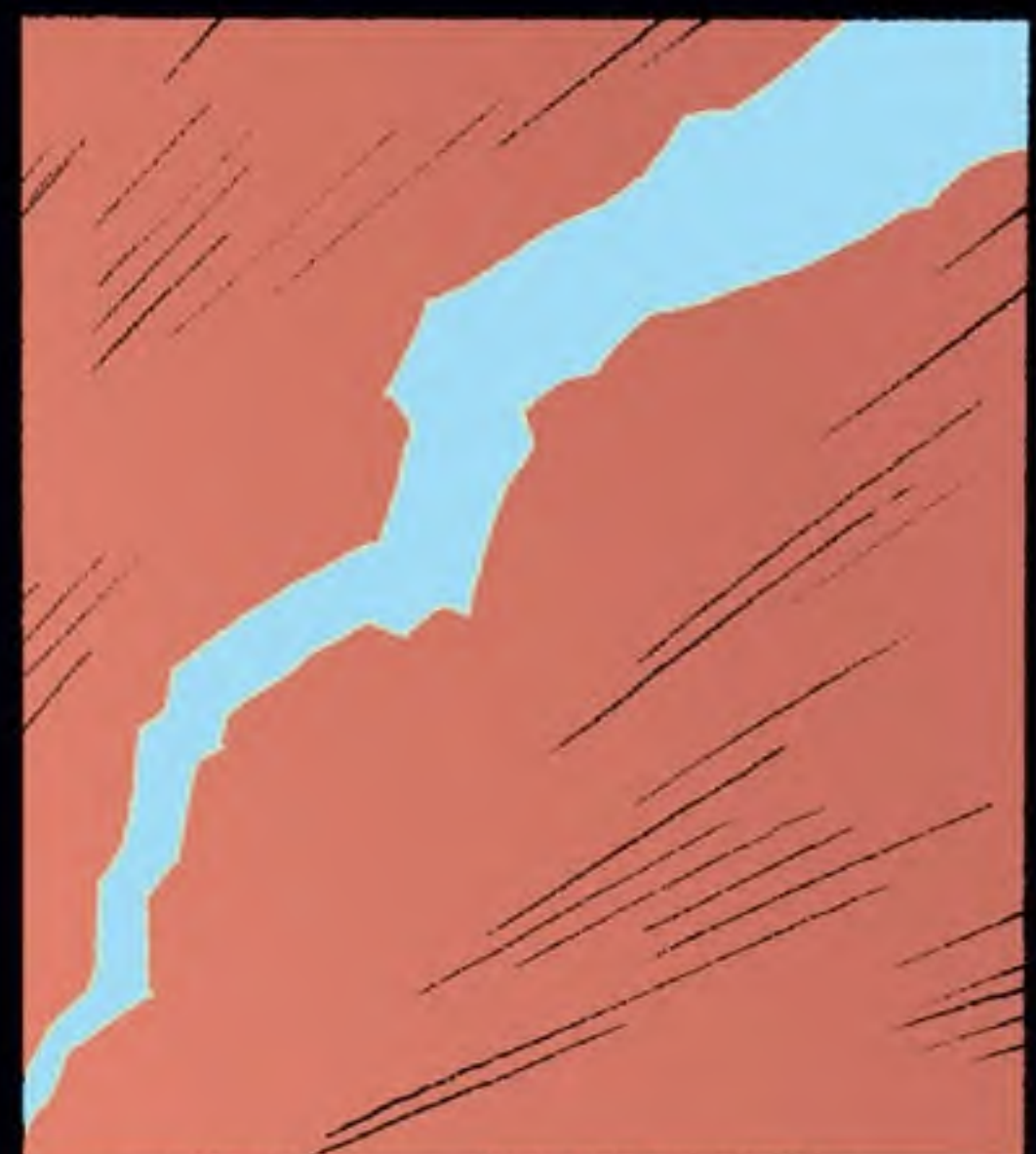


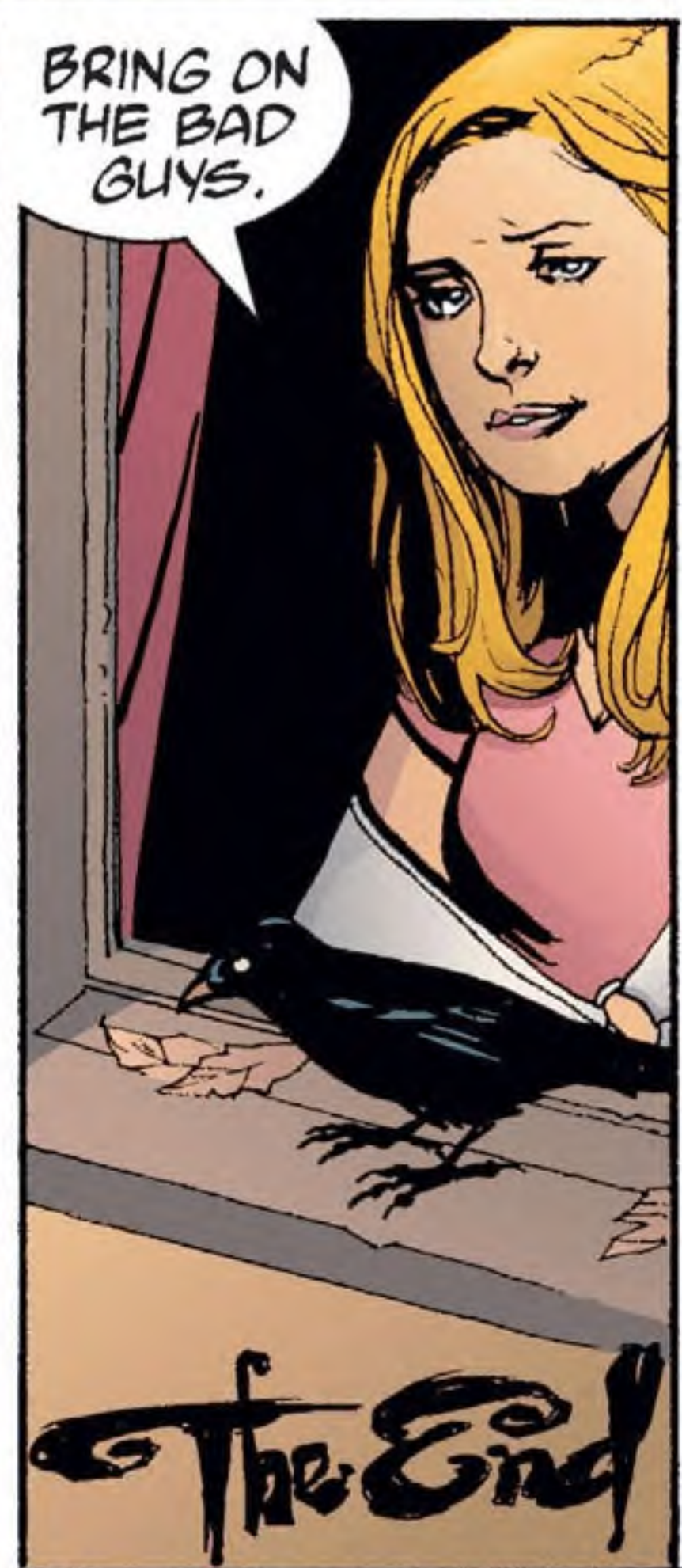
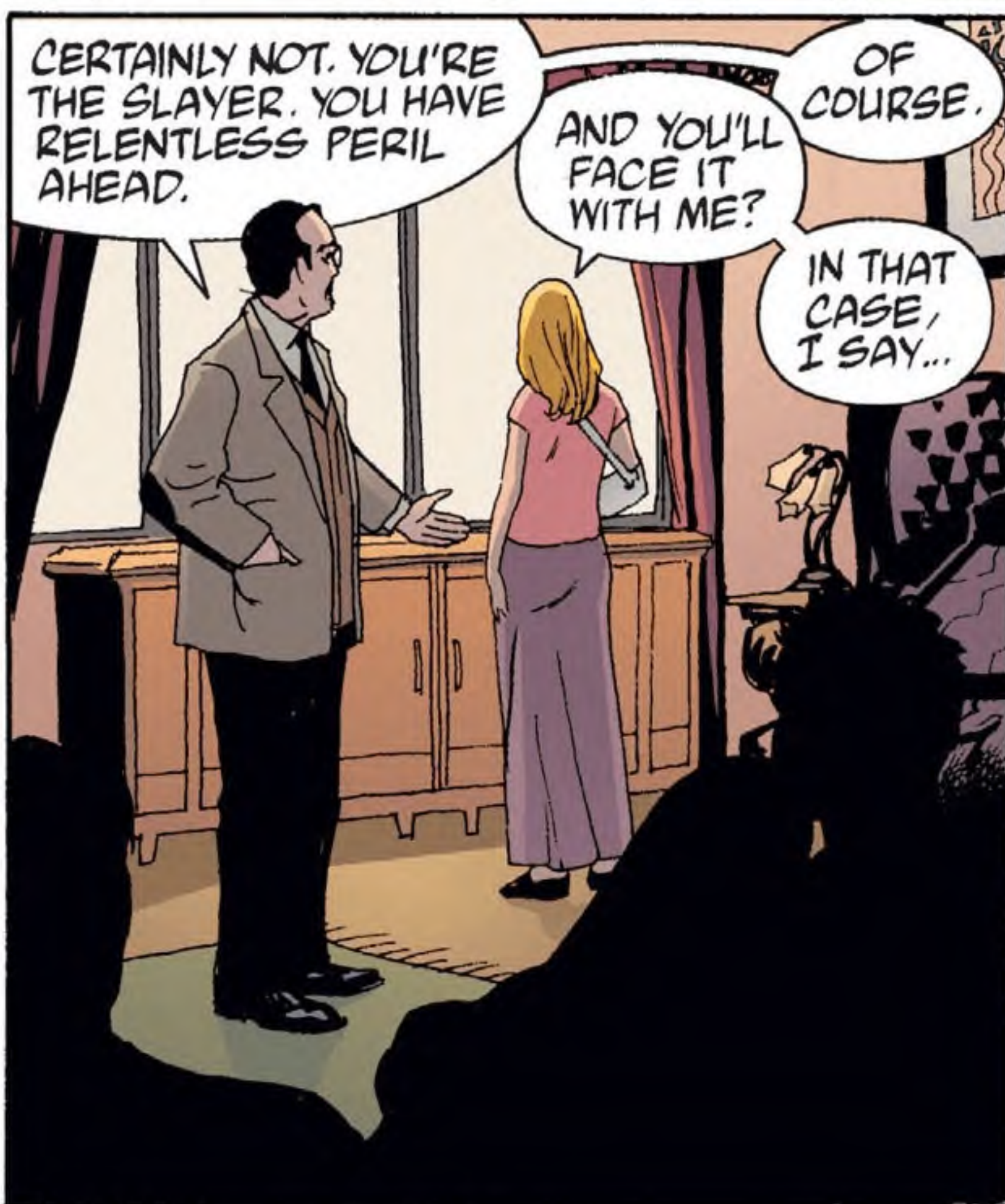












PAINT THE TOWN RED



SOOK-99



CICAGNE, A SMALL FISHING VILLAGE ON THE WESTERN COAST OF ITALY.

IT'S A SIMPLE LIFE. TO SOME, A PERFECT LIFE.

THE PEOPLE OF CICAGNE BELIEVE IN GOD, AND THE SEA.

AND WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN, THERE ARE OTHER THINGS THEY BELIEVE.

WHICH IS WHY THEY DO NOT EVEN DISCUSS THIS SMALL COTTAGE, OR THE BRITISH COUPLE WHO HAVE BEEN LIVING HERE THESE PAST WEEKS.

THERE IS A LITTLE MANTRA THEY MUTTER, A WORD AGAINST WHAT LURKS IN THE NIGHT. TRANSLATED, IT MEANS, "DAWN ALWAYS COMES."

MUCH TO SPIKE'S CHAGRIN,

THIS IS JUST TOO MUCH.

DRUSILLA USED TO CALL SPIKE HER DARK PRINCE, AND HE WOULD TELL HER THAT HER SKIN TASTED LIKE OLIVES. THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. THAT WAS BEFORE...

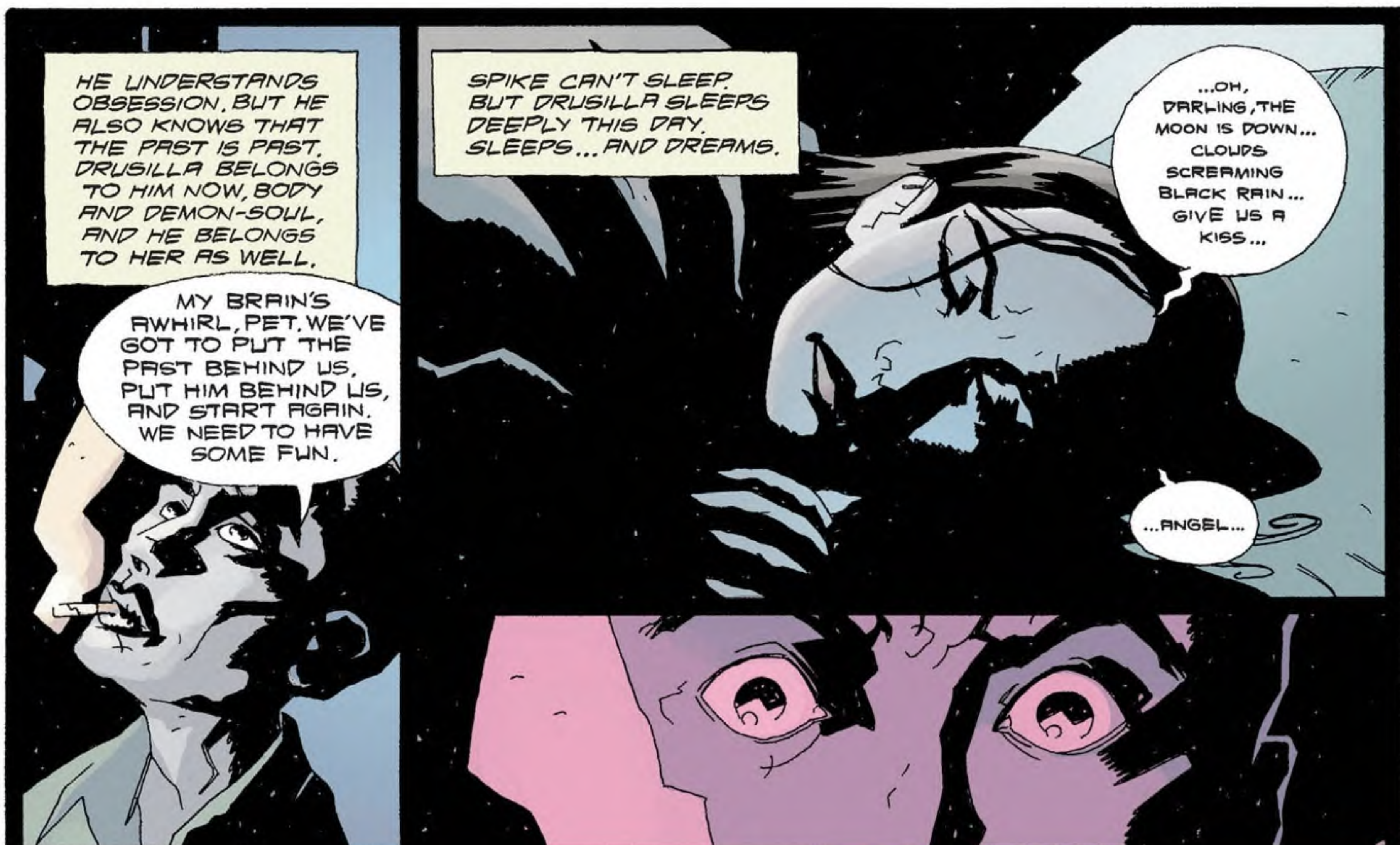
...HE CAME BACK.

ANGEL, IT WOULD BE EASIER FOR SPIKE IF HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND DRU'S OBSESSION WITH ANGEL. BUT HE DOES. ANGEL WAS DRUSILLA'S FIRST. HE MADE HER.



OH, YES, SPIKE UNDERSTANDS. FOR WHEN ANGEL TIRED OF DRUSILLA, HE FOUND ANOTHER FOR HER TO LOVE. DRU STOLE SPIKE'S LIFE, AND EVERY DAY SINCE.

SPIKE WAS MADE FOR HER.



HE UNDERSTANDS OBSESSION. BUT HE ALSO KNOWS THAT THE PAST IS PAST. DRUSILLA BELONGS TO HIM NOW, BODY AND DEMON-SOUL, AND HE BELONGS TO HER AS WELL.

SPIKE CAN'T SLEEP. BUT DRUSILLA SLEEPS DEEPLY THIS DAY. SLEEPS... AND DREAMS.

...OH, DARLING, THE MOON IS DOWN... CLOUDS SCREAMING BLACK RAIN... GIVE US A KISS...

MY BRAIN'S AWHIRL, PET, WE'VE GOT TO PUT THE PAST BEHIND US, PUT HIM BEHIND US, AND START AGAIN. WE NEED TO HAVE SOME FUN.

...ANGEL...



WAKE UP, DRU.

I SAID WAKE THE HELL UP! WE'VE JUST GOT IT BACK TOGETHER, PET...



ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL NAMED DRUSILLA, A GIRL WHO HAD VISIONS, A GIRL THE STARS THEMSELVES HAD WHISPERED TO.

ANGEL DROVE HER MAD, MADE HER A VAMPIRE. JUST AS SHE MADE SPIKE.

THEY WERE LIKE THE DEVIL'S FAMILY FOR A TIME. BUT EVENTUALLY, ANGEL WENT HIS OWN WAY, AND SPIKE AND DRUSILLA WERE LEFT TOGETHER--LEFT TO THEIR LOVE.

LOVE AMONG DEMONS. STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

RECENTLY, ANGEL DRIFTED THROUGH THEIR LIVES AGAIN. FOR DRUSILLA, HE IS LIKE A DRUG WHOSE WONDERFULLY ADDICTIVE PROPERTIES ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO FORGET.

IT'S BEEN EATING SPIKE UP INSIDE.

WHEN SHE WHISPERED THAT HATED NAME, HE WANTED SO BADLY TO HURT HER.

BUT NOT LIKE THIS.

THE INSTANT THE BLOW CONNECTS, SPIKE WISHES HE COULD TAKE IT BACK.

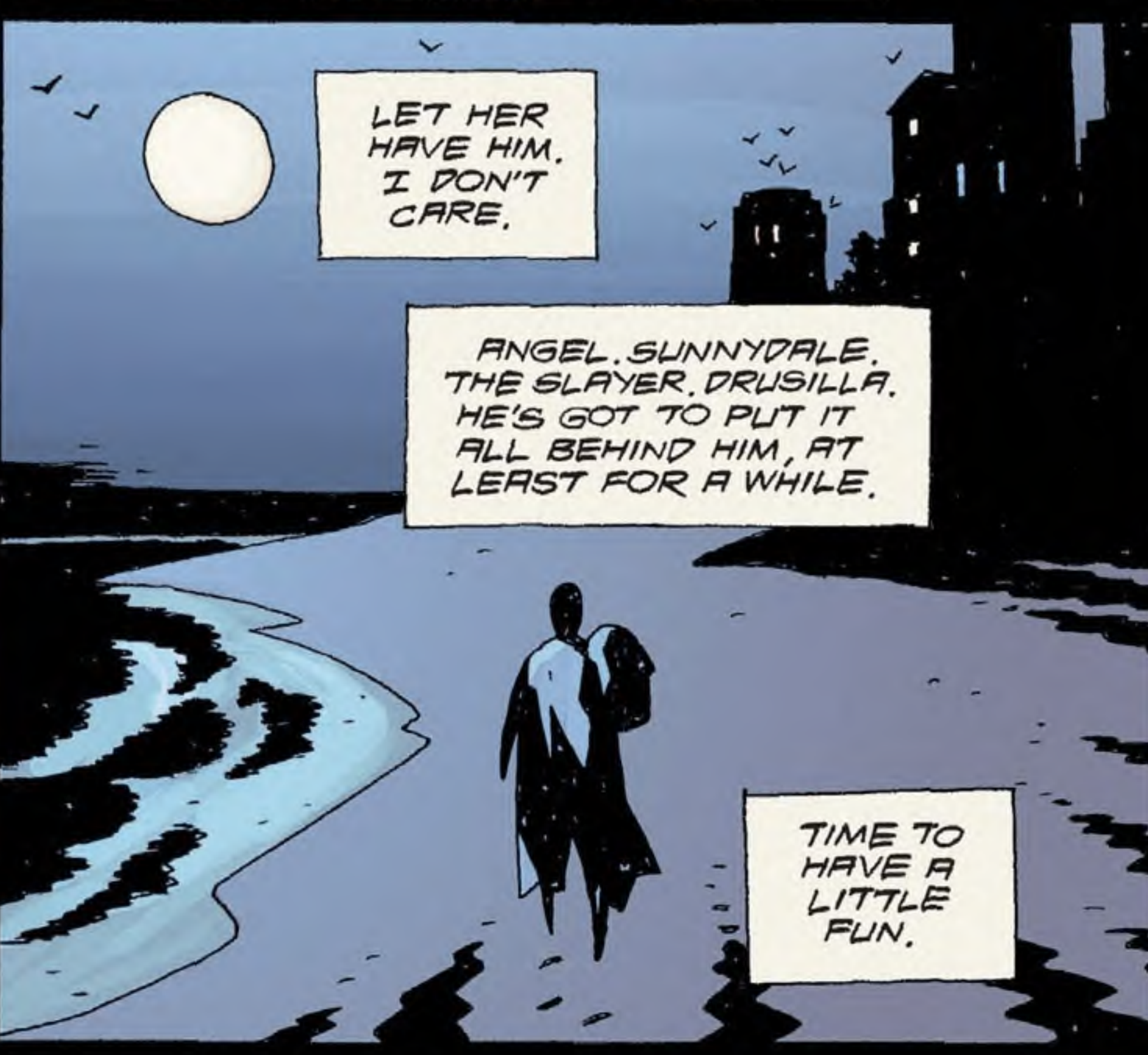
HE CAN'T.

SPIKE \$ DRU

PAINT THE TOWN RED
IN



HE'S DONE ALL HE CAN. SHE'S COVERED UP, ALREADY HEALING, AND HE'S BOARDED UP THE WINDOW TO KEEP THE SUN OUT.



FORTY MILES FROM THE COAST OF TURKEY, NOT FAR FROM TORBALI, THERE'S A SMALL TOWN CALLED SARU, THOUGH THERE'S NO SIGN BEARING THAT NAME.

THINGS WERE DIFFERENT ONCE, BUT NOW SARU DOESN'T NEED A NAME. IT ISN'T A PLACE PEOPLE COME TO, IT'S A PLACE PEOPLE LEAVE.

< I TOLD YOU, RUMILI, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU WENT NEAR MY SISTER AGAIN. >

OF COURSE, THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS.

< TRANSLATED FROM THE TURKISH >

< SAUDZI? WHERE-- WHO'S THERE? >

< ME. JUST PASSING THROUGH, ACTUALLY. >

< OR I WAS. TAKEN A BIT OF A LIKING TO THE PLACE, THOUGH. THOUGHT I MIGHT STAY A WHILE. >

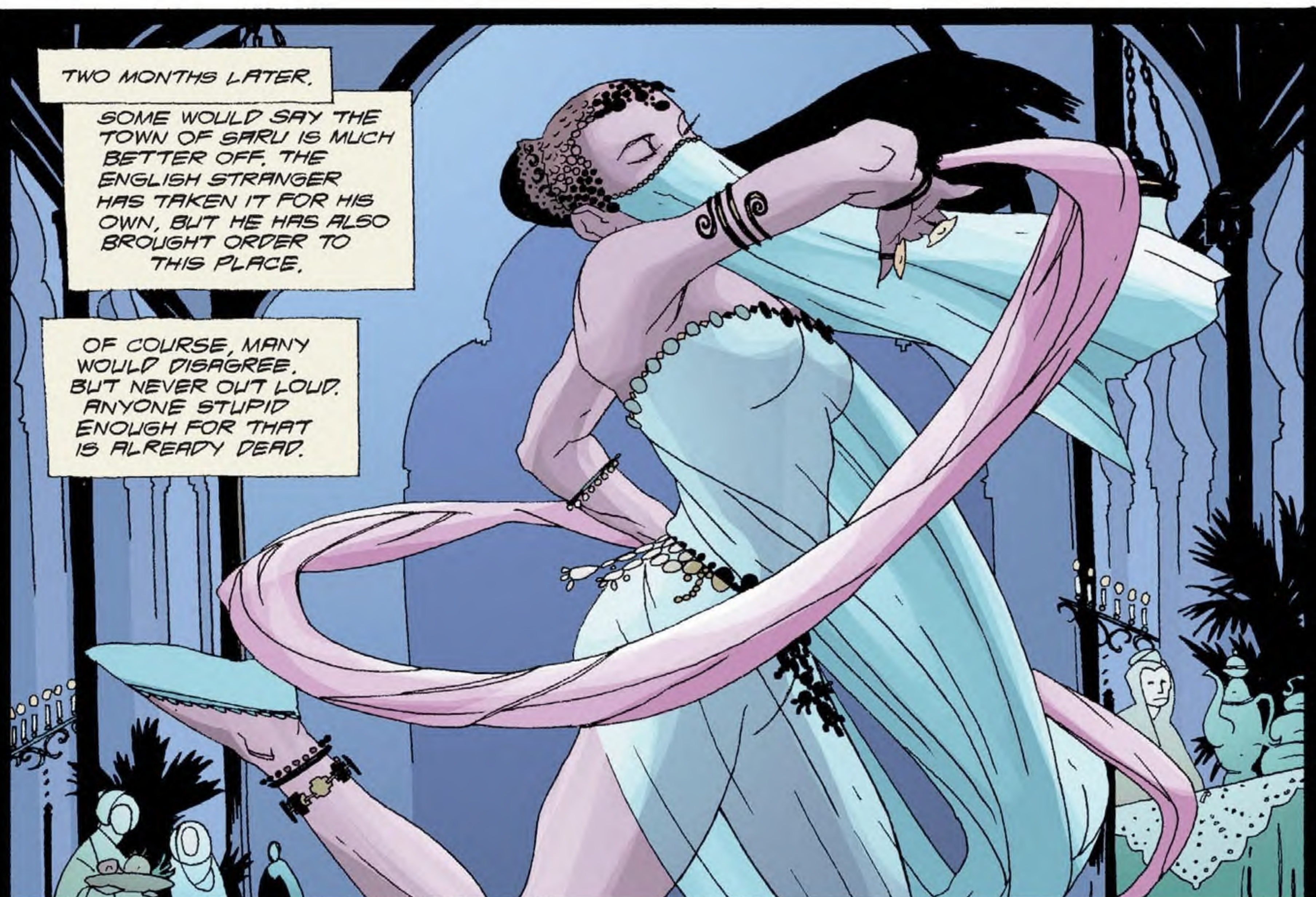
SNAP



TWO MONTHS LATER.

SOME WOULD SAY THE TOWN OF SARU IS MUCH BETTER OFF. THE ENGLISH STRANGER HAS TAKEN IT FOR HIS OWN, BUT HE HAS ALSO BROUGHT ORDER TO THIS PLACE.

OF COURSE, MANY WOULD DISAGREE, BUT NEVER OUT LOUD. ANYONE STUPID ENOUGH FOR THAT IS ALREADY DEAD.



< HAVE HER TURN AROUND, RUMILI. I WANT TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT HER. >

RAMA
HALI
BA!



OH, THAT'S
MUCH
BETTER.

< YOUR
HIGHNESS,
THERE IS A
MATTER THAT
CRAVES YOUR
ATTENTION. >

< DON'T
CALL ME
THAT. >

< A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, YOUR *DARKNESS*. A LARGE BAND OF MARAUDERS ENTERED THE TORBALI PALACE, AND BURNED IT TO THE GROUND. ONE OF THE SURVIVORS, WHO LAY AMONG THE DEAD FOR HOURS BEFORE HE DARED RISE, HEARD THEIR LEADER, A WOMAN, SCREAMING. THEY SEARCH FOR A WHITE-HAIRED VAMPIRE, MY LORD. >





< OH, DO THEY?
WELL, LET THEM
COME. THIS LITTLE
ARMPIT HASN'T
GIVEN ME MUCH
OF A CHALLENGE,
HAS IT? >

< AND
RUMILI? DON'T
BOTHR ME
TOO OFTEN
WITH THIS CRAP.
I CAME HERE TO
ENJOY MYSELF. >

LET ME
DANCE
FOR YOU.

< OH, THIS ONE
IS NO GOOD
EITHER. SHE'S JUST
NOT JIGGLING
RIGHT. BRING
ANOTHER. >

< SHE'S
THE LAST,
YOUR DARK-
NESS. >

DAMN.

HELL'S
BELLS.

I'LL
DANCE, PET.
I KNOW JUST
WHAT YOU
LIKE.



DRU,
POODLE,
YOU'RE
NOT... YOU
LOOK...
AMAZING.

ALABASTER
AND SILK, MY
DARLING. BUT
I STILL BURN.

I CAN
FEEL THE
SUN, ALL
THROUGH
THE LOVELY
NIGHT.

DRU,
WHO'S THE
FOSSIL?

OH, YES,
MY FRIEND
KOINES. AFTER
YOU LEFT ME,
SPIKE, I WAS SO
LOST. I WANDERED.
AND I MADE A
NEW FRIEND. KOINES
HAS COME TO
DO SOME MAGIC
TRICKS FOR
YOU...

I KNOW
AND... WELL YOU
KNOW I'M SORRY,
DON'T YOU? BUT
YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME
A CHOICE, PET. NOT
AFTER ALL THAT
HAPPENED. AND
I DID PULL YOU
OUT OF THE--

HAVEN'T
YOU, KOINES,
LOVE?



SHIFER
TOQUE,
BABA AN!

PLAYTIME,
SPIKE! MMMM,
I LOVE TO SEE
YOU IN PAIN.



I REMEMBER, IT
WAS GOOD FOR ME,
TOO. BUT THAT WAS
A BIT MORE HANDS
ON THAN THIS,
EH, PET?



< GO, NOW!
LET THE
DEVILS DE-
STROY ONE
ANOTHER! >

HURT
HIM, KOINES!
HE'S BEEN A NAUGHTY
SPIKE AND MUST BE
PUNISHED.



YOU'VE GOT A
LOT OF NERVE,
DRU, COMIN' HERE.
WHERE'S YOUR
BOYFRIEND?



YOUR
BRAIN'S SO
HIGH ON ANGEL,
I'M SURPRISED
YOU EVEN NOTICED
I WAS GONE, BUT
I COULDN'T
STAY...

...THERE
WAS SOME-
THING
MISSING
FROM MY
LIFE.

LIKE, OH
I DON'T
KNOW... *FUN*,
FOR IN-
STANCE.



THE SPARROWS WERE ORANGE, KOINES.

I OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN THEY'D LIE. THIS ISN'T HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN.

NOW, DRU, LOOK AT THE MESS YOU MADE.

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL FORGIVE YOU. COME UP HERE, PET, AND GIVE US A NICE, WET APOLOGY.

ENOUGH! ARROGANT FOOL, THESE WARRIORS CAN NOT FALL UNTIL I ALLOW IT.

STAND, THRALLS. YOUR WORK IS NOT YET DONE!

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME.

AH, WELL, THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE. COME TO ME, THEN, SPIKE.

KOINES, I'D NO IDEA YOU WERE SO CLEVER. I KNEW YOU COULD CONTROL DEAD FLESH, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY THAT INCLUDED VAMPIRES.

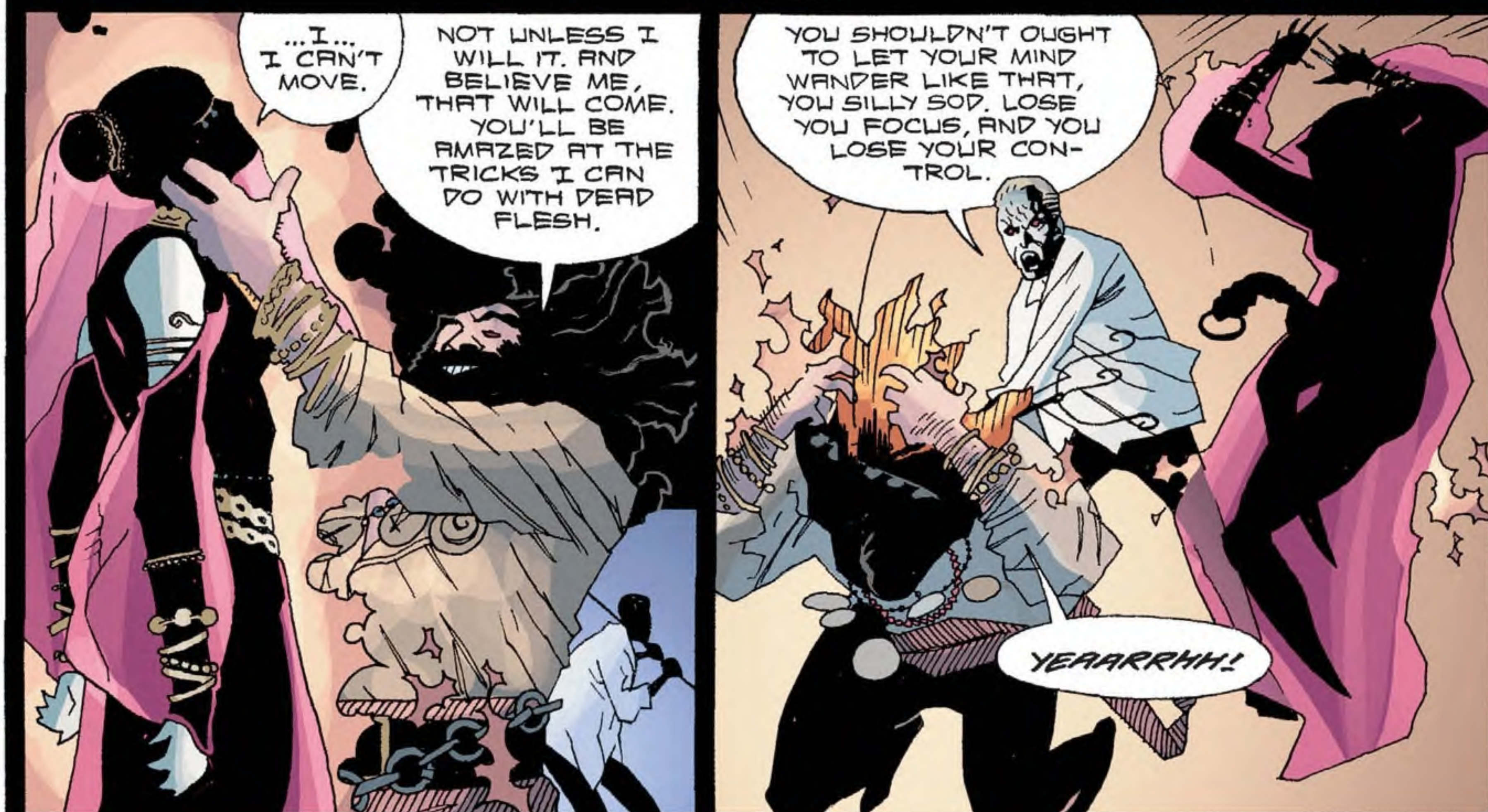
DELICIOUS! DANCE, YOU NAUGHTY BOY!



I'D NO IDEA MYSELF, DRUSILLA, BUT THAT DOES CHANGE THINGS A BIT BETWEEN US, NOW DOESN'T IT?

WHAT? GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU DISGUSTING GNAT! I'LL HAVE YOUR GUTS FOR GARTERS IF YOU SO MUCH AS--

UHNN...



...I... I CAN'T MOVE.

NOT UNLESS I WILL IT. AND BELIEVE ME, THAT WILL COME. YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT THE TRICKS I CAN DO WITH DEAD FLESH.

YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHT TO LET YOUR MIND WANDER LIKE THAT, YOU SILLY SOD. LOSE YOUR FOCUS, AND YOU LOSE YOUR CONTROL.

YEAARRHH!



RUN, DRUSILLA! MOVE, BEFORE THE BIG BASTARD COMES AROUND.

YOU'RE A CRUEL THING. DON'T TOUCH ME!

GLADLY!



I DO
LIKE A
NICE
WARM
FIRE.

YOU
BURNED
ME.

I MUST
SAY, THOUGH,
PEASANTS DON'T
MAKE MUCH OF A
MEAL. NOT ENOUGH
BLOOD IN THOSE
SKINNY BODIES.

YOU
BURNED ME
WITH YOUR
CIGARETTE.



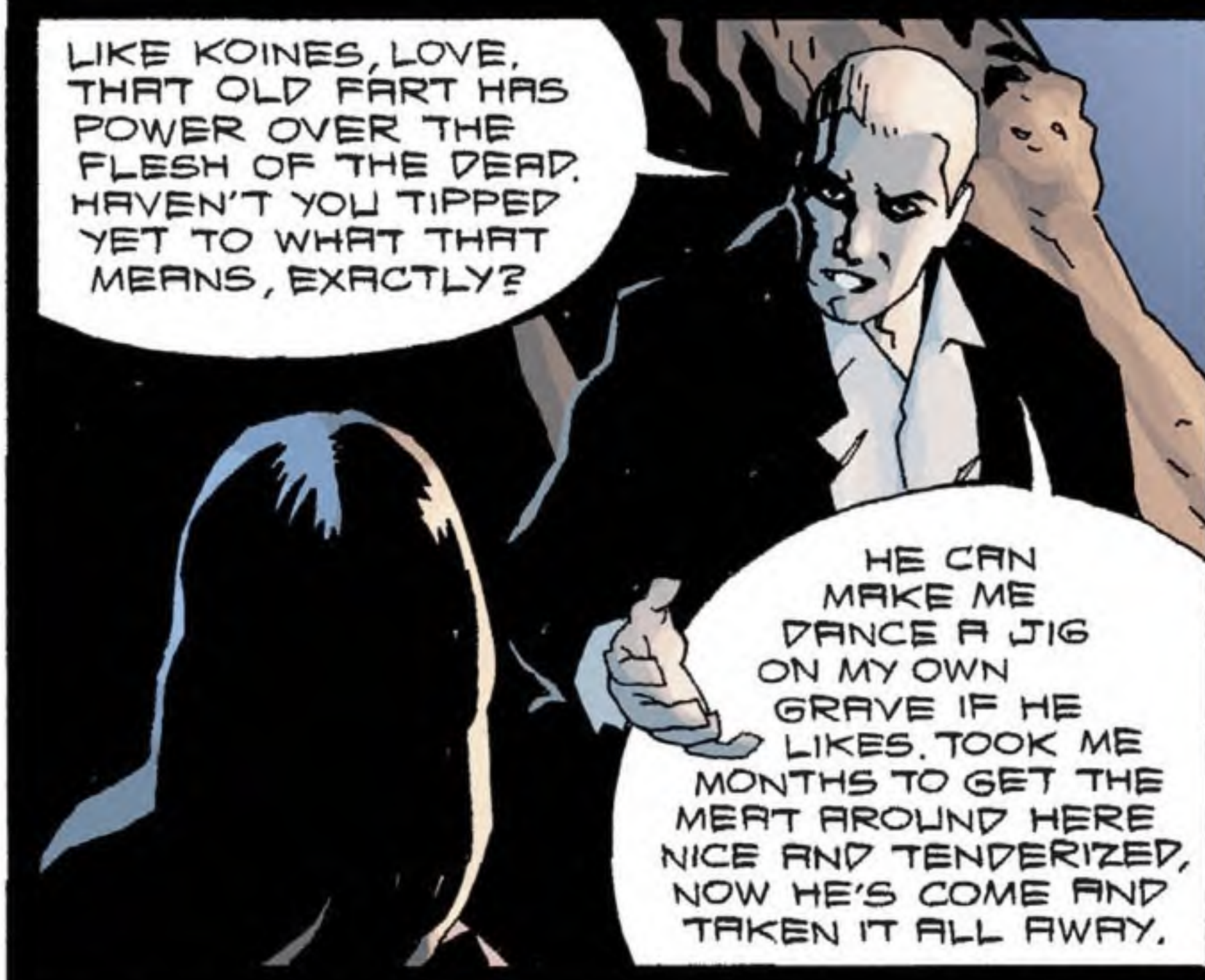
GET
OVER IT,
DRU.

THEN YOU
BURNED ME
IN THE SUN.

STOP
WHINING.
BESIDES, WE
HAVE MORE
IMPORTANT
THINGS TO
TALK ABOUT
RIGHT NOW.



MORE
IMPORTANT
THAN YOU
TRYING TO
KILL ME?
LIKE
WHAT?



LIKE KOINES, LOVE,
THAT OLD FART HAS
POWER OVER THE
FLESH OF THE DEAD.
HAVEN'T YOU TIPPED
YET TO WHAT THAT
MEANS, EXACTLY?

HE CAN
MAKE ME
DANCE A JIG
ON MY OWN
GRAVE IF HE
LIKES. TOOK ME
MONTHS TO GET THE
MEAT AROUND HERE
NICE AND TENDERIZED,
NOW HE'S COME AND
TAKEN IT ALL AWAY.



SERVES YOU RIGHT.
WHAT YOU DID TO
ME. 'COURSE, HE'S
GOING TO KEEP
COMING AFTER US
NOW.

I LIKE THIS TOWN,
PET. I'M TIRED OF RUN-
NING ALL THE TIME.
LIKE THE OLD SAYING
GOES, IT'S GOOD TO
BE THE KING, NOW
AND AGAIN.

AH,
HELL. SAY,
WHERE'D YOU
DIG THE OLD
FOSSIL UP,
ANYWAY?



OH, I
AM A
CLEVER
GIRL. I
FOUND HIM
IN A FOREST
ON THE
ISLAND OF
CRETE.



"YOU NEEDED TO BE
PUNISHED, TO BE SPANKED.
I KNOW YOU DON'T
LIKE TO BE SPANKED."



WELL,
THERE
WAS THAT
ONE
TIME.

DON'T
INTERRUPT.



"I NEEDED HELP. I
NEEDED SOMEONE
WHO COULD ROUND
UP SOME OF HIS
FRIENDS TO LEND
A HAND."

"RIGHT,
DRU, BUT...
ZOMBIE
FRIENDS?"



"YEAH. IT WASN'T DIFFICULT,
REALLY, BRINGING HIM BACK.
THE SPELL WAS RIGHT THERE
ON THE WALL. FEAR HAD
KEPT THE ISLANDERS AWAY
FOR FIVE CENTURIES. ALL IT
TOOK WAS THE WILL TO DO IT."



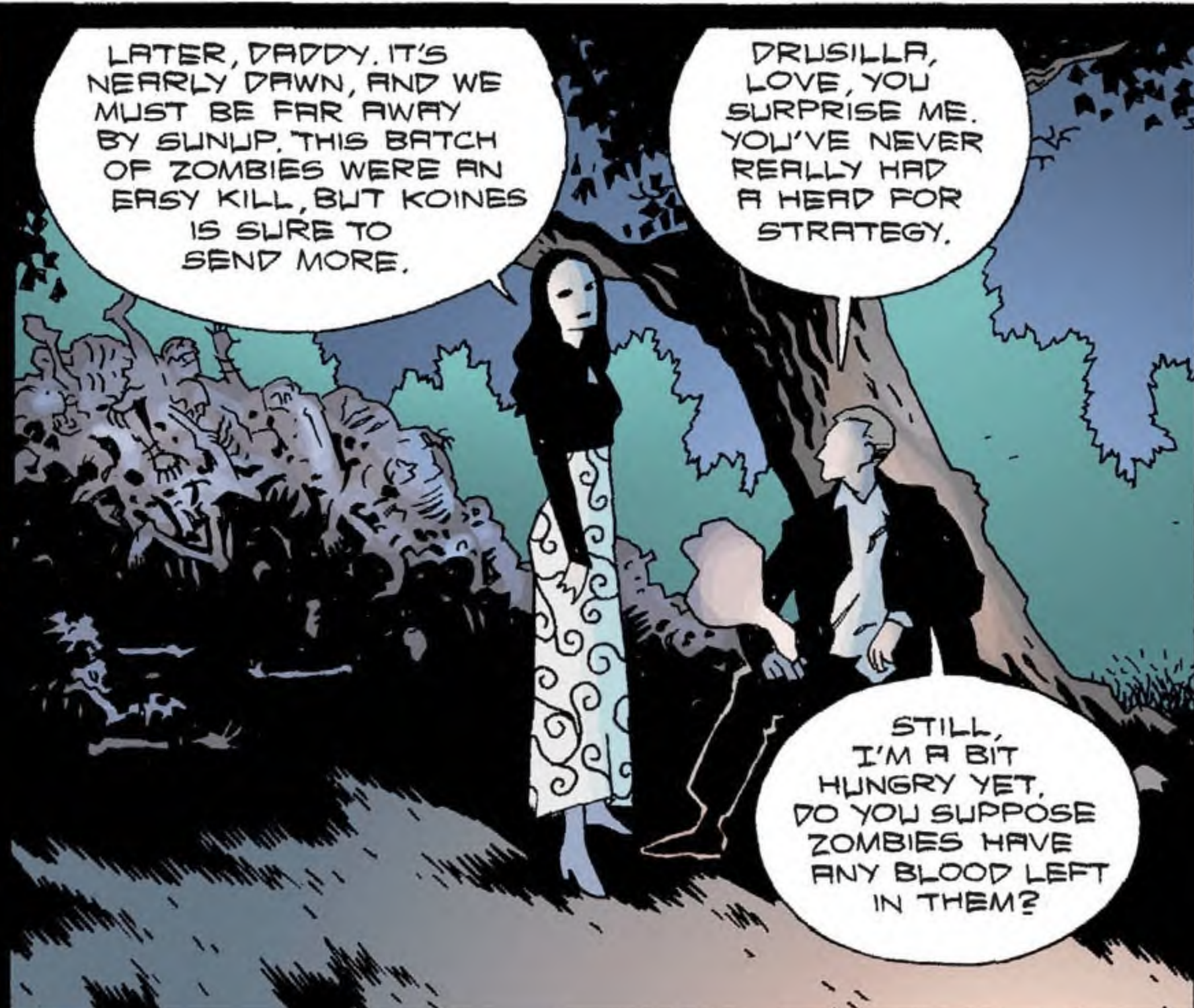
THAT, AND
THE BLOOD OF
AN INNOCENT,
SIMPLE AS THAT.
MY OWN PET
SORCERER.



WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, NOW WE'RE SCREWED.

DO TELL.

DON'T WORRY, PET. I NEVER START SOMETHING I CAN'T FINISH. I CAN TAKE CARE OF KOINES.



LATER, DADDY. IT'S NEARLY DAWN, AND WE MUST BE FAR AWAY BY SUNUP. THIS BATCH OF ZOMBIES WERE AN EASY KILL, BUT KOINES IS SURE TO SEND MORE.

DRUSILLA, LOVE, YOU SURPRISE ME. YOU'VE NEVER REALLY HAD A HEAD FOR STRATEGY.

STILL, I'M A BIT HUNGRY YET. DO YOU SUPPOSE ZOMBIES HAVE ANY BLOOD LEFT IN THEM?

"NO, SPIKE. NOT A DROP. AND EVEN IF THEY DID, IT'D BE COLD AND BITTER, I'D THINK."

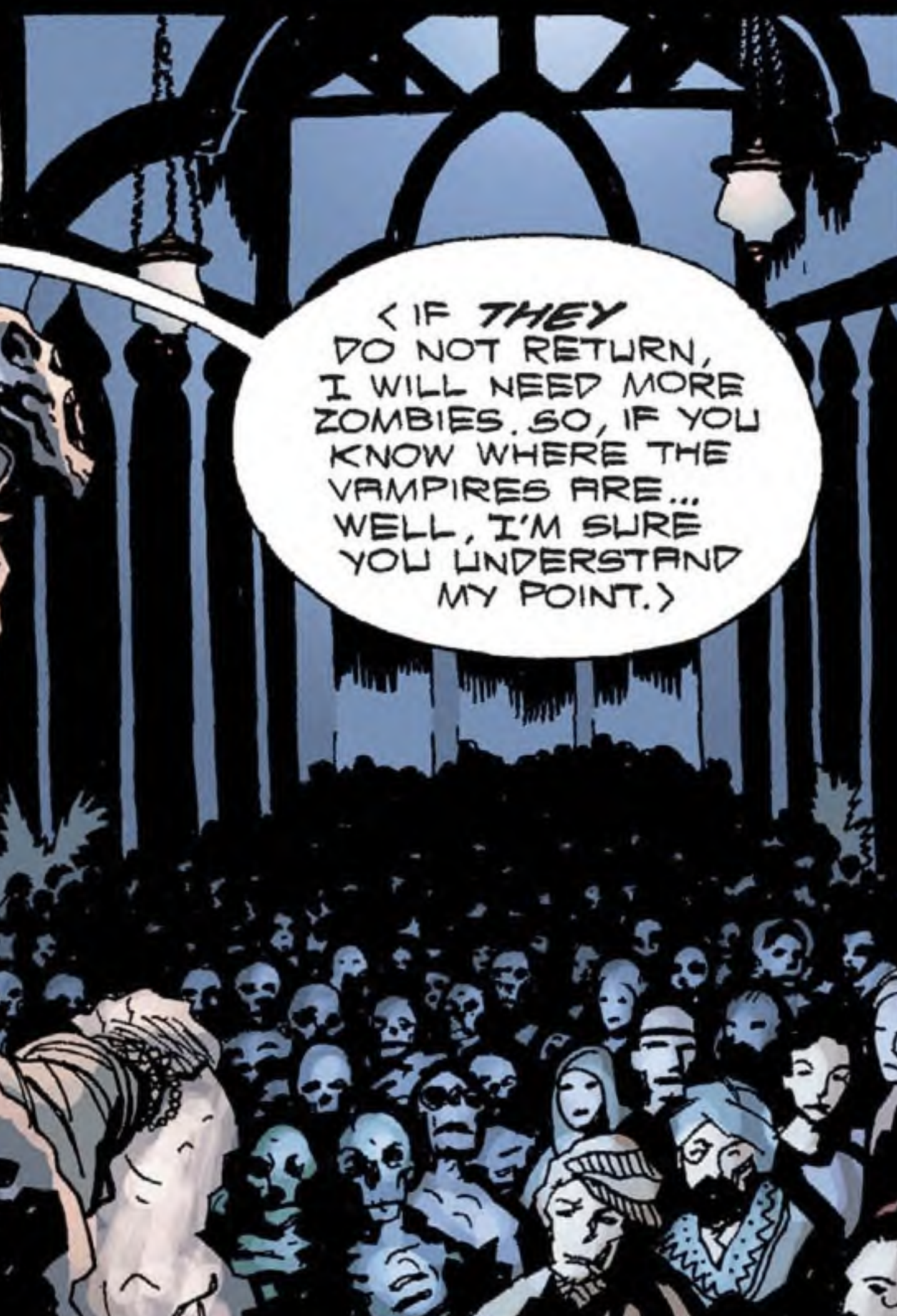


< SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! ANOTHER SQUEAK, AND YOU'LL BE A FOOTSTOOL! >

< NOW, ALL OF YOU PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO ME. >



< SEVERAL OF MY SERVANTS HAVE FAILED TO RETURN. I HAVE ADDED TO THEIR NUMBERS WITH YOUR DEAD FRIENDS AND LOVERS AND ANCESTORS. SHORTLY, I WILL SEND MORE OF THEM OUT TO LOOK FOR THE VAMPIRES. >



< IF *THEY* DO NOT RETURN, I WILL NEED MORE ZOMBIES. SO, IF YOU KNOW WHERE THE VAMPIRES ARE... WELL, I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND MY POINT. >



< IN FACT, IF YOU AID IN THE SEARCH FOR THEM NOW, IT MAY SAVE YOU A GREAT DEAL OF SUFFERING LATER ON. >

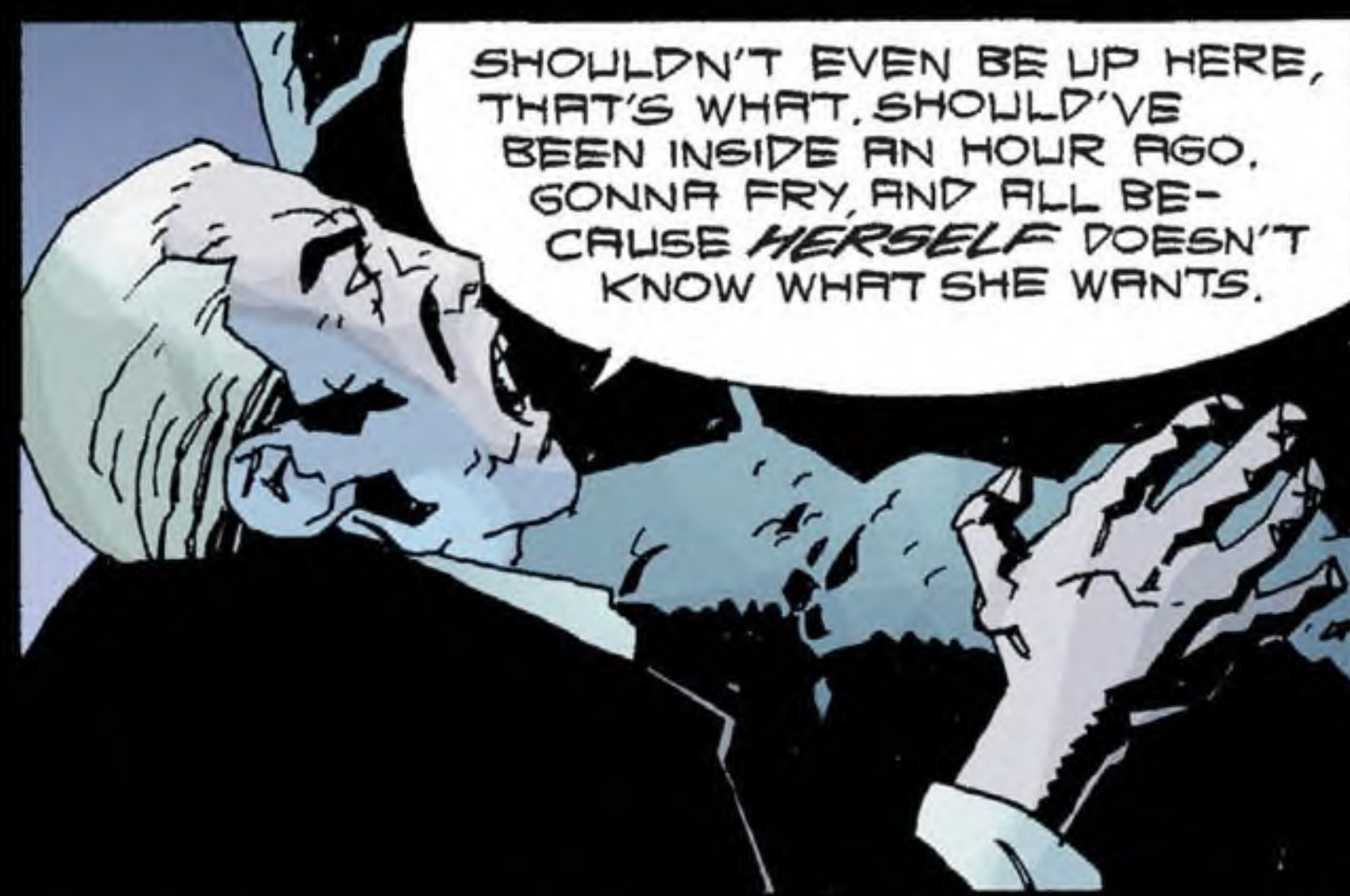
< BUT YOU'D BETTER HURRY. IF I GET SLEEPY, I'LL NEED TO BUILD MYSELF A VERY LARGE BED. AND I PREFER THE FRESHLY DEAD FOR SUCH THINGS. >



HELP
ME UP!

HELP
YOURSELF
UP. I'M NOT
GONNA
CARRY YOU
UP THE
BLOODY MOUN-
TAIN.

SPIKE!
YOU
BEAST!

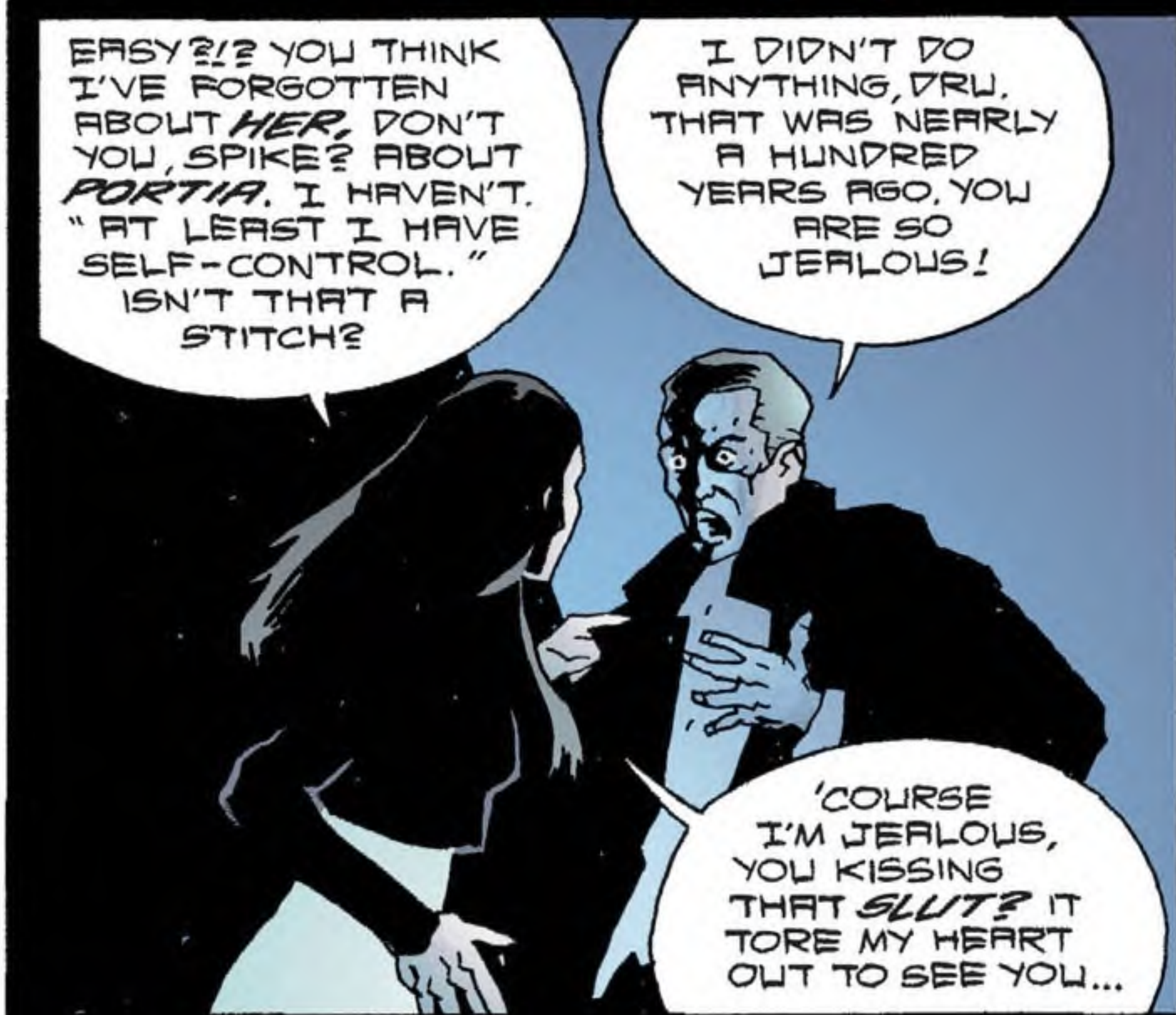


SHOULDN'T EVEN BE UP HERE,
THAT'S WHAT. SHOULD'VE
BEEN INSIDE AN HOUR AGO.
GONNA FRY AND ALL BE-
CAUSE *HERSELF* DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT SHE WANTS.



WHAT'S
THAT
SUPPOSED
TO MEAN?

AT LEAST
I HAVE A BIT
OF SELF-
CONTROL. LEAST
I'M NOT RUNNING
OFF WITH SOME
EX ANY CHANCE
I GET. I'M NOT
EASY.



EASY?? YOU THINK
I'VE FORGOTTEN
ABOUT *HER*. DON'T
YOU, SPIKE? ABOUT
PORTIA. I HAVEN'T.
"AT LEAST I HAVE
SELF-CONTROL."
ISN'T THAT A
STITCH?

I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING, DRU.
THAT WAS NEARLY
A HUNDRED
YEARS AGO. YOU
ARE SO
JEALOUS!

'COURSE
I'M JEALOUS,
YOU KISSING
THAT *SLUT*? IT
TORE MY HEART
OUT TO SEE YOU...



OH, DO GO
ON, DRU.
PLEASE
DO.

YOU'RE
STILL IN
LOVE WITH
ME.

HOW *DARE* YOU?
YOU THINK YOU
CAN *ROAST* ME
AND I'LL COME
CRAWLING BACK
TO YOU? SOME-
TIMES I WONDER
WHICH ONE OF
US IS INSANE.

YES. AND
THEN YOU
REMEMBER
IT'S YOU.

I'M GOING TO
LIE DOWN. TAKE
THIS. WEAR IT.
TOMORROW
NIGHT, WHEN WE
GO BACK AFTER
KOINES, IT WILL
PROTECT
YOU.

RIGHT. I'M
SUPPOSED
TO TRUST
YOU?

I TOLD YOU IT
WAS A SIMPLE
SPELL. THE BLOOD
OF AN INNOCENT
--SOME OF WHICH
I SAVED, OF
COURSE, MIXED
WITH CERTAIN
HERBS...

THAT WILL
HIDE YOU FROM
THE SPELL. WEAR
IT, OR DON'T. I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO THINK
ANYMORE.

IT WILL
OPEN A PORTAL
TO THE LOWEST
CIRCLE OF HELL,
AND EVERY DE-
MON NEARBY
WILL BE DRAWN
INTO IT.

YEAH,
RIGHT.

THIS
FROM THE
GIRL WHO
WANTS TO
PUNISH ME.
NICE TRY,
POODLE.

SARU ISN'T MUCH OF A VILLAGE ANYMORE. ITS CEMETERIES HAVE BEEN DESECRATED. ITS DEAD HAVE RISEN, AND IN MANY CASES, TAKEN THE LIVES OF THEIR OWN SONS AND DAUGHTERS TO MAKE MORE SLAVES FOR THEIR MASTER.

IT'S LITTLE MORE THAN A CITY OF THE DEAD NOW.

WHICH IS JUST HOW KOINES LIKES IT.

EVERY CITY MUST HAVE A RULER. AND FOR EVERY RULER...

...THERE ARE THOSE WHO WOULD USURP HIM.

WELL, NOW, DON'T YOU ALL LOOK PRECIOUS. A PACK OF RATHER STUPID GUARD DOGS, REALLY. I'VE GOT ONE WORD FOR YOU, DOGGIES...

MEEEOOWWWW!

LET'S HAVE THAT, YOU NUMBSKULL, BEFORE YOU HURT SOMEONE.

AH, I DO SO LOVE ANTIQUES. DRU, YOU'LL APPRECIATE THIS GEM, I THINK.

THAT'S RIGHT, MY BABIES. COME TO MOMMY.







<OH, WELL
DONE. BOTH OF
YOU. I THOUGHT
MY NEW PET
WOULD DESTROY
YOU QUITE
EASILY.>

<I'M
HAPPY TO
SEE YOU
SURVIVED.>

<I WAS HOPING FOR
THE CHANCE TO PLAY
WITH YOU A BIT BEFORE-
HAND. PARTICULARLY
YOU, DRUSILLA. I THOUGHT
YOU A TASTY MORSEL
FROM THE MOMENT
YOU AWAKENED
ME.>

NO, DRU!
YOU CAN'T LET
HIM CONTROL
YOU! YOU'VE
GOT TO...
AAARRGGH!

...DON'T WORRY,
SPIKE, LOVE. I
THINK YOU'VE
BEEN PUNISHED
ENOUGH...

<YOU WANTED HIM
TO SUFFER. HE'S
SUFFERING. AND
NOW YOU WANT ME
TO STOP? WOMEN
ARE SO FICKLE. AH,
WELL...A BARGAIN,
THEN...>

<SURRENDER
YOURSELF TO ME,
DRUSILLA. JUST AS
I COMMAND HIS BODY,
I CAN WARP IT TO MY
WILL AS EASILY AS I
CREATED THAT
MONSTER OUTSIDE.
BUT IF YOU SUR-
RENDER, I'LL KILL
HIM QUICKLY.>



THE
CATS ARE
SCRATCHING
IN MY BRAIN,
NOW.

<THERE'S
A CERTAIN
CHARM ABOUT
BAD, RUDE MEN.
YOU'RE AN
EXCEPTION.
YOU'VE HEARD
THE OLD LATIN,
"CAVEAT
EMPTOR?" I
SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
BETTER.>

<AH, MY DEAR, YOU
ENTERTAIN. WHAT
EXACTLY DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
GOING TO
ACCOMPLISH?>

AH,
THERE
WE ARE.

<I'M
GOING TO
SEND YOU
BACK WHERE
YOU BELONG,
YOU BLOODY...
WAIT, NOTHING'S
HAPPENING.>

THAT'S
MORE
LIKE IT.

NOOO
OOO
OO!

AAAGGH!
IT
HURTS!

SPIKE,
WHAT IS IT,
LOVE? WHAT'S
WRONG? WE'VE
WON, DON'T
YOU...

OH,
SPIKE,
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE?
WHERE'S
THE TALIS-
MAN?

THAT PORTAL
IS GOING TO
PULL YOU BACK
TO HELL... AND
MAYBE THAT'S
WHERE YOU
BELONG!

BUT I...
I JUST
CAN'T LET
THAT
HAPPEN.

YOU...
WANTED
TO PUNISH
ME... I
THOUGHT IT
WAS A TRICK,
AND... OH,
HELL, DRU,
I'M DYING...

TAKE IT,
YOU BLOODY
MORON. I'LL
SEE YOU IN
HELL.

WHA... WHERE DID...
DRUSILLA! OH, NO,
PET, WHAT DID YOU
DO? WHAT DID YOU
DO?!

I'LL
GET YOU
OUT, GET
YOU AWAY
FROM THAT
THING!

KER-ASTHH!





SPIKE TAKES SOME OF THE BLOOD FOR HIMSELF BUT THE REST, HE HOLDS IN HIS MOUTH, IN HIS THROAT.



AND HE GIVES DRUSILLA THE KISS OF LIFE, AND OF DEATH. NOT UNLIKE THE KISS SHE GAVE HIM A CENTURY EARLIER.



COME ON, LOVE. SPEAK TO DADDY. DO YOU WANT ANOTHER SIP?



SPIKE? I HEAR CALLIOPE MUSIC IN MY HEAD. IS IT CARNIVAL TIME ALREADY?



NO, BABY, NOT YET. BUT WE CAN MAKE ONE ALL OUR OWN, IF YOU LIKE. I'M THINKING BRAZIL, DOES THAT APPEAL TO YOU?

OH, SPIKE, COULD WE? I'D BE EVER SO HAPPY IN BRAZIL, AND THE STARS ARE PAINTED ORANGE THERE, YOU KNOW.



ANYTHING FOR YOU, LOVE. ANYTHING FOR YOU.

THE END

THE DUST WALTZ





Somewhere off the northern shores of Mexico, the cruise liner Southern Queen heads toward the California coast.

The parties have all ended for the night on this ship, and the decks are quiet now.

Quiet enough, for the two of them to venture out.

THE NIGHT AIR INVIGORATES. WE'VE BEEN BELOW TOO LONG, CECIL.

...YES...

I SENSE YOUR AGITATION AS THE MOON RIPENS, MY CHILD.

MY QUEEN, IT IS NOT THAT.

WHAT AILS, THEN?

AMERICANS. SOON WE'LL BE AMONG THEM.

THEY'RE NOT TO MY TASTE.

YES... I'VE ALWAYS PREFERRED EUROPEANS, AS YOU DO THE "KINIS",

THOUGH MY SISTER WOULD DISAGREE, SHE'S VISITED THIS CONTINENT MANY TIMES. UNLIKE MYSELF, LILITH MANAGES TO MAKE HERSELF AT HOME ANYWHERE.

I'M
ANXIOUS TO
MEET MY RIVAL,
AND GET OUT OF
THIS PART OF
THE WORLD BEFORE
I'VE HAD MY
FILL OF THE
YANK.



AND
FROM WHAT
I'VE HEARD TELL
OF LILITH, SHE'S
NOT PARTICULAR
ABOUT THE
COMPANY
SHE KEEPS,
EITHER.

ALL
THOSE
HALF-HUMAN
LILIM RUNNING
ABOUT THE
GLOBE.

LOOKING
TO LOSE
YOUR
TONGUE,
BARBARIAN
?

WISSSSSS

FORGIVE
ME, MY
QUEEN...

FOR
THE SAKE OF
MY AGE, THIS
ONCE WILL I
FORGIVE THE
STUPIDITY OF
A MAORI
BRUTE...

THOUGH
HER KIND AND
MINE HAVE BEEN
AT ODDS FOR AGES
BEYOND MEN, YOUNG
CUB, I'LL SUFFER
NONE TO SPEAK
ILL OF MY FLESH
AND BLOOD
KIN!

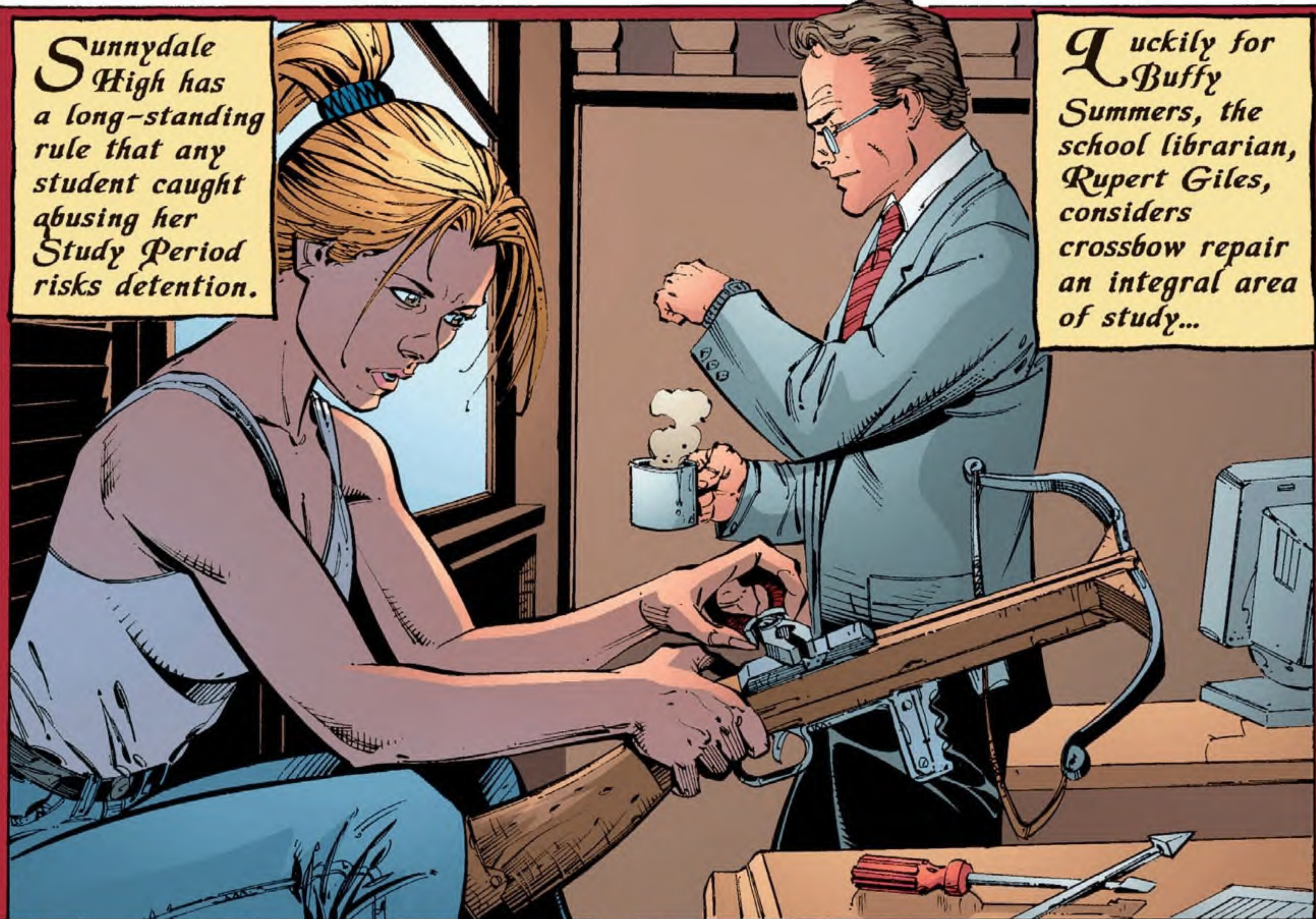
NEVER
SUPPOSE FOR
A SECOND THAT
ANYONE MAY STAND
AS HIGH ON THE
MOUNTAIN OF
CONTEMPT AS I
HOLD FOR MY
OWN DEAR
SISTER!

THAT
PLATEAU,
I, ALONE,
COMMAND!



Sunnydale High has a long-standing rule that any student caught abusing her Study Period risks detention.

Luckily for Buffy Summers, the school librarian, Rupert Giles, considers crossbow repair an integral area of study...



...at least when it comes to Buffy's best subject, Vampire Slaying.

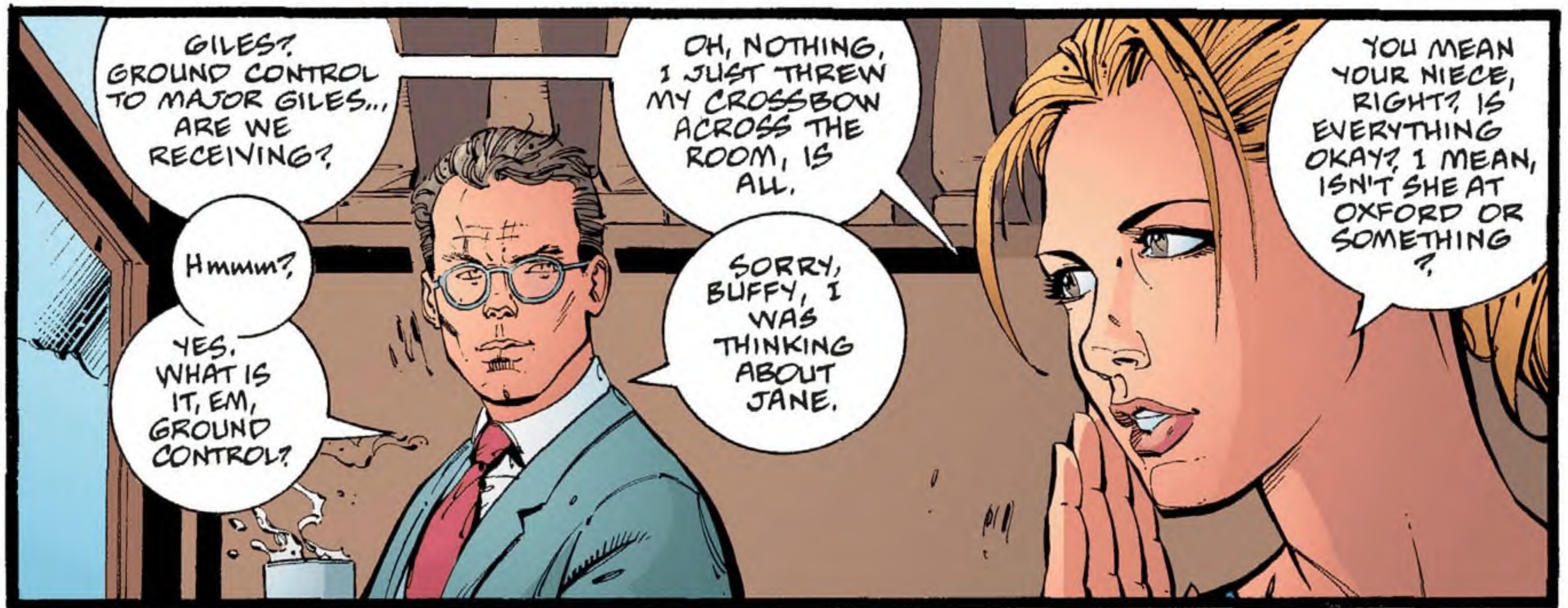
STUPID, STUPID CROSSBOW!



THAT DOES IT, GILES!

I'M NOW OFFICIALLY QUITTING AFTERSCHOOL SLAYING AND JOINING THE MATH CLUB.





GILES?
GROUND CONTROL
TO MAJOR GILES...
ARE WE
RECEIVING?

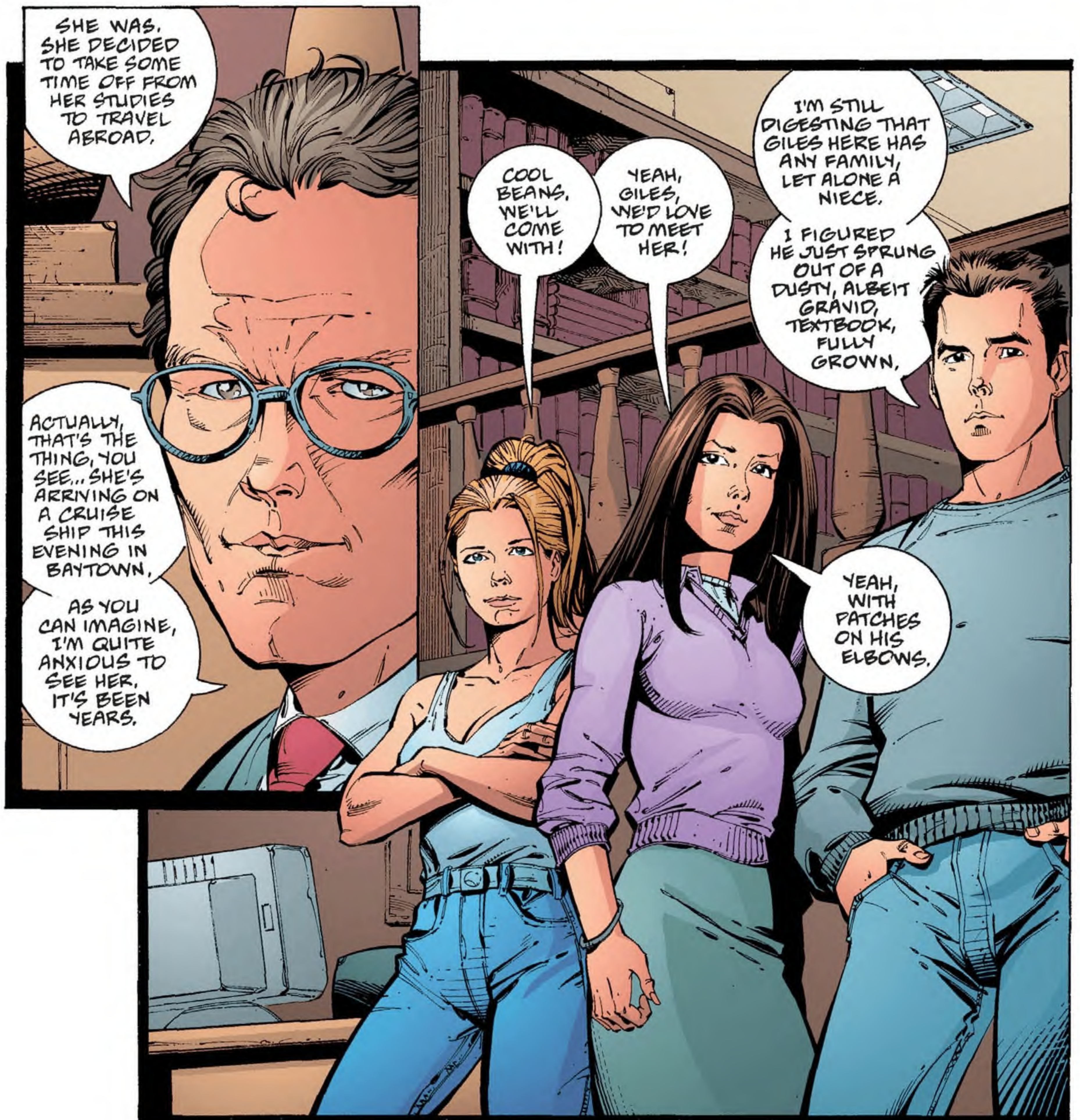
Hmmm?

YES.
WHAT IS
IT, EM,
GROUND
CONTROL?

OH, NOTHING,
I JUST THREW
MY CROSSBOW
ACROSS THE
ROOM, IS
ALL.

SORRY,
BUFFY, I
WAS
THINKING
ABOUT
JANE.

YOU MEAN
YOUR NIECE,
RIGHT? IS
EVERYTHING
OKAY? I MEAN,
ISN'T SHE AT
OXFORD OR
SOMETHING
?



SHE WAS.
SHE DECIDED
TO TAKE SOME
TIME OFF FROM
HER STUDIES
TO TRAVEL
ABROAD.

ACTUALLY,
THAT'S THE
THING, YOU
SEE... SHE'S
ARRIVING ON
A CRUISE
SHIP THIS
EVENING IN
BAYTOWN.

AS YOU
CAN IMAGINE,
I'M QUITE
ANXIOUS TO
SEE HER.
IT'S BEEN
YEARS.

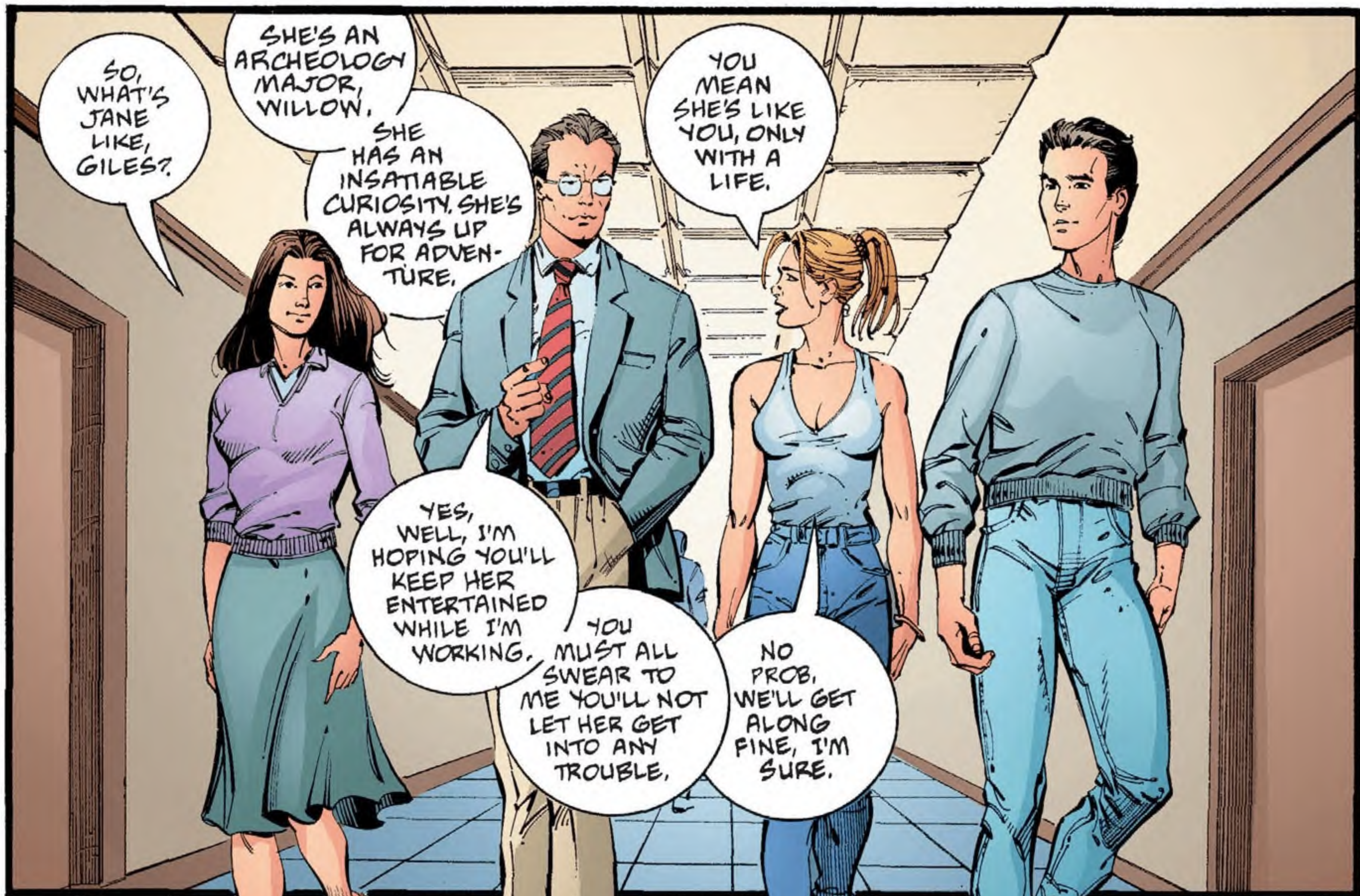
COOL
BEANS,
WE'LL
COME
WITH!

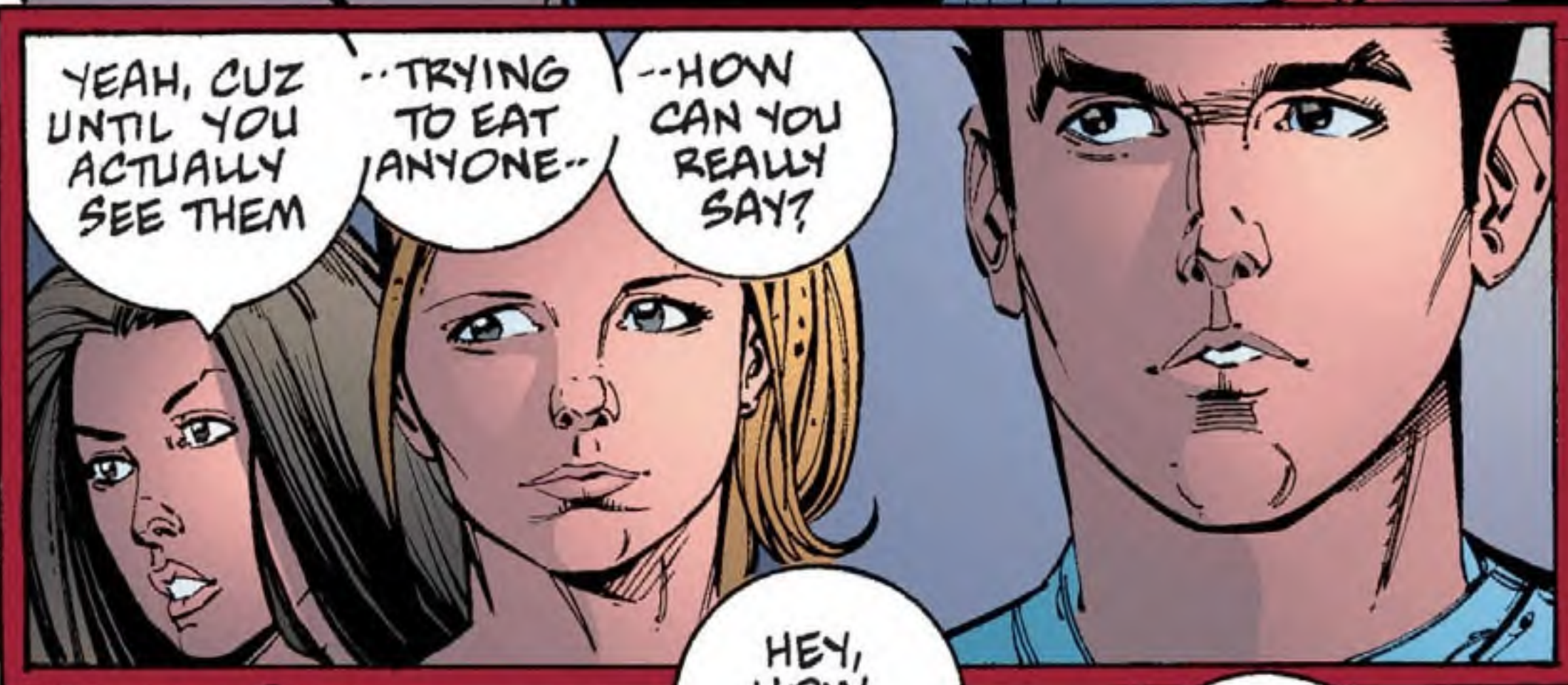
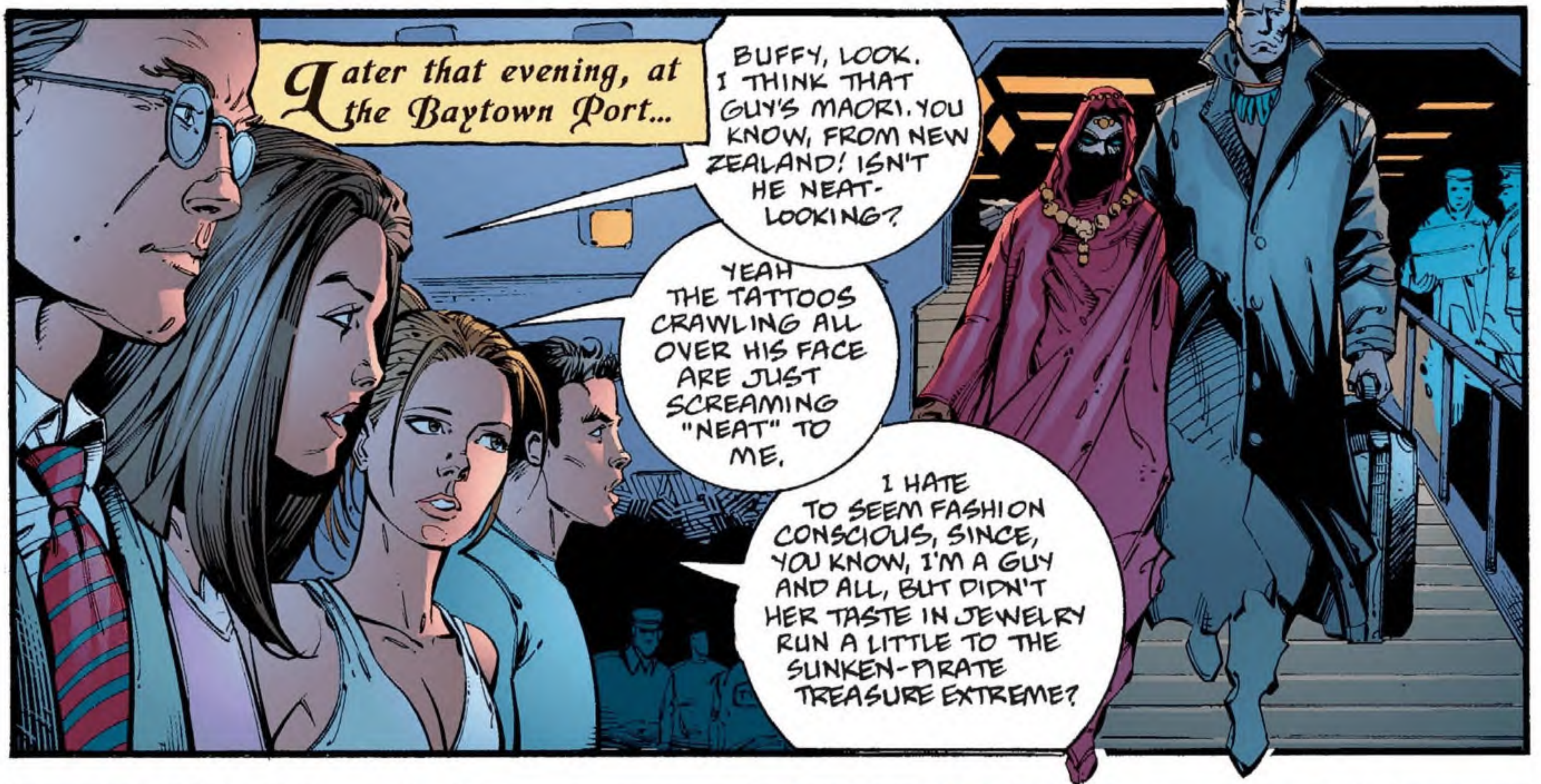
YEAH,
GILES,
WE'D LOVE
TO MEET
HER!

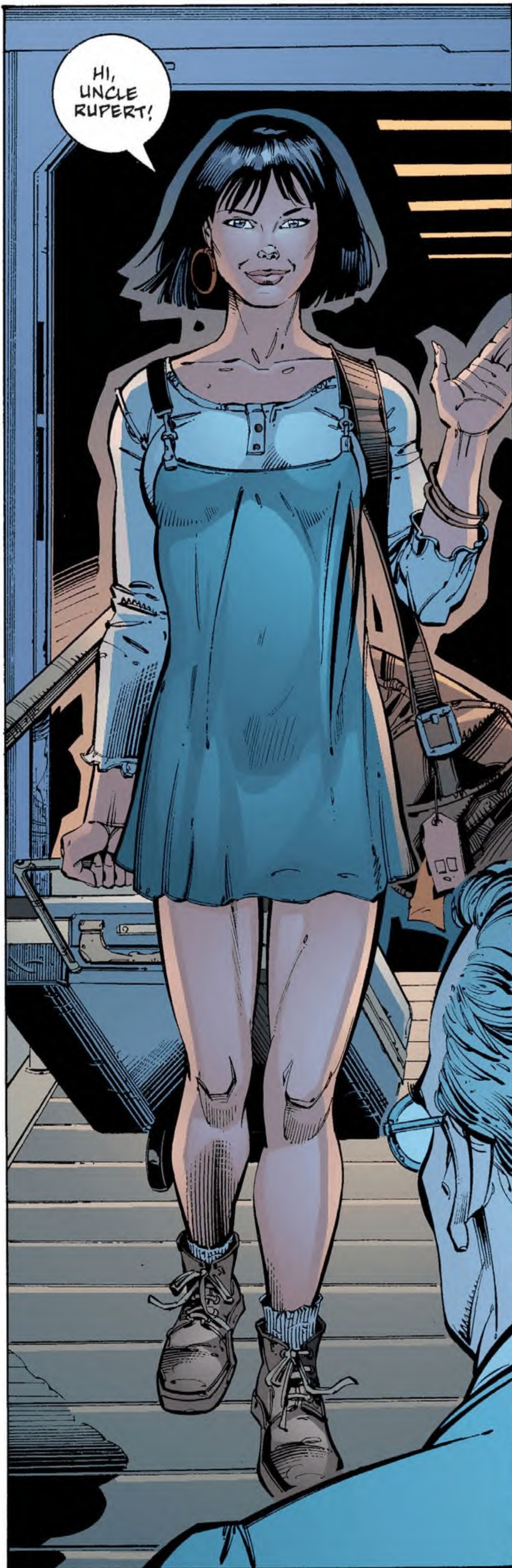
I'M STILL
DIGESTING THAT
GILES HERE HAS
ANY FAMILY,
LET ALONE A
NIECE.

I FIGURED
HE JUST SPRUNG
OUT OF A
DUSTY, ALBEIT
GRAVID,
TEXTBOOK,
FULLY
GROWN.

YEAH,
WITH
PATCHES
ON HIS
ELBOWS.









Later, at the only hangout in town, *The Bronze*...

UNCLE DOESN'T REALIZE IT, BUT I'VE BEEN STUDYING UP ON YOUR HOME TOWN. IT'S QUITE INFAMOUS.

WE'RE REAL BIG ON INFAMY HERE. YOU MIGHT SAY WE'RE NOTORIOUS FOR IT IN SUNNYDALE.

GILES STARTS TO CLEAR HIS THROAT AND COUGH WHENEVER I ASK HIM ABOUT THE 'PORTAL TO THE NETHERWORLD' YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE HERE...

...HAVE ANY OF YOU SEEN IT?



THAT'S JUST BABY STUFF THEY TELL YOU TO SCARE YOU INTO EATING YOUR PEAS AND CARROTS.



LIKE WHEN YOU'RE, YOU KNOW, A BABY. BABIES DON'T EVEN BELIEVE THAT STUFF.

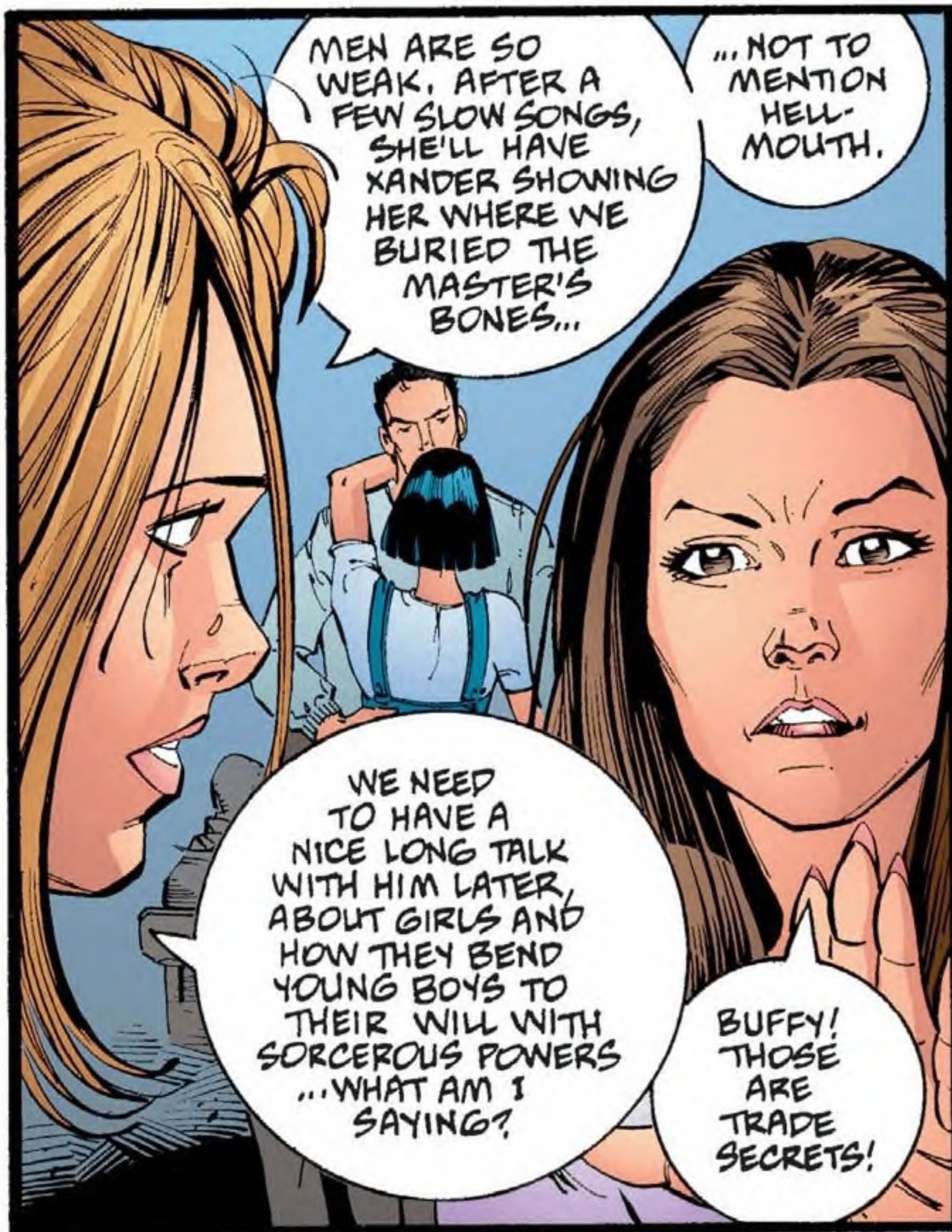


I SEE...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE WITH ME, XANDER?

"LIKE" ISN'T A STRONG ENOUGH WORD FOR IT!

OH, SHE'S SO CRAFTY. WENT RIGHT FOR THE WEAK LINK IN THE CHAIN.

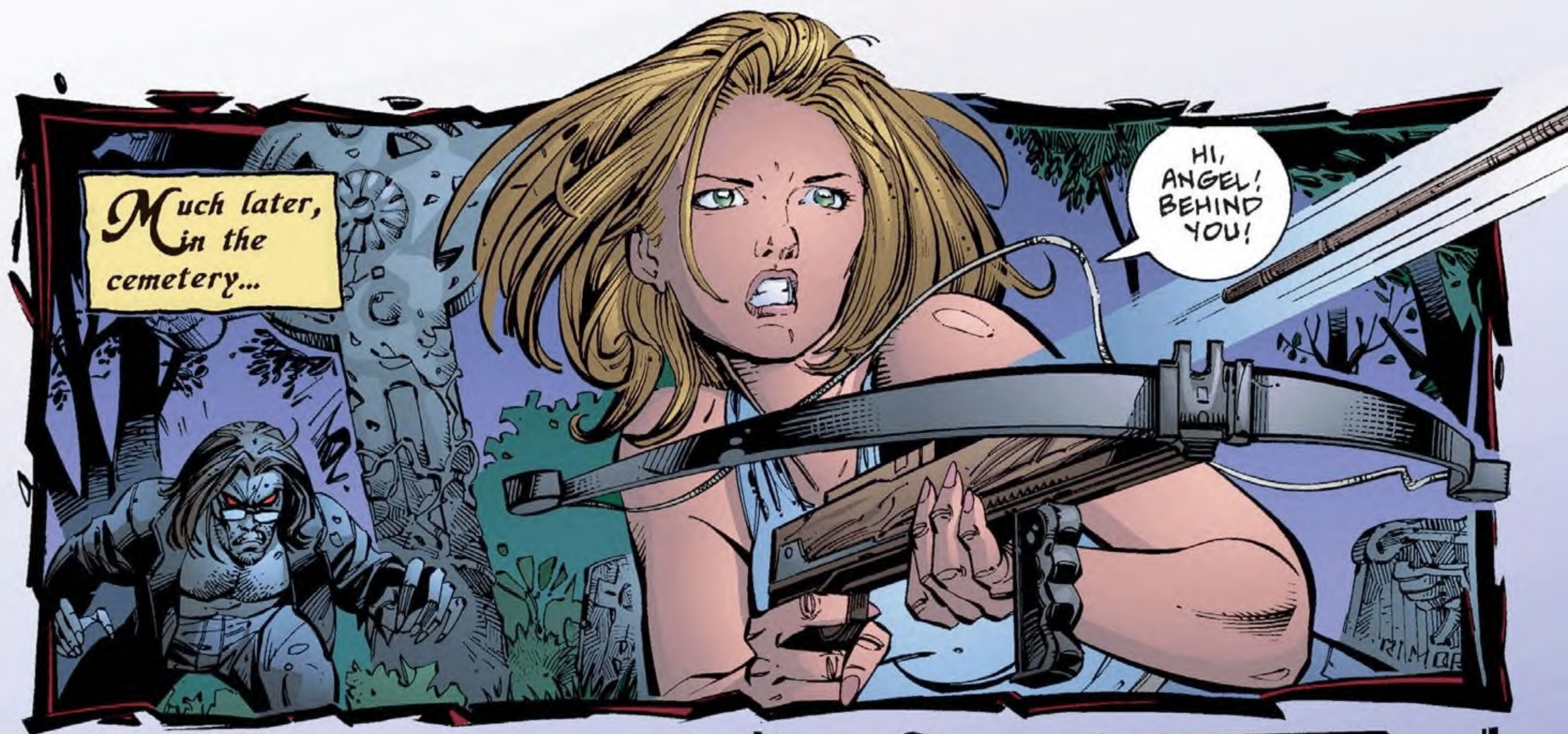


MEN ARE SO WEAK. AFTER A FEW SLOW SONGS, SHE'LL HAVE XANDER SHOWING HER WHERE WE BURIED THE MASTER'S BONES...

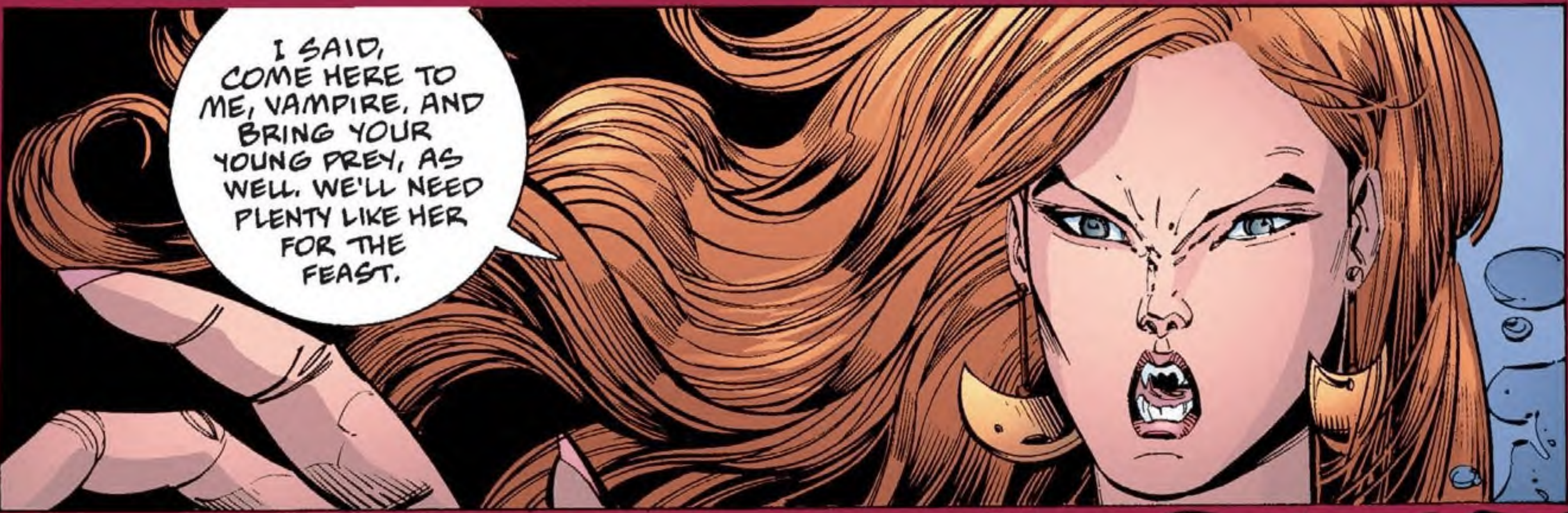
...NOT TO MENTION HELL-MOUTH.

WE NEED TO HAVE A NICE LONG TALK WITH HIM LATER, ABOUT GIRLS AND HOW THEY BEND YOUNG BOYS TO THEIR WILL WITH SORCEROUS POWERS ...WHAT AM I SAYING?

BUFFY! THOSE ARE TRADE SECRETS!







I SAID,
COME HERE TO
ME, VAMPIRE, AND
BRING YOUR
YOUNG PREY, AS
WELL. WE'LL NEED
PLENTY LIKE HER
FOR THE
FEAST.



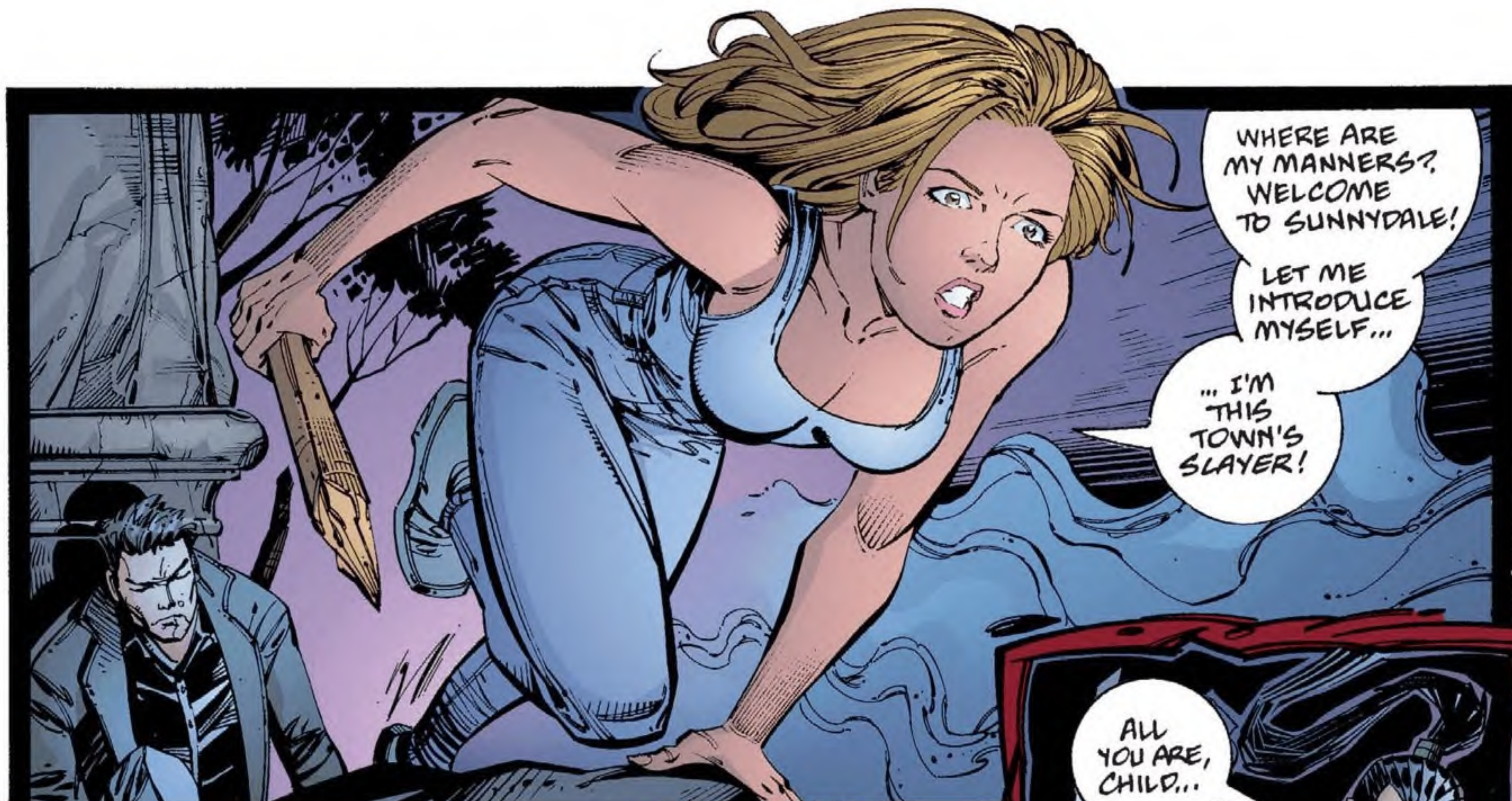
RUN,
BUFFY!

VERY
WELL. ADA
SHALL
FETCH YOU
THEN.



YOU'LL
HEEL WHEN
YOUR QUEEN
BECKONS, CUR.
ELSE I'LL
TASTE YOUR
BLOOD.





WHERE ARE MY MANNERS?
WELCOME
TO SUNNYDALE!

LET ME
INTRODUCE
MYSELF...

... I'M
THIS
TOWN'S
SLAYER!



SMACK!

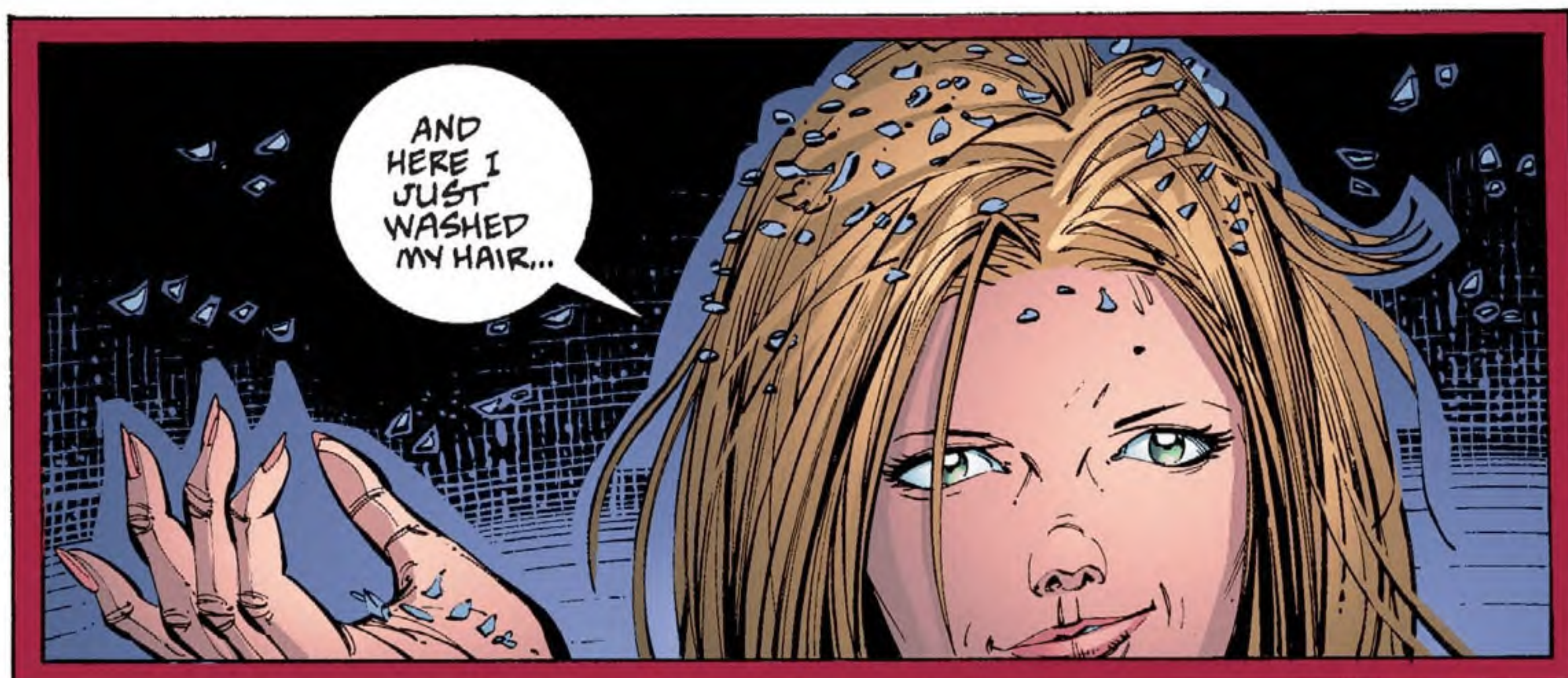
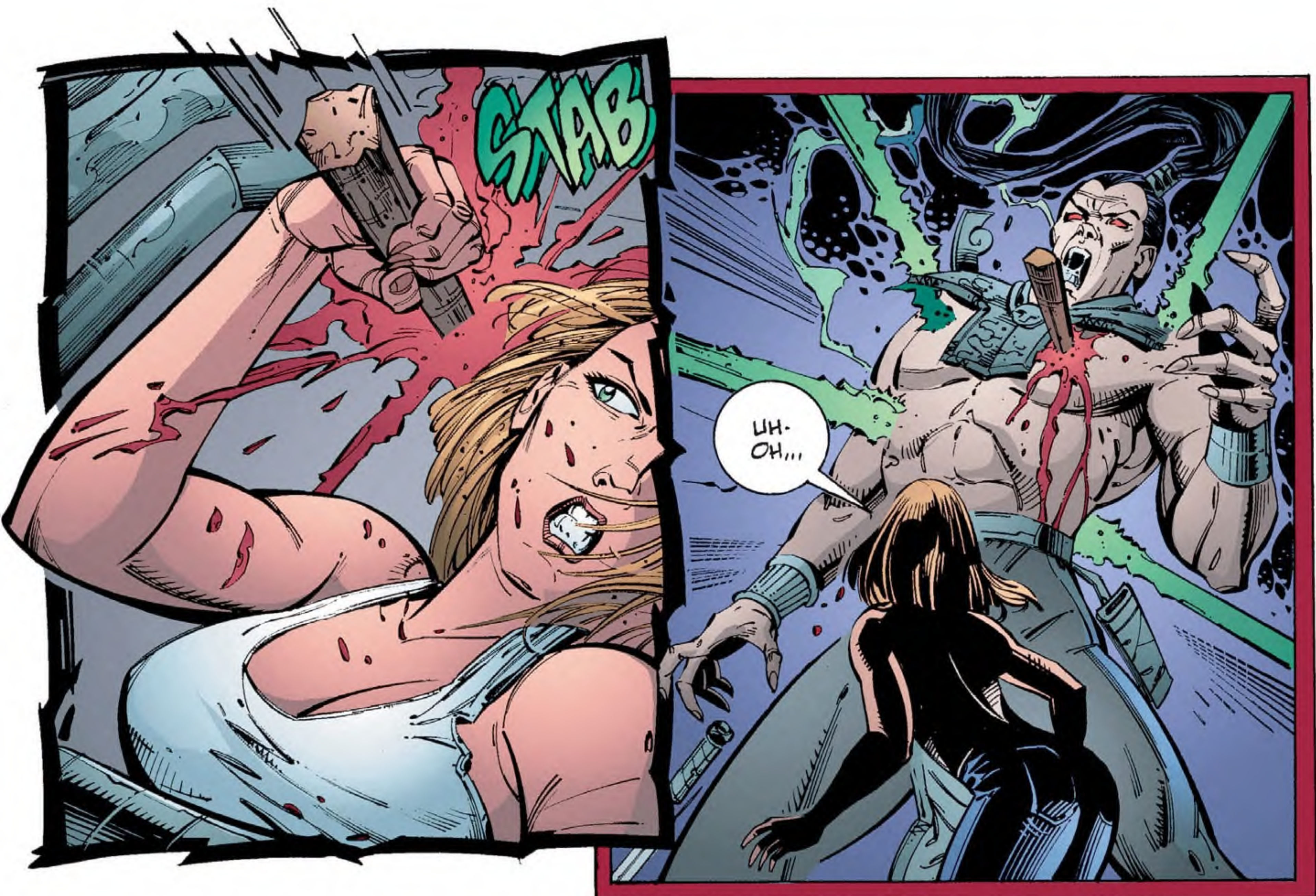


ALL
YOU ARE,
CHILD...



...IS
SOMETHING
FOR ME TO
CUT OPEN
AND DRINK
FROM...





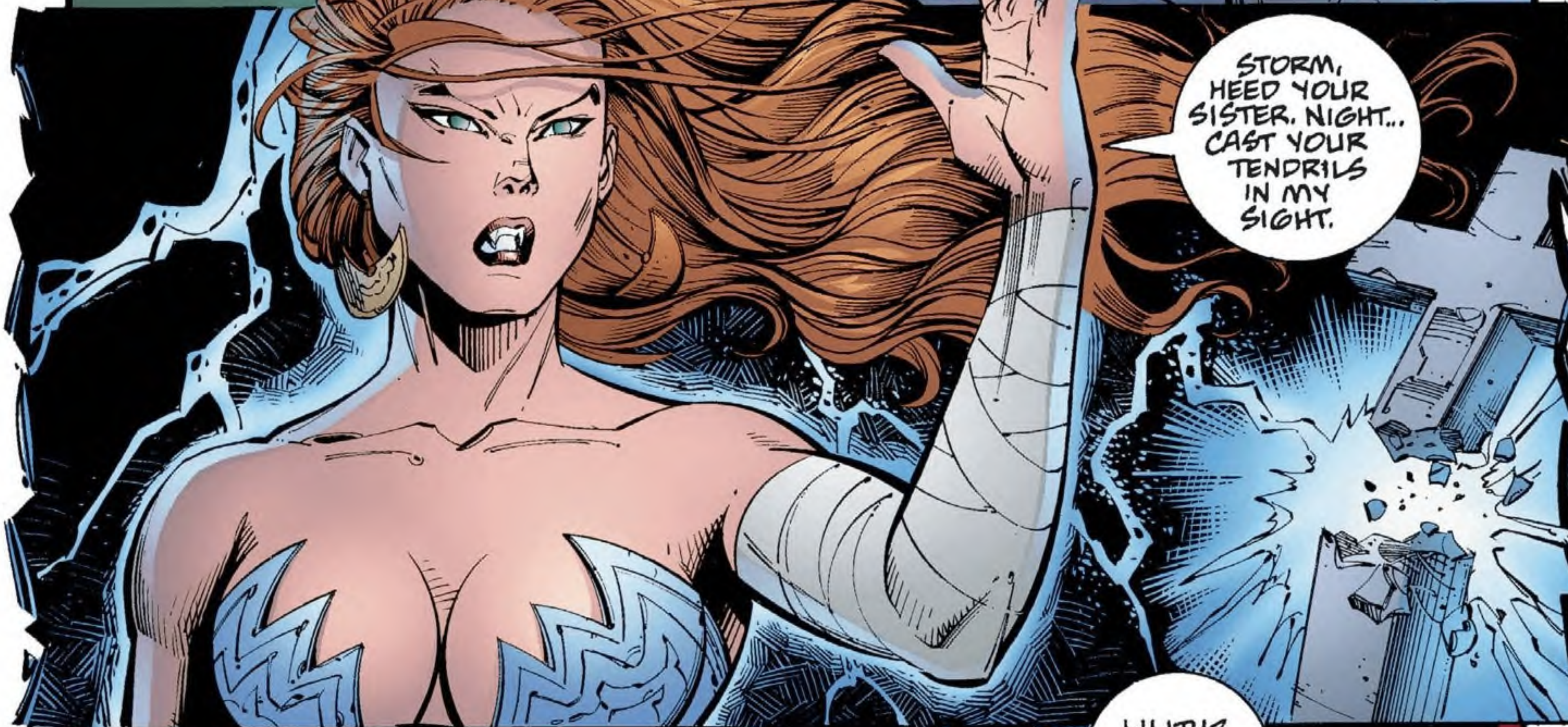


C'MON, BOYFRIEND, LET'S GO PLAY CHECKERS OR READ A BOOK... ANYTHING...

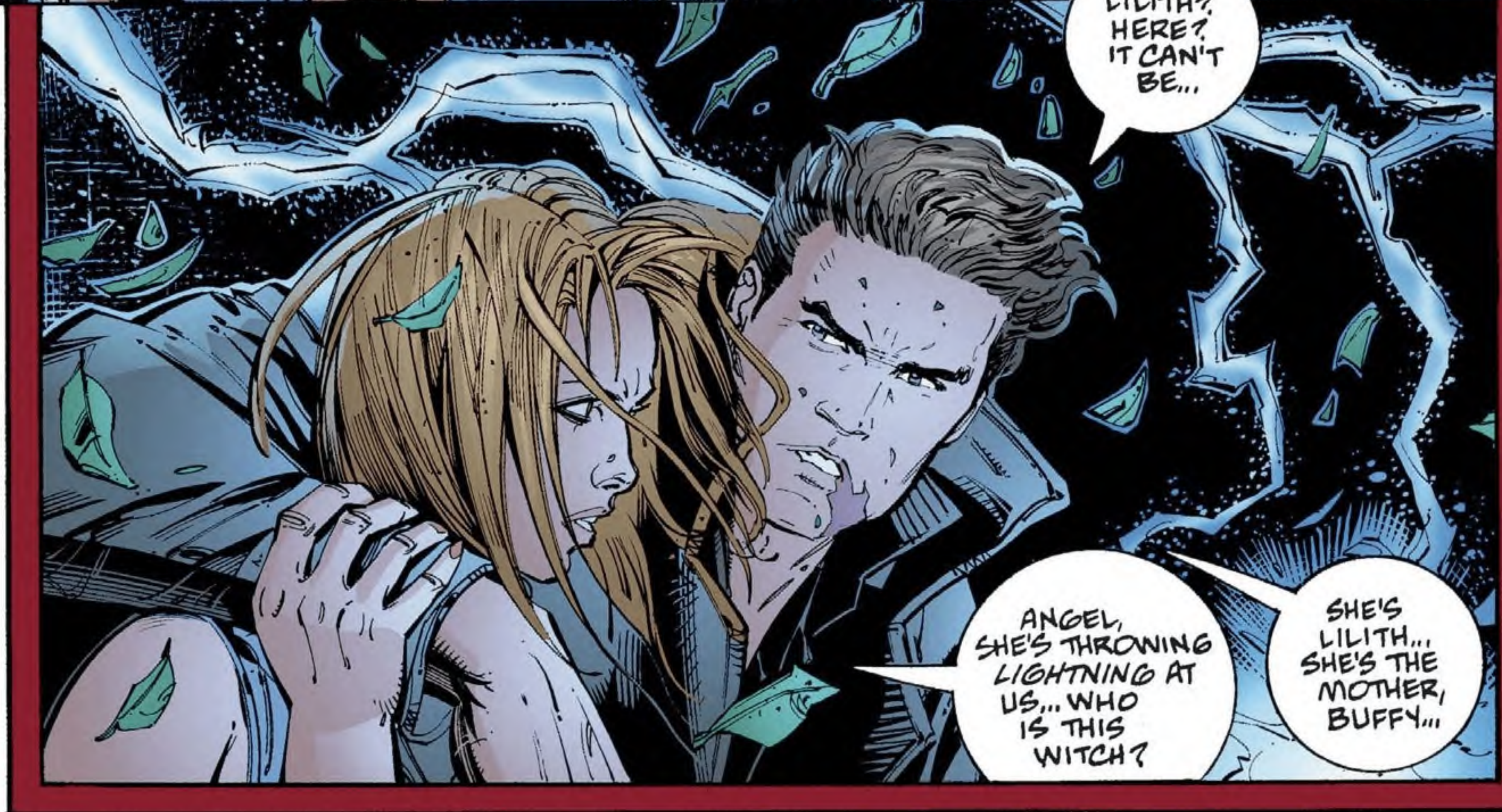
...JUST DON'T TELL ME SHE'S FOLLOWING US!

...I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUFF...

...THEN DON'T! KEEP MOVING! WE'RE GONNA GIMP OUR WAY OUTTA HERE...



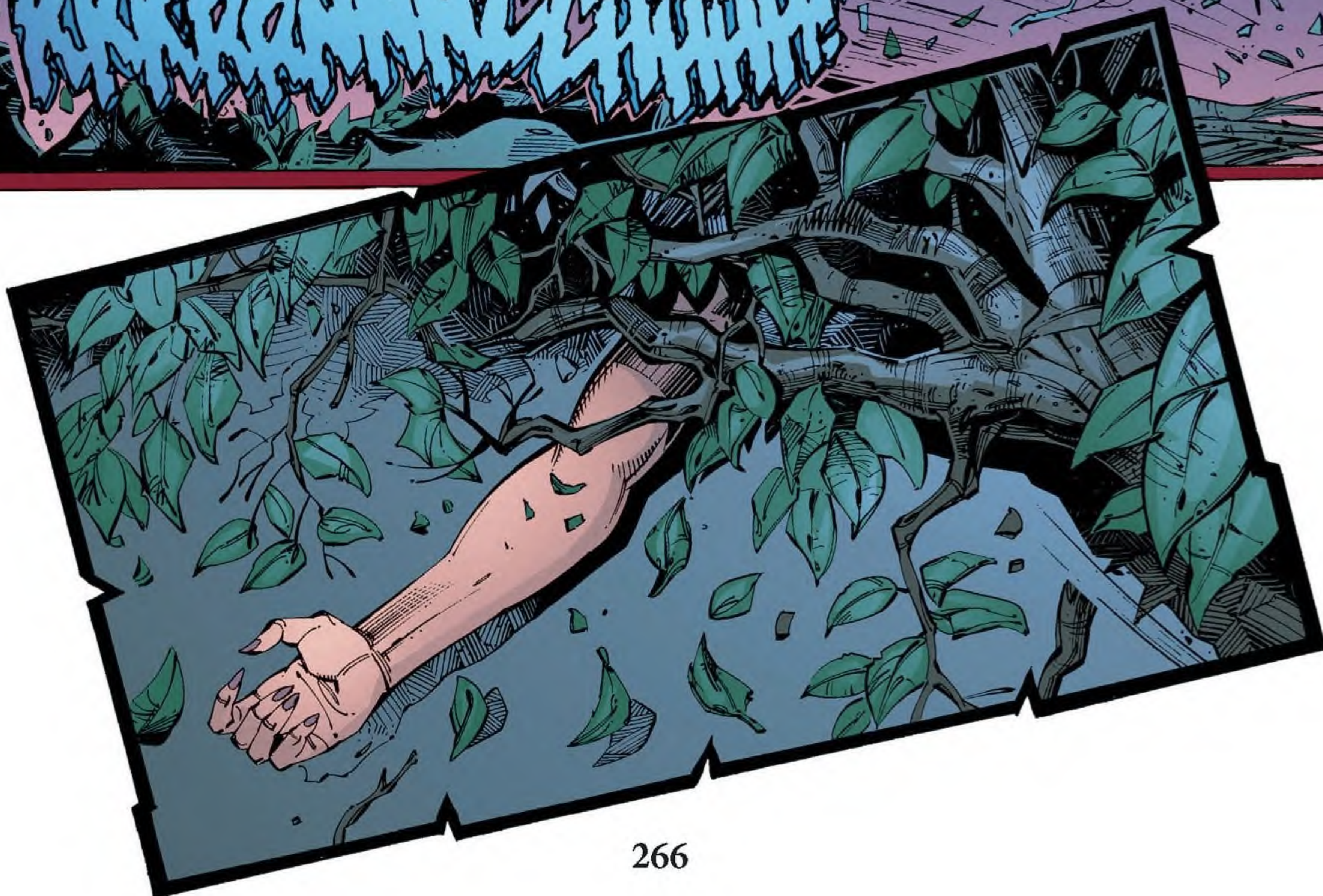
STORM, HEED YOUR SISTER, NIGHT... CAST YOUR TENDRILS IN MY SIGHT.



LILITH? HERE? IT CAN'T BE...

ANGEL, SHE'S THROWING LIGHTNING AT US... WHO IS THIS WITCH?

SHE'S LILITH... SHE'S THE MOTHER, BUFFY...



I'D
HEARD
THE SLAYER
WAS
DEAD.

KILLED
BY MY OWN
SON, THE ONE
THEY CALLED
THE MASTER
OF THIS
CONTINENT'S
PORTAL.

THIS
COULD
HAVE ENDED
BADLY.
FATE BROUGHT
HER TO
ME.

ALL'S
WELL, THEN
THE LILIM
WILL REST
EASY
NOW.

BRING
THE CURSED
ONE, MINOS,
HE...
INTERESTS
ME...

YOU
AREN'T
GOING TO
FEED ON
HER, THEN,
MOTHER?

I COULD,
BUT WON'T. IT'S
BEEN ONLY BAD
LUCK IN TIMES
PAST WHEN OUR
KIND HAVE
FED ON PAST
SLAYERS.

I'LL
NOT TEMPT
FATE SO
CAPRICIOUSLY
FOR SUCH
A SMALL
MEAL.

Hours later...

MENTAL
NOTE TO SELF:
'DEATH BY
OAK TREE,
AVOIDED.'

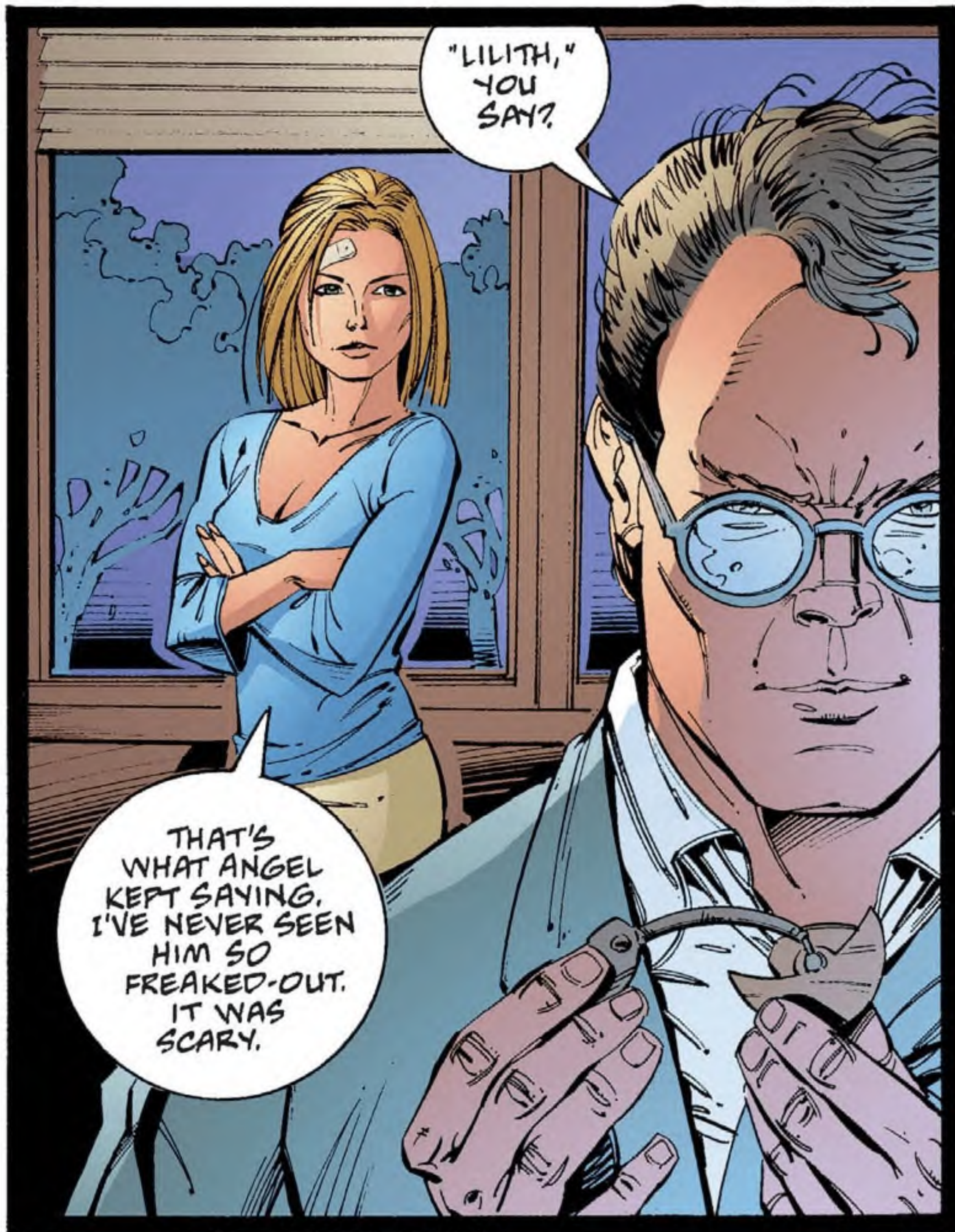
THAT
COULD FILL
AT LEAST A
WHOLE CHAPTER
IN MY DIARY
TONIGHT...

...IF I
HAD A
DIARY.

OH,
HOW
SAD...

...THAT POOR
VAMPIRE QUEEN
LOST AN EARRING
WHILE SHE WAS
LIGHTNING
BOLTING
ME...

...I
MEAN
"US" ...
WHERE'S
ANGEL?

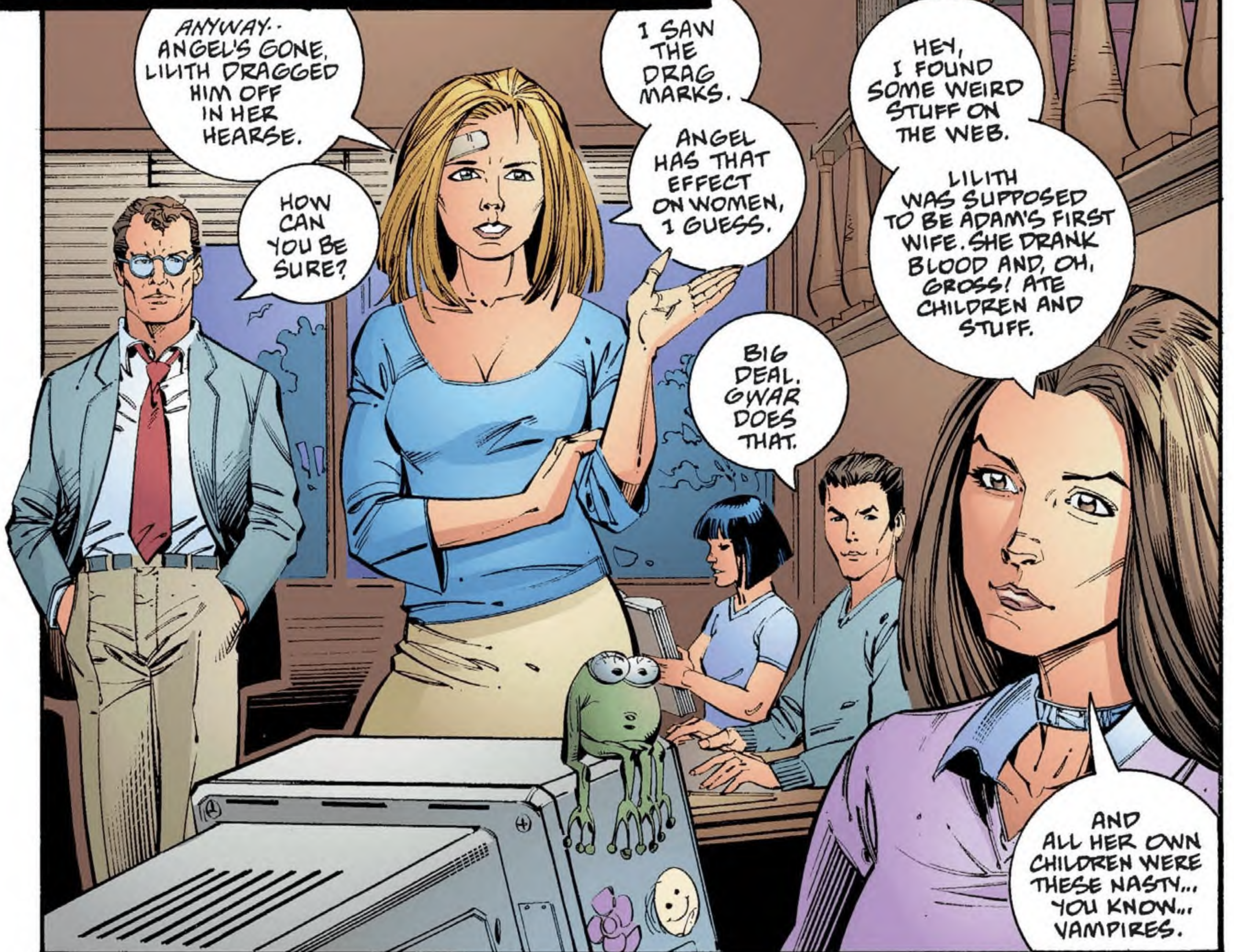


"LILITH,"
YOU
SAY?

THAT'S
WHAT ANGEL
KEPT SAYING.
I'VE NEVER SEEN
HIM SO
FREAKED-OUT.
IT WAS
SCARY.



ARE YOU SURE
HE WASN'T TALKING
ABOUT THAT BIG FESTIVAL
WITH ALL THE FOLK
SINGER BABES? WHAT'S
SCARY ABOUT THAT?
I HATE TO TELL YOU, BUT
I'M ALL OVER THAT
KIND OF SCARY.
YEAH, BABY!



ANYWAY...
ANGEL'S GONE.
LILITH DRAGGED
HIM OFF
IN HER
HEARSE.

HOW
CAN
YOU BE
SURE?

I SAW
THE
DRAG
MARKS.

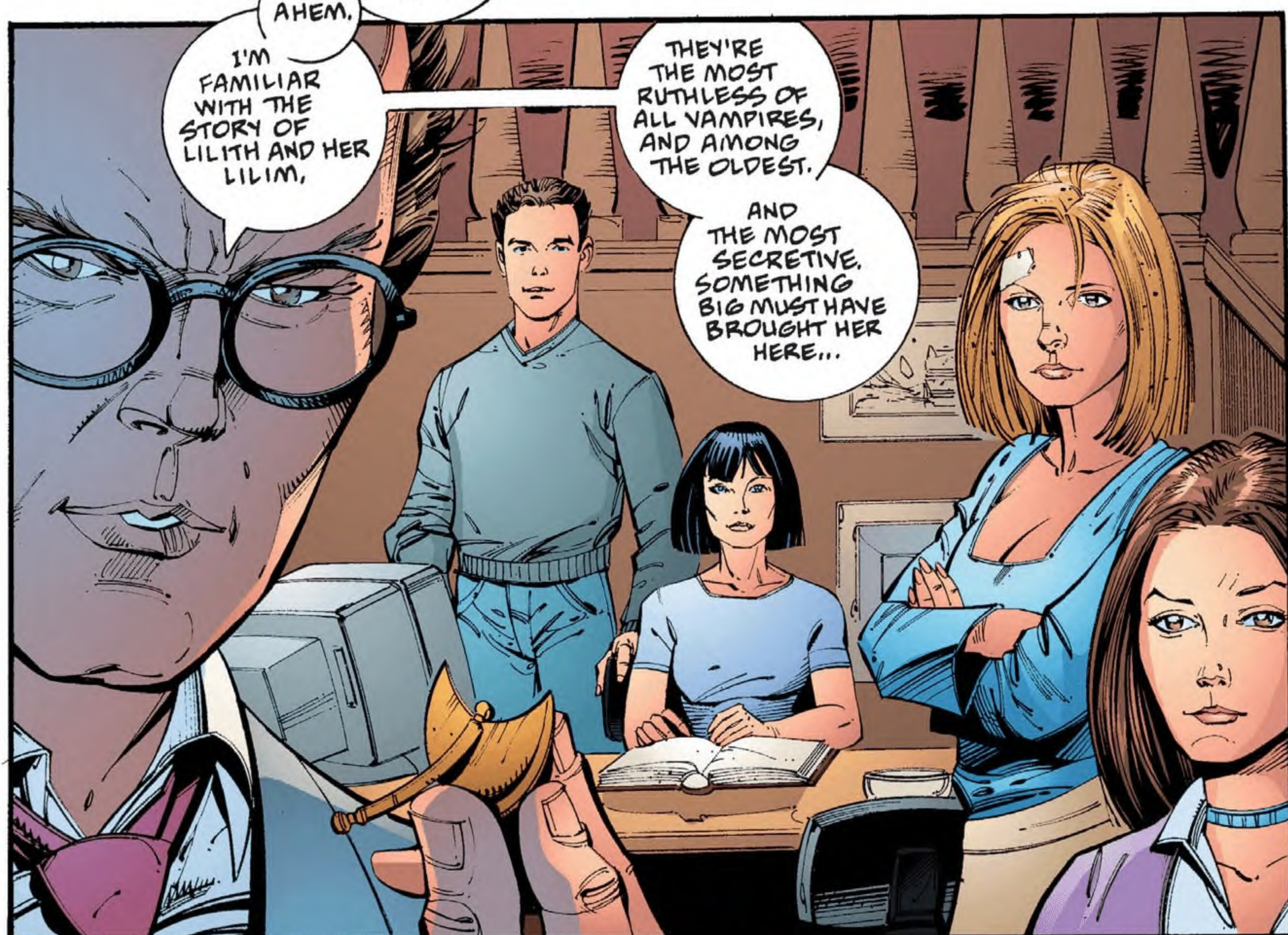
ANGEL
HAS THAT
EFFECT
ON WOMEN,
I GUESS.

BIG
DEAL.
GWAR
DOES
THAT.

HEY,
I FOUND
SOME WEIRD
STUFF ON
THE WEB.

LILITH
WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE ADAM'S FIRST
WIFE. SHE DRANK
BLOOD AND, OH,
GROSS! ATE
CHILDREN AND
STUFF.

AND
ALL HER OWN
CHILDREN WERE
THESE NASTY...
YOU KNOW...
VAMPIRES.



Far below Sunnydale High, deep underground, lies a forsaken, collapsed church.

This place is the center of all Evil in these parts. It's also the location of a portal called The Hellmouth.

CHILDREN, LAST NIGHT OUR PHOENICIAN WARRIOR PRINCE, ADA, MALICIOUSLY DUPED, FELL TO THE SLAYER. DESPITE RECENT REPORTS, IT SEEMS SHE IS ALIVE AND WELL, AND THIS ONE HAS HELP.

I REALIZE THIS COMES AS A SHOCK, BUT IT'S LITTLE CAUSE FOR ALARM.

AFTER ALL, A SLAYER IS ONLY HUMAN.

THE DUST WALTZ WILL COMMENCE AS PLANNED.

MY QUEEN, WHO WILL TAKE GREAT ADA'S PLACE AS YOUR CHAMPION?

SURELY LAMIA WILL DEMAND A CHALLENGER.

STILL YOUR TONGUE, HELLPUP!

I'LL NOT STAND AT THE EDGE OF CHAOS' DOMAIN AND QUIBBLE WITH MINIONS ON TRIVIAL MATTERS.

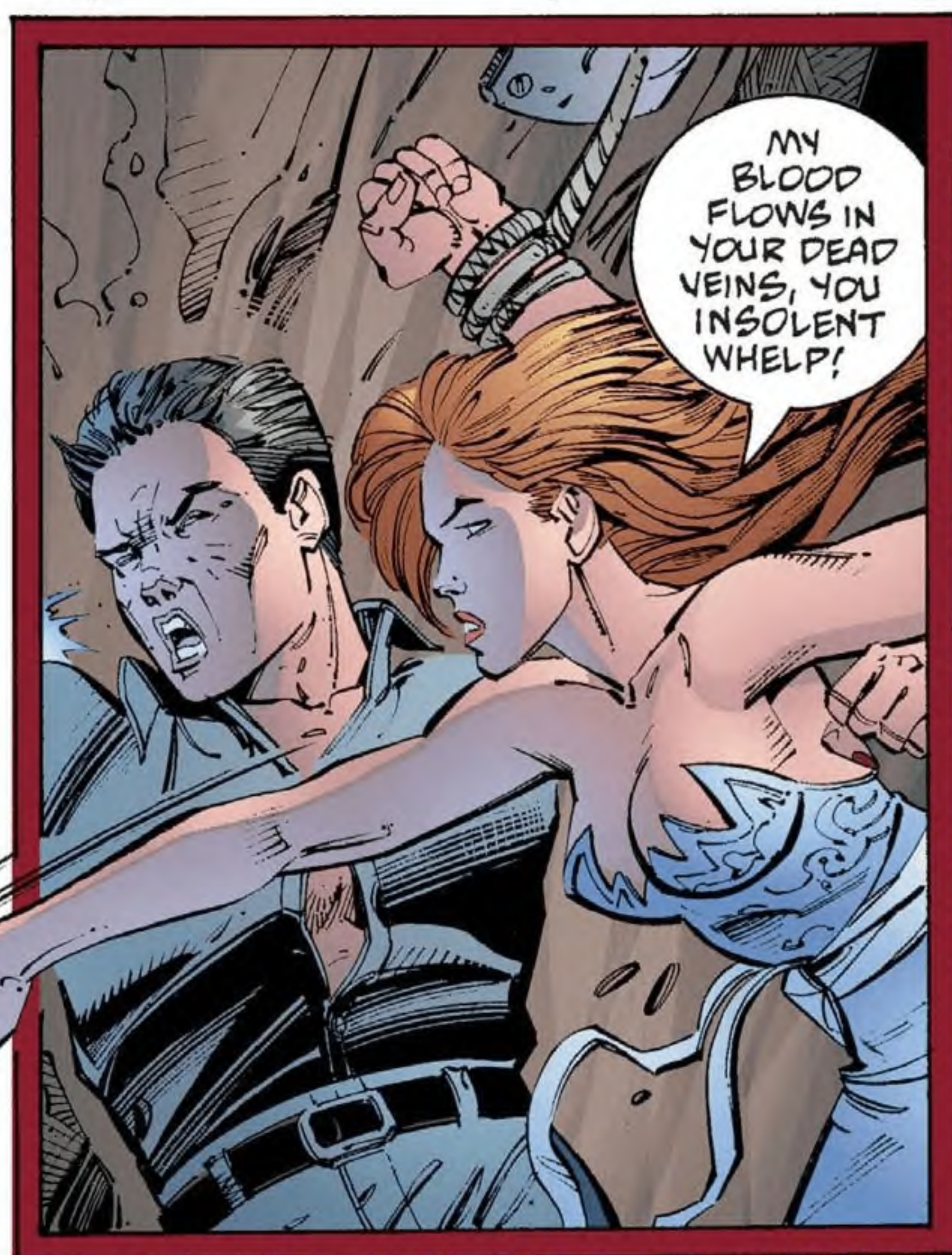
I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT MY WHINING SISTER'S DEMANDS!



STAND
AWAY
FROM
HIM, MY
CHILDREN,

LOOK
AT HIM. HIS
RESTORED MORTAL
SOUL CRINGES IN MY
PRESENCE. I'LL STROKE
HIS BROW AND HE'LL
SOON RECOGNIZE
THE FILIAL
TOUCH OF HIS
MOTHER...

MY
MOTHER'S
BEEN DEAD FOR
OVER TWO
HUNDRED YEARS,
DEMONESS. YOU'D
DO WELL TO
KEEP YOUR
DISTANCE!



MY
BLOOD
FLOWS IN YOUR DEAD
VEINS, YOU
INSOLENT
WHELP!

ANGEL
IS ARROGANT,
AND, CURSED AS
HE IS WITH A
SOUL, NOT TO BE
TRUSTED.

AND
YET,
HE IS
STRONG.

IF HE
RECOVERS,
HE MAY
DO.

HE
MAY
DO
NICELY.

The next night...

DOWN HERE, YOU TWO.

I FOUND IT IN UNCLE'S NOTES. IT'S AN ALTERNATE ROUTE THAT'S A NO-GO DURING THE RAINY SEASON. THE TUNNELS ARE DRY AS TOAST NOW.

COME ON, YOU TWO.

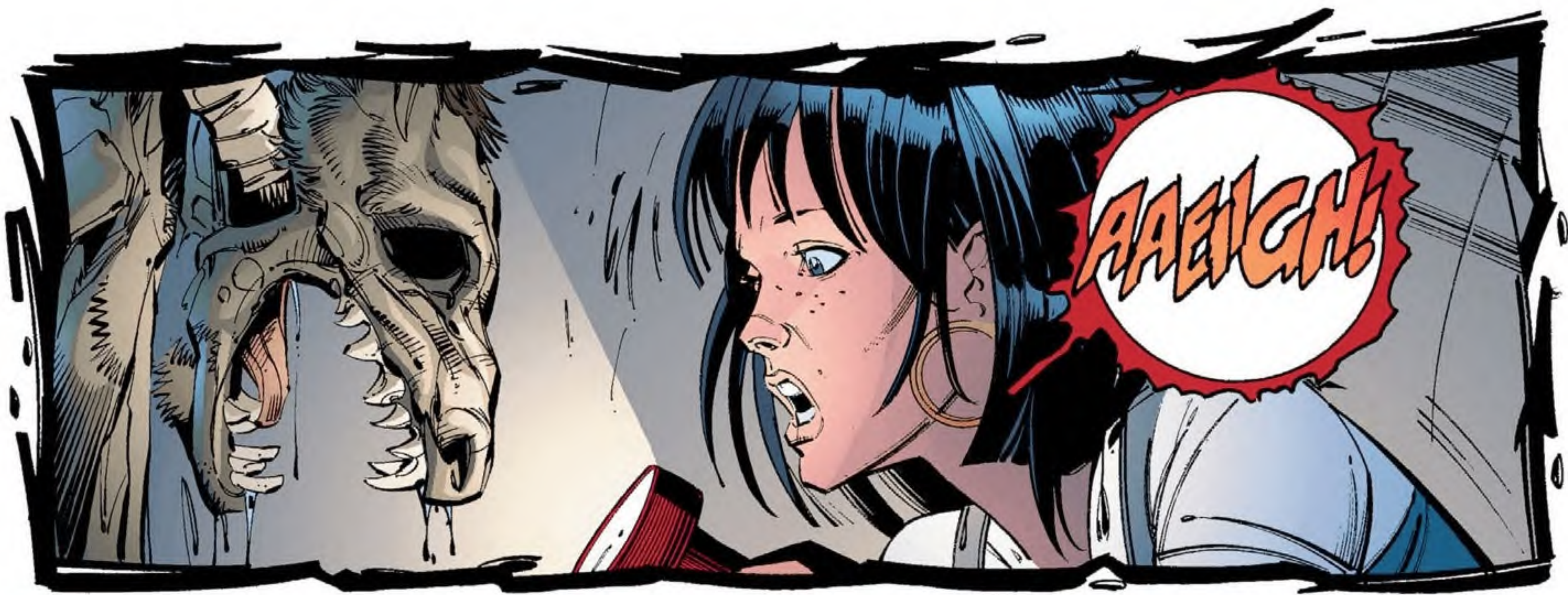
SHE'S EITHER THE BIGGEST IDIOT THE UNITED KINGDOM HAS EVER LURED ONTO A SHIP...

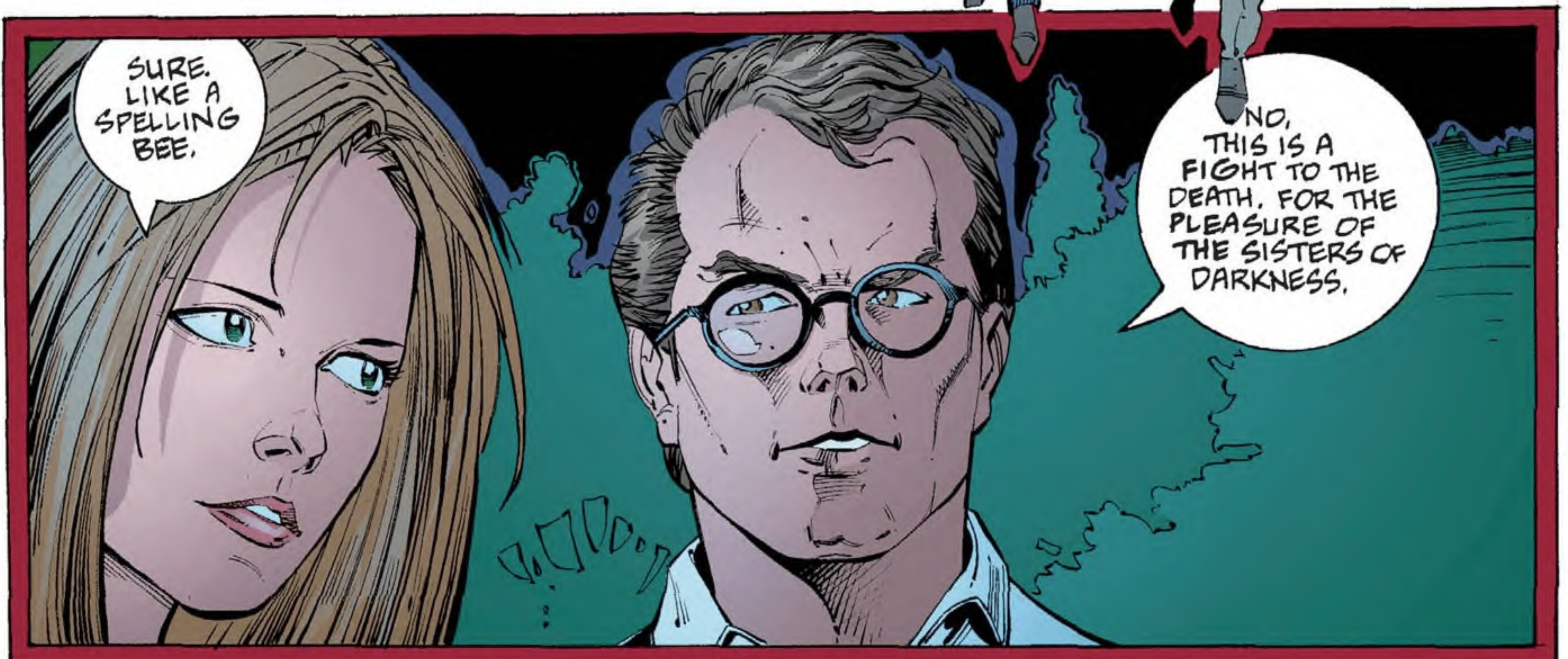
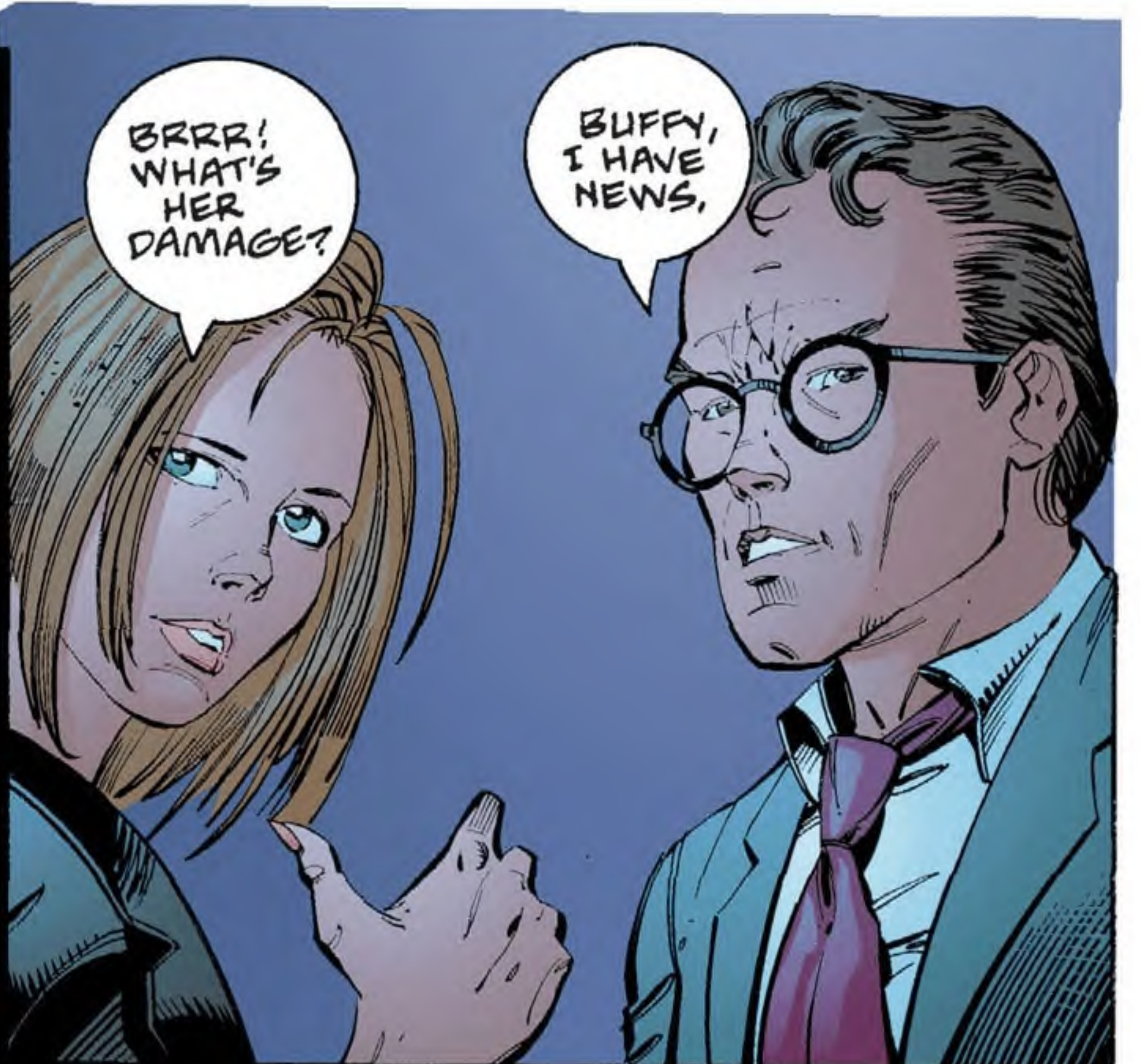
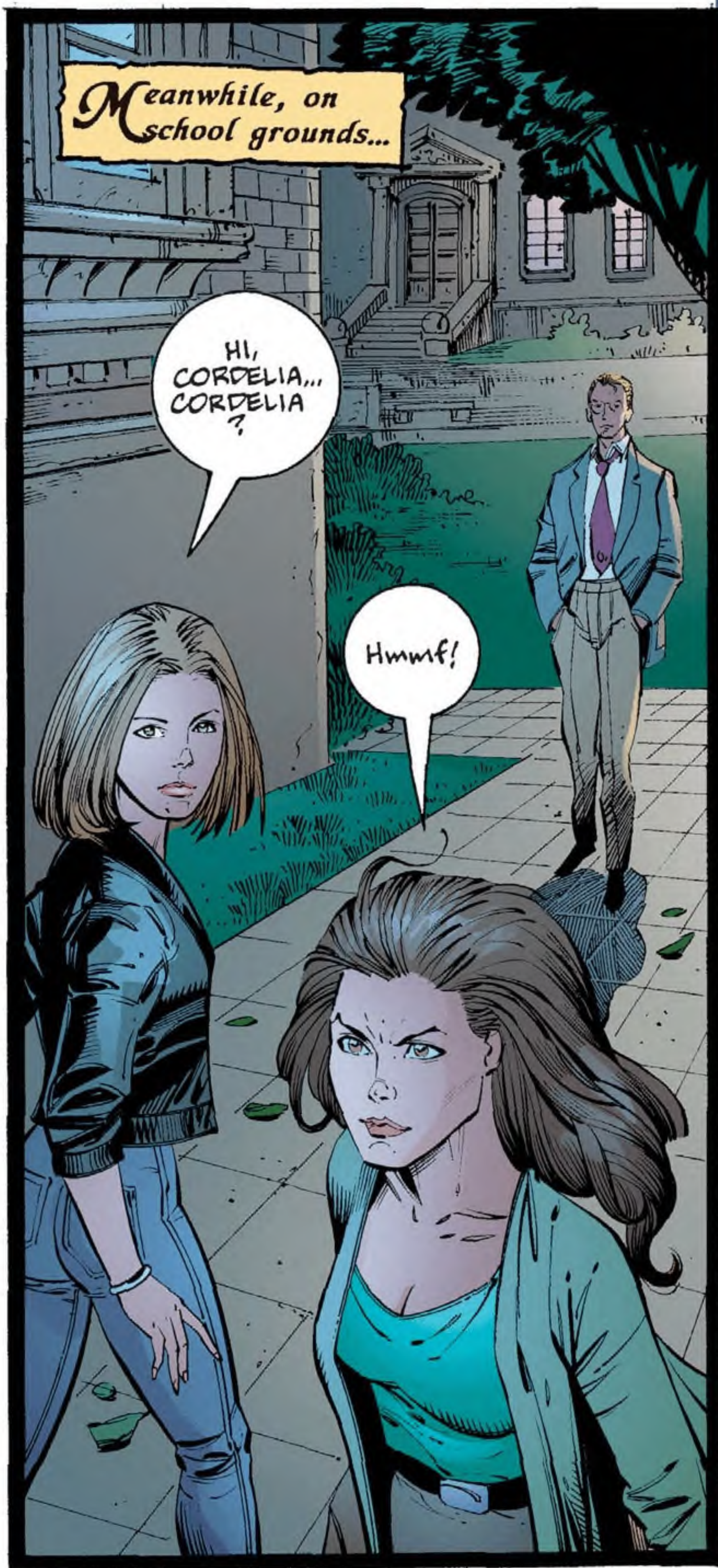
...OR SHE'S HOPPED-UP ON DIET PILLS.

I DON'T KNOW, I THINK SHE'S KIND OF "GIRL-POWERY."

GREAT! WE'RE HANGING WITH "DEATH-WISH SPICE."







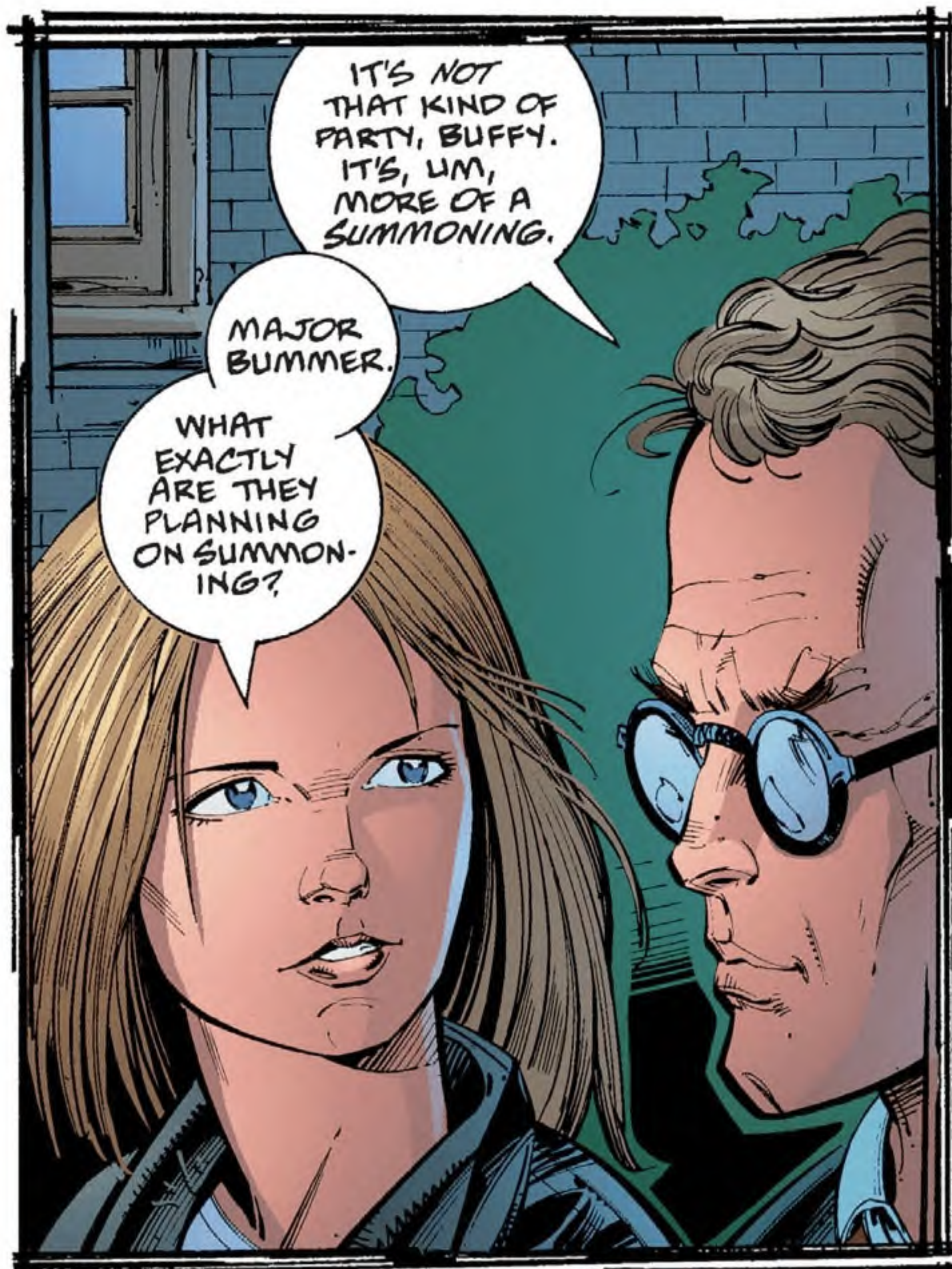


BUMMER, I GUESS WE WON'T BE HAVING ON OF THOSE NEXT SPRING INSTEAD OF THE PROM.

NO, IT'S STRICTLY AN EVENT TO BE AVOIDED--CANCELLED ENTIRELY, IN FACT.

IT CULMINATES WITH THE OPENING OF THE HELLMOUTH.

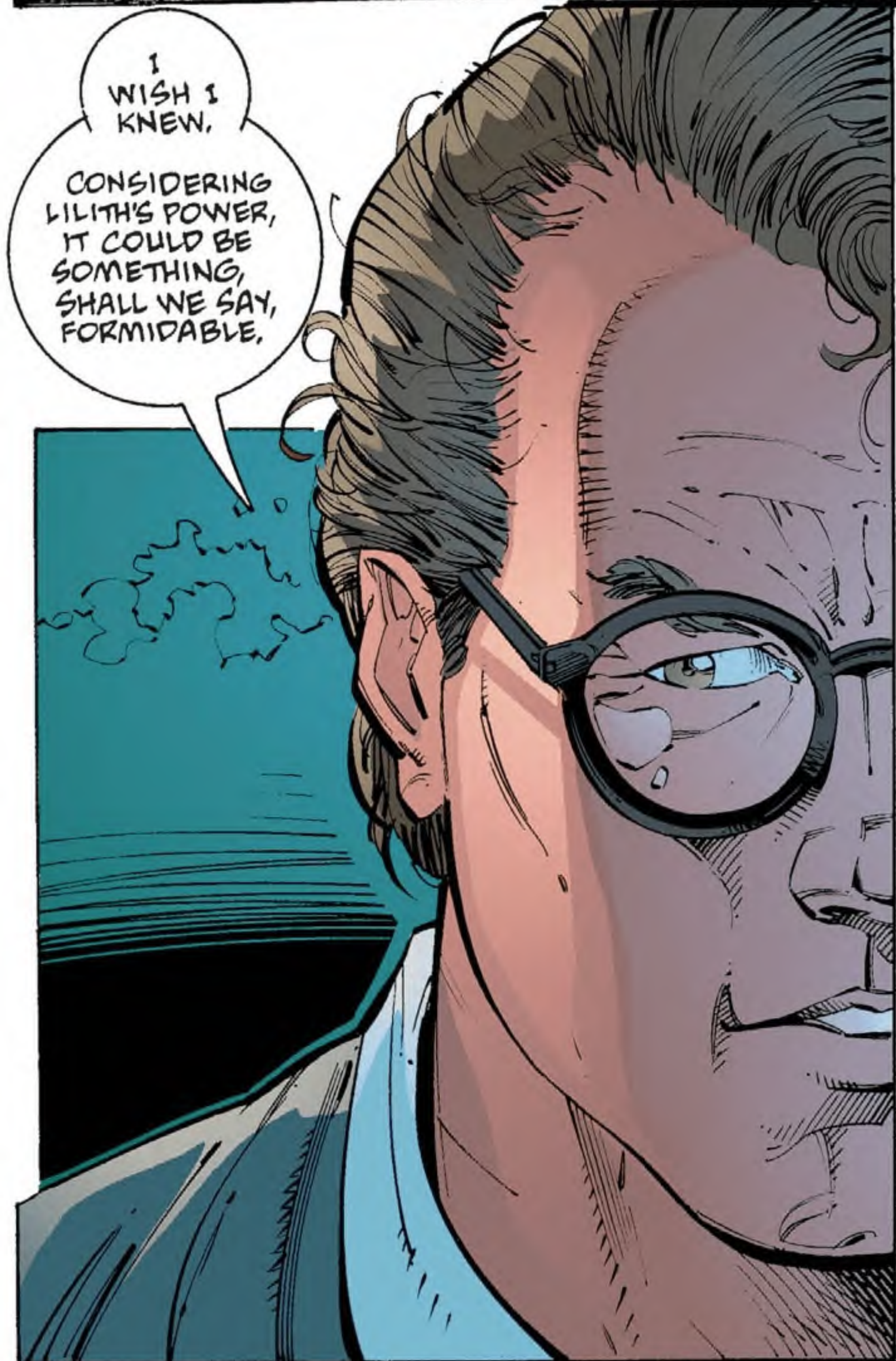
LET ME GUESS--THEY'RE NOT ALL GOING TO JUMP IN AT THE END ARE THEY, LIKE A "LET'S THROW-EVERYBODY-INTO-THE-POOL" KIND OF THING?



IT'S NOT THAT KIND OF PARTY, BUFFY. IT'S, UM, MORE OF A SUMMONING.

MAJOR BUMMER.

WHAT EXACTLY ARE THEY PLANNING ON SUMMONING?



I WISH I KNEW.

CONSIDERING LILITH'S POWER, IT COULD BE SOMETHING, SHALL WE SAY, FORMIDABLE.

I'M
ALL FOR
SHUTTING
THIS WHOLE
SHIN-DIG
DOWN.

WE NEED
A PLAN OF
ATTACK, FIRST.
WE STILL DON'T
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT LILITH'S
"SISTER."

T
THERE
ARE A GREAT
MANY THINGS
WE'RE IGNORANT
OF...IT'S QUITE
FRIGHTENING,
REALLY, NOT
KNOWING...

THANK
GOODNESS
FOR OLD,
MUSTY
BOOKS,
HUH?

I'D
SAY IT'S
TIME WE
GATHERED
OUR STRAYS
AT THIS
POINT...

DEFINITELY.

WHAT
WAS UP
WITH
CORDELIA
?

SHE
CAME
LOOKING
FOR XANDER.
I POINTED
HER TOWARD
THE
CEMETERY.

UH-OH,
I SMELL
A CAT-FIGHT.
GOTTA
MOTOR.

FFSHUURP!



...STAND ME UP? I'LL SHOW YOU WHO GETS STOOD UP, WITH THAT HAIR AND THOSE BAD SHOES...

CORDELIA?

YOU!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN I'D FIND YOU WITH HER...

GEE...NOT HAVING BUFFY AROUND IS TIRING.

DO I DETECT A HINT OF JEALOUSY, CORDY... HMM?

I HATE TO INTERRUPT, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT COMPANY...



W-WEREWOLVES.

THIS
IS WHAT
I CALL A
"SPRINTING
MOMENT."





JANE?!
WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING WITH
THAT?

I'M TIRED
OF RUNNING,
I CAN
TAKE CARE
OF MYSELF.

THERE'S
SOME FUNKY
STUFF GOING ON
IN THE GILES
GENEPOOL...
JANE, ARE YOU
NUTS? SHE'S
NUTS, EVERY-
BODY.

JANE,
YOU CAN'T
KILL
LYCANTHROPE
S WITH
STAKES!

LYCAN-
WHAT?
CAN WE
GO?

TOO
LATE.

GRRRWWLL

GRROOULL





Far below
Sunnydale's
streets...

POOR
ANGEL,

MY CHILDREN
PLAYED A BIT
TOO HARD WITH
YOU. YOU'RE NOT AS
HARDY AS I'D
THOUGHT. YOU'D
STAND LITTLE CHANCE
AGAINST MY SISTER'S
CHAMPION.

NOW
WHAT
AM I TO
DO?

LEAVE
TOWN?

I THINK
I'LL TORTURE
YOU,
INSTEAD.

PERHAPS
I'LL START
BY PLUCKING
OUT YOUR
INSOLENT
EYES.

BUT NOT BEFORE YOU'VE WATCHED YOUR LOVELY SLAYER SUCKED DOWN THE GULLET OF AZOGG-MON.

NO, I BELIEVE I'LL ALLOW YOU THAT LAST IMAGE.

AZOGG ...?

SURE. RIGHT.

YESSS. THE VICTOR WILL BATTLE THE SPAWN OF THE PIT AS THE FINAL MATCH.

YOU'D LOOSE ONE OF THEM ON YOUR OWN PARTY? WHY?

WHY? HOW DO YOU THINK I GOT THEM ALL TO SHOW UP THIS YEAR?

EVEN I WAS GETTING TIRED OF MATCHING STUDS WITH MY STUPID SISTER. IT'S TIME I UPPED THE ANTE.

BECAUSE IT'S THE PERFECT TIME TO ATTEMPT A REVIVICATION OF THE OLD ONES...IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE LAMIA AND I HAVE SEEN OUR PARENTS...

WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE...

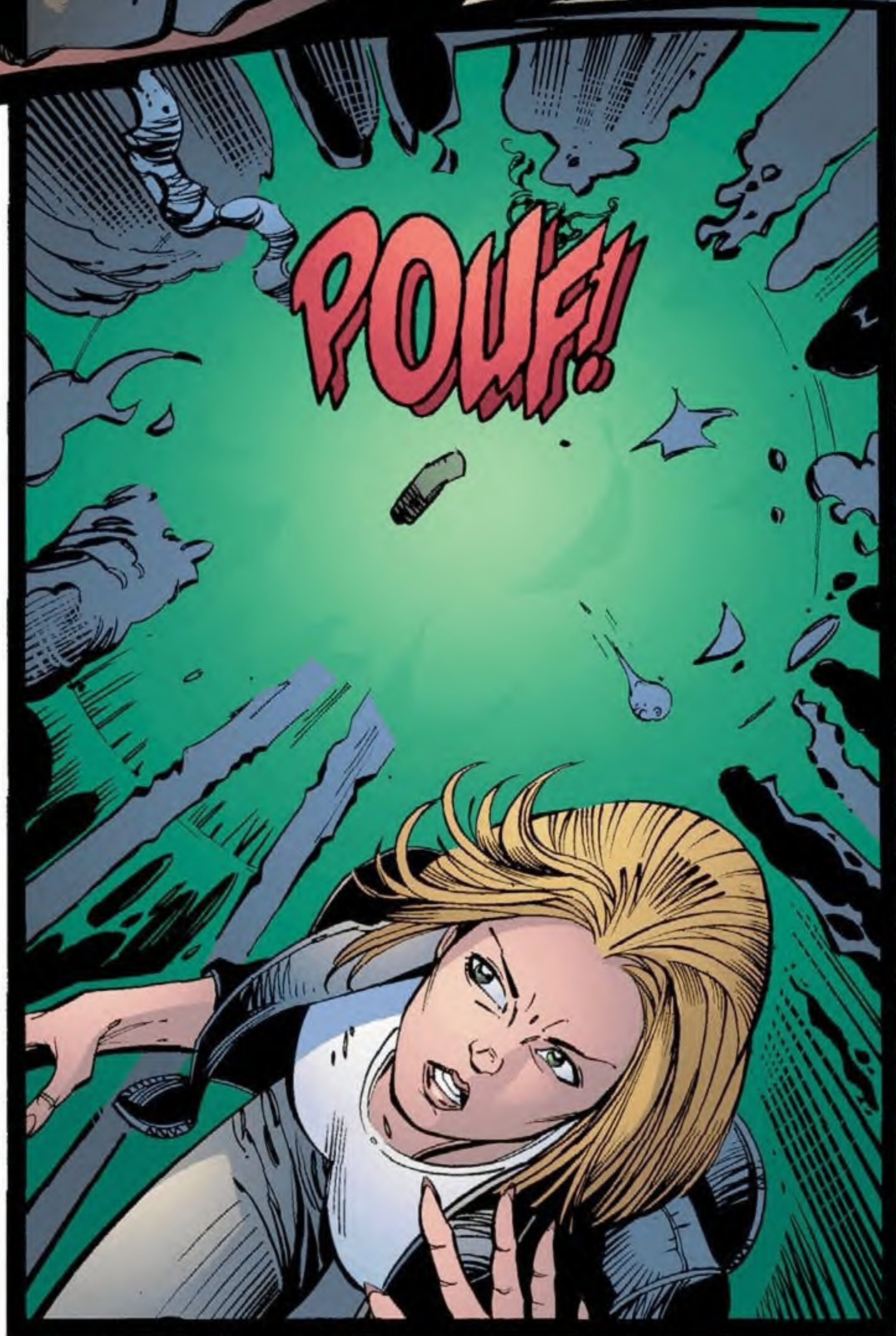
Later...

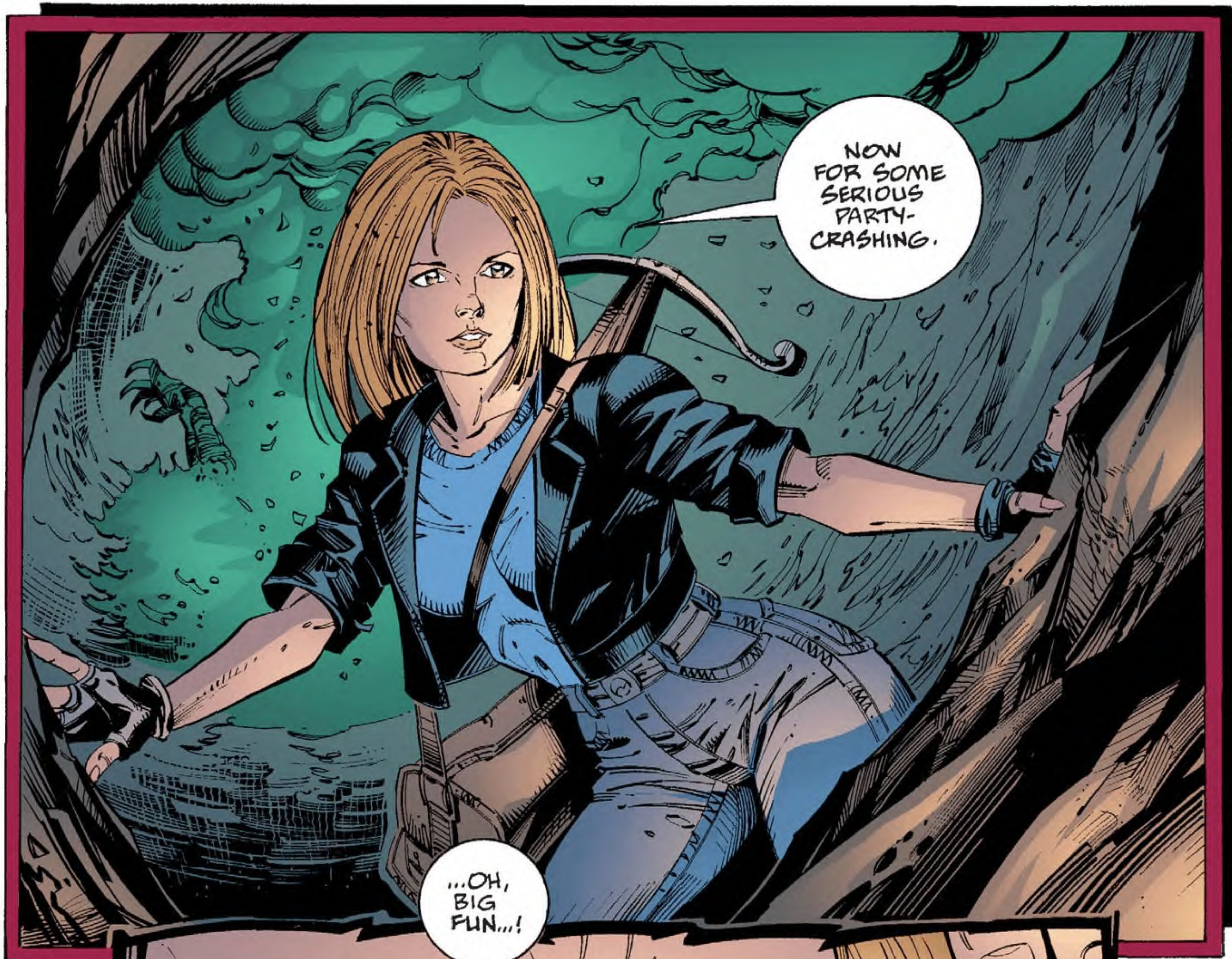
UH, HI,
LITTLE
RATS!

WE WOULD
NEVER BITE BUFFY
WITH OUR LITTLE
VERMIN TEETH!
NO, NEVER!
WE'RE NICE
RATTIES!

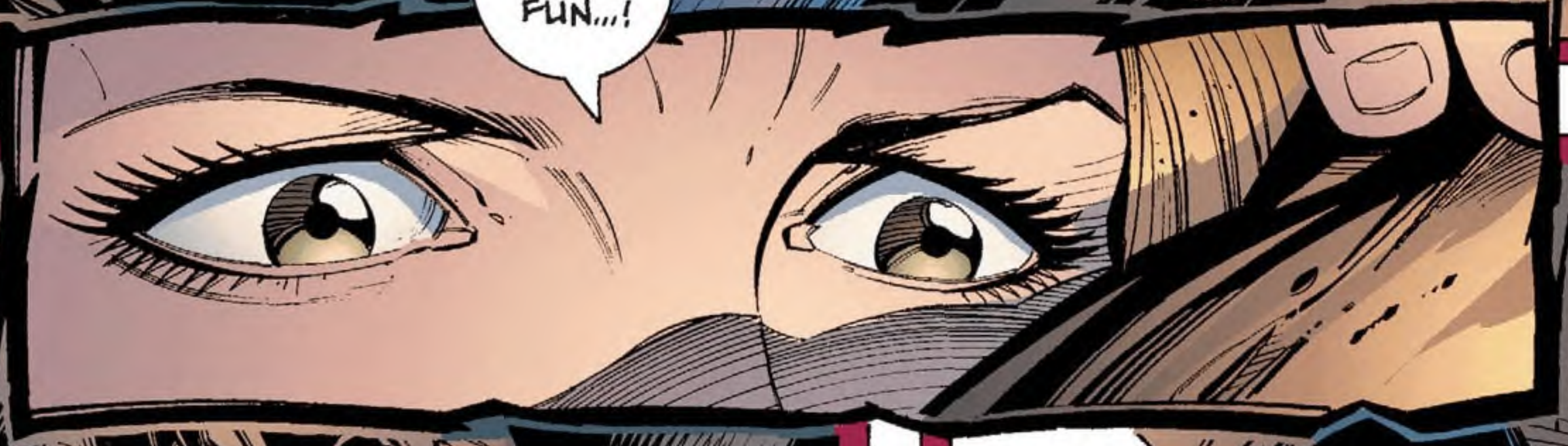
WHERE
DOES IT SAY
A SLAYER'S FRIENDS
MUST ALWAYS PUT
THEMSELVES IN
MORTAL PERIL
DOWN WHERE
THERE ARE
RATS?

OKAY,
GUYS...
TIME TO PUT
ON OUR
LITTLE GAME
FACES...





...OH,
BIG
FUN...!



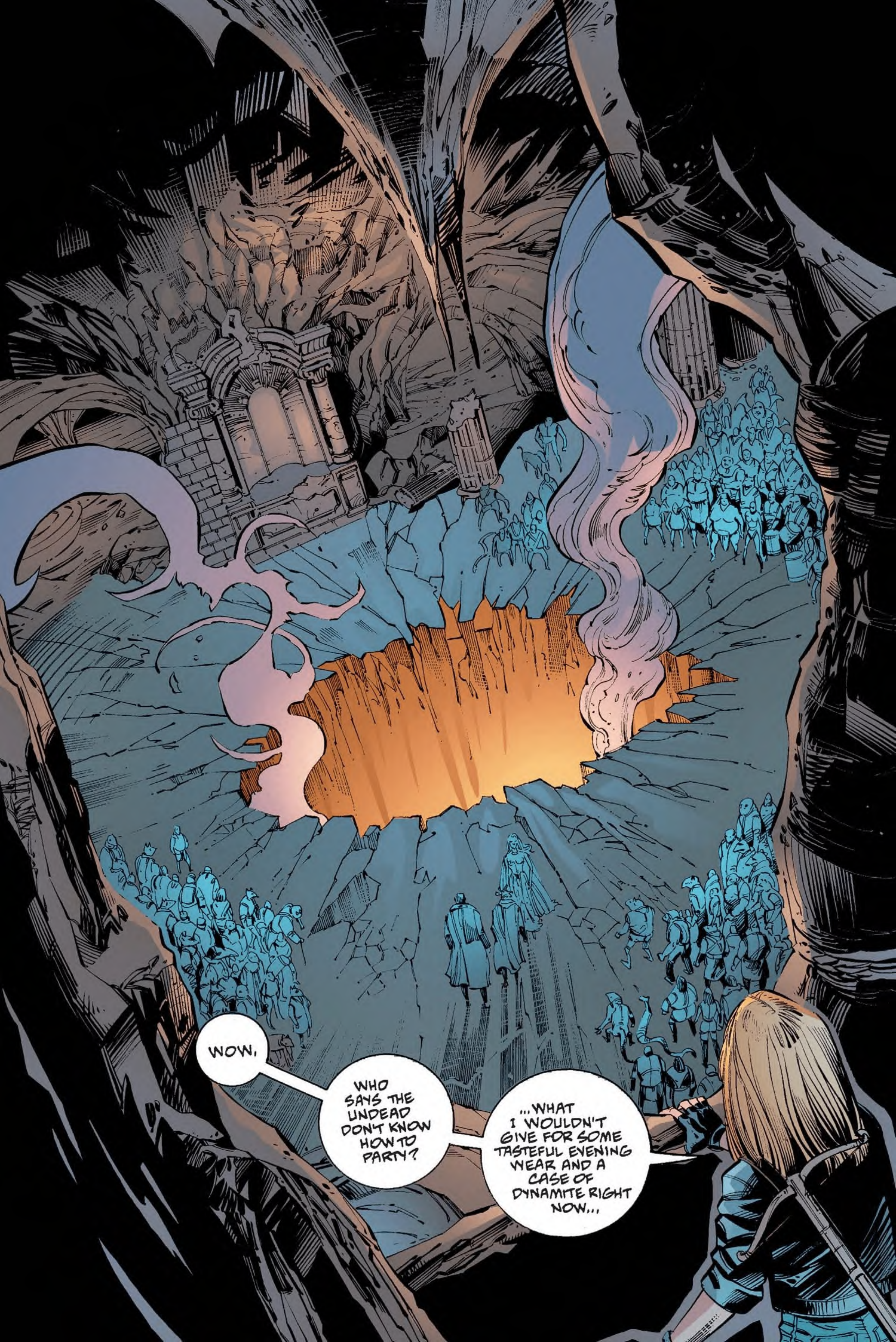
THE
HELLMOUTH
IS
HUGE!

HOW'D
THEY
DO
THAT?



WORSE,
WHY'D
THEY DO
THAT?

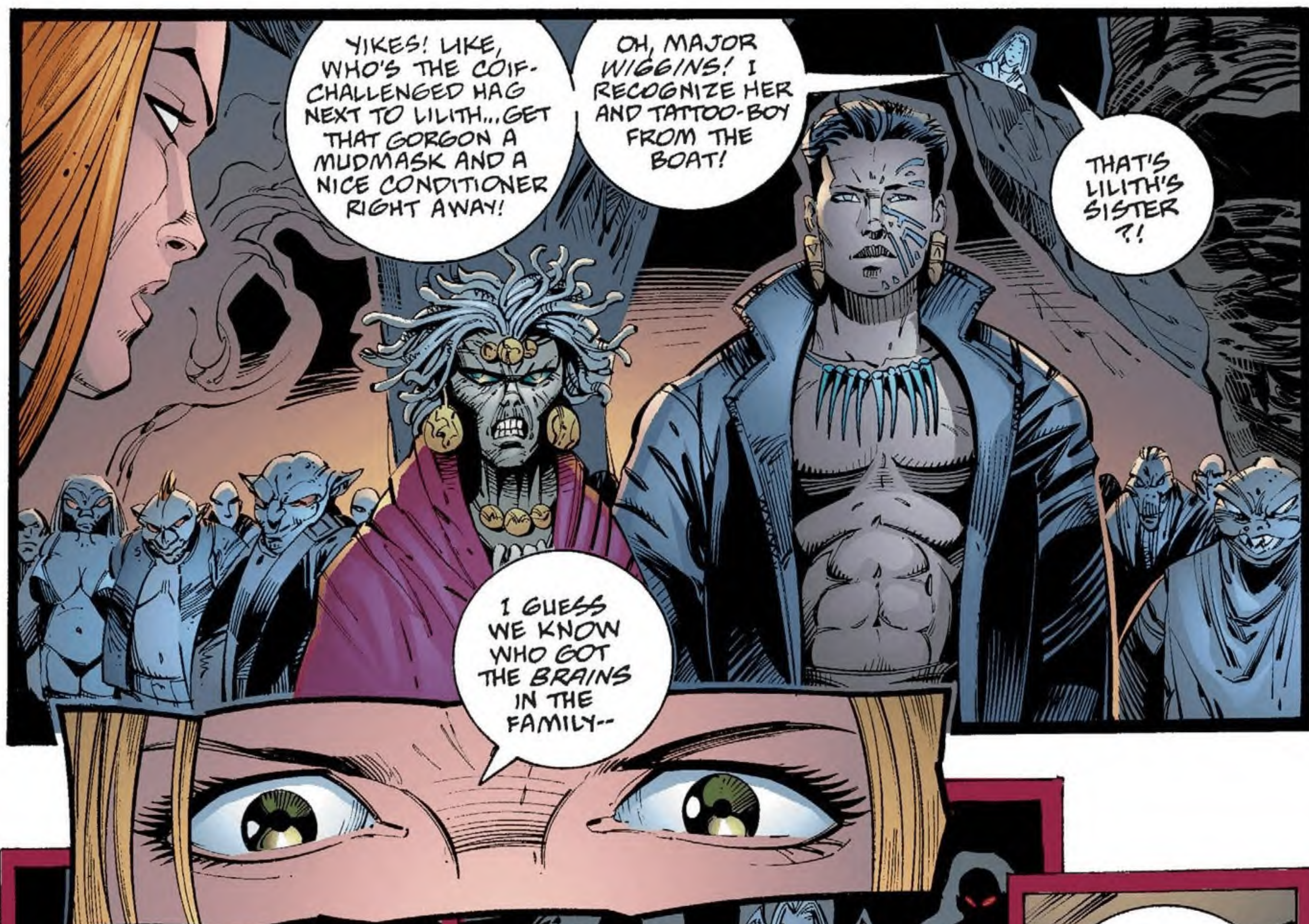




WOW,

WHO SAYS THE UNDEAD DON'T KNOW HOW TO PARTY?

...WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR SOME TASTEFUL EVENING WEAR AND A CASE OF DYNAMITE RIGHT NOW...



YIKES! LIKE, WHO'S THE COIF-CHALLENGED HAG NEXT TO LILITH...GET THAT GORGON A MUDMASK AND A NICE CONDITIONER RIGHT AWAY!

OH, MAJOR WIGGINS! I RECOGNIZE HER AND TATTOO-BOY FROM THE BOAT!

THAT'S LILITH'S SISTER ?!

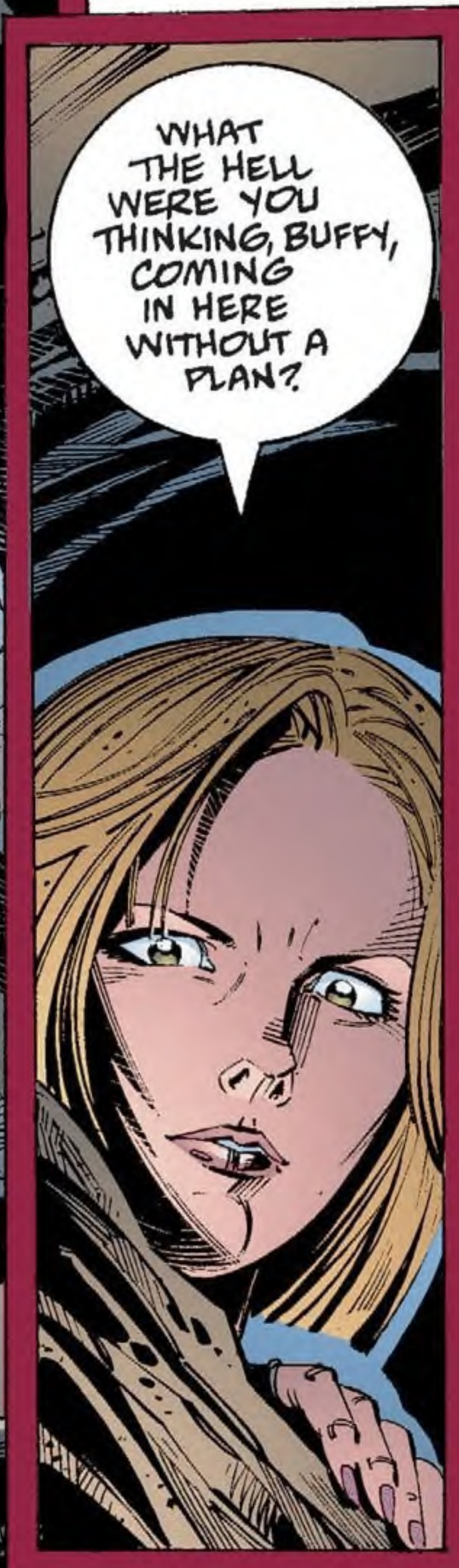
I GUESS WE KNOW WHO GOT THE BRAINS IN THE FAMILY--



"ANGEL!"



"AT LEAST MY LITTLE MONSTER SNACK-TO-BE PALS ARE STILL KICKING."



WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING, BUFFY, COMING IN HERE WITHOUT A PLAN?



GILES
WAS RIGHT
...I WISH
HE WAS
HERE...

I
GOTTA
GO BACK
FOR
HIM...

...OOH,
MAYBE
NOT...



MY
QUEEN,
I TIRE OF
WAITING,
WHERE
IS MY
CHALLENGER
?

WELL
SISTER,
ARE YOU
WILLING TO
FORFEIT TO
ME THIS
TIME?

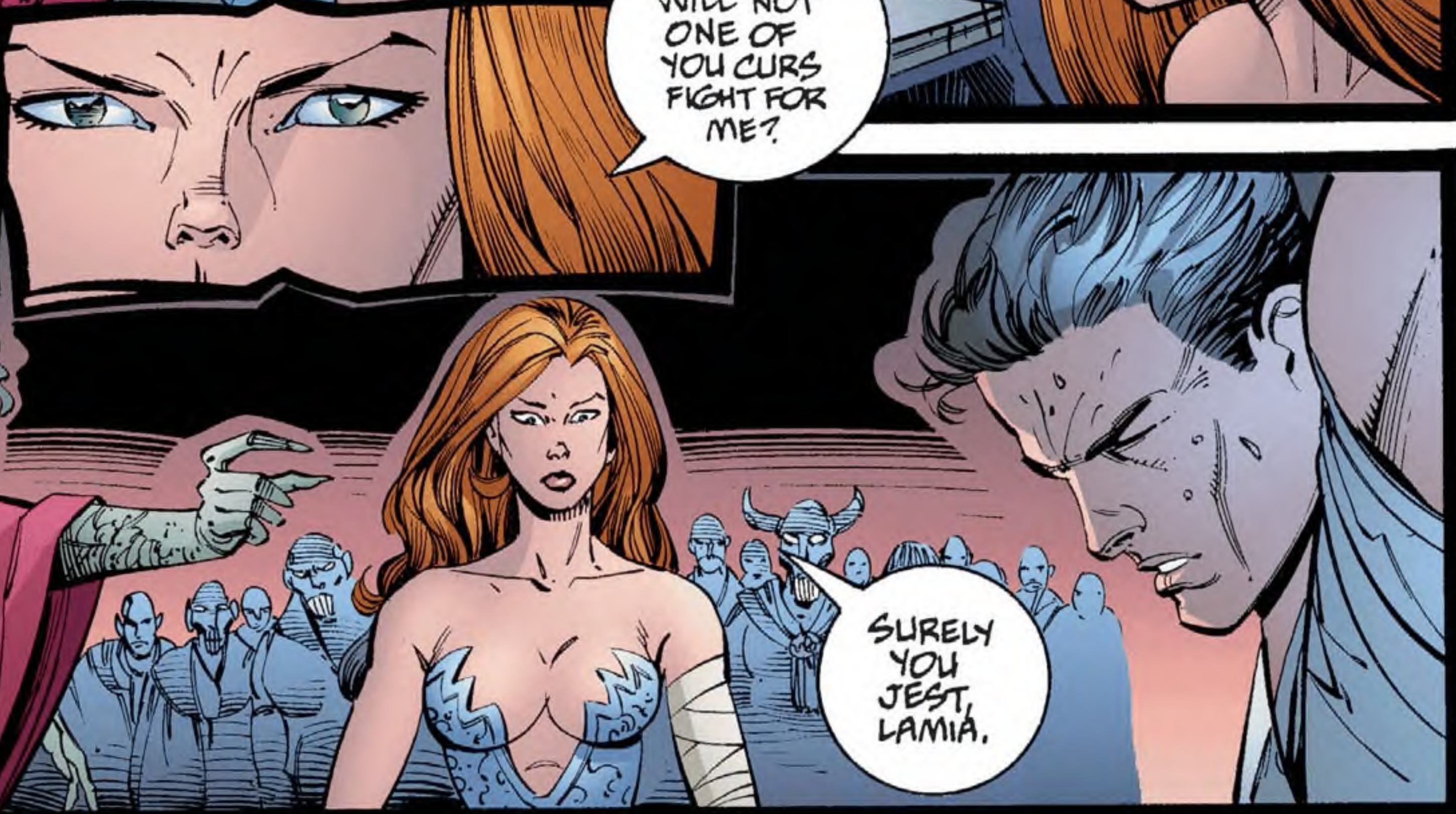
CALL
A CHAMPION,
LILITH,
QUICKLY-OR
THE WALTZ
IS MINE!

I COMMAND
THE NEXT
STRONGEST OF
MY CHILDREN
TO COME
FORWARD IN
MY HONOR TO
FIGHT MY
CECIL.



WELL,
WILL NOT
ONE OF
YOU CURS
FIGHT FOR
ME?

THEN
IT WILL
BE HIM,
LILITH!



SURELY
YOU
JEST,
LAMIA.



WHAT
OF ANGELUS?
OR DID YOU
WEAR HIM
OUT TOO
SOON?

HOW
DARE YOU
WAG YOUR
FORKED
TONGUE AT
ME, SCALY
BITCH!

NO,
SHE DIDN'T
JUST CALL
HER...DID
SHE?

OH,
SHE DID
IT ALL
RIGHT...

...SHE
USED
THE "B"
WORD...



"...WE'RE
DOOMED..."

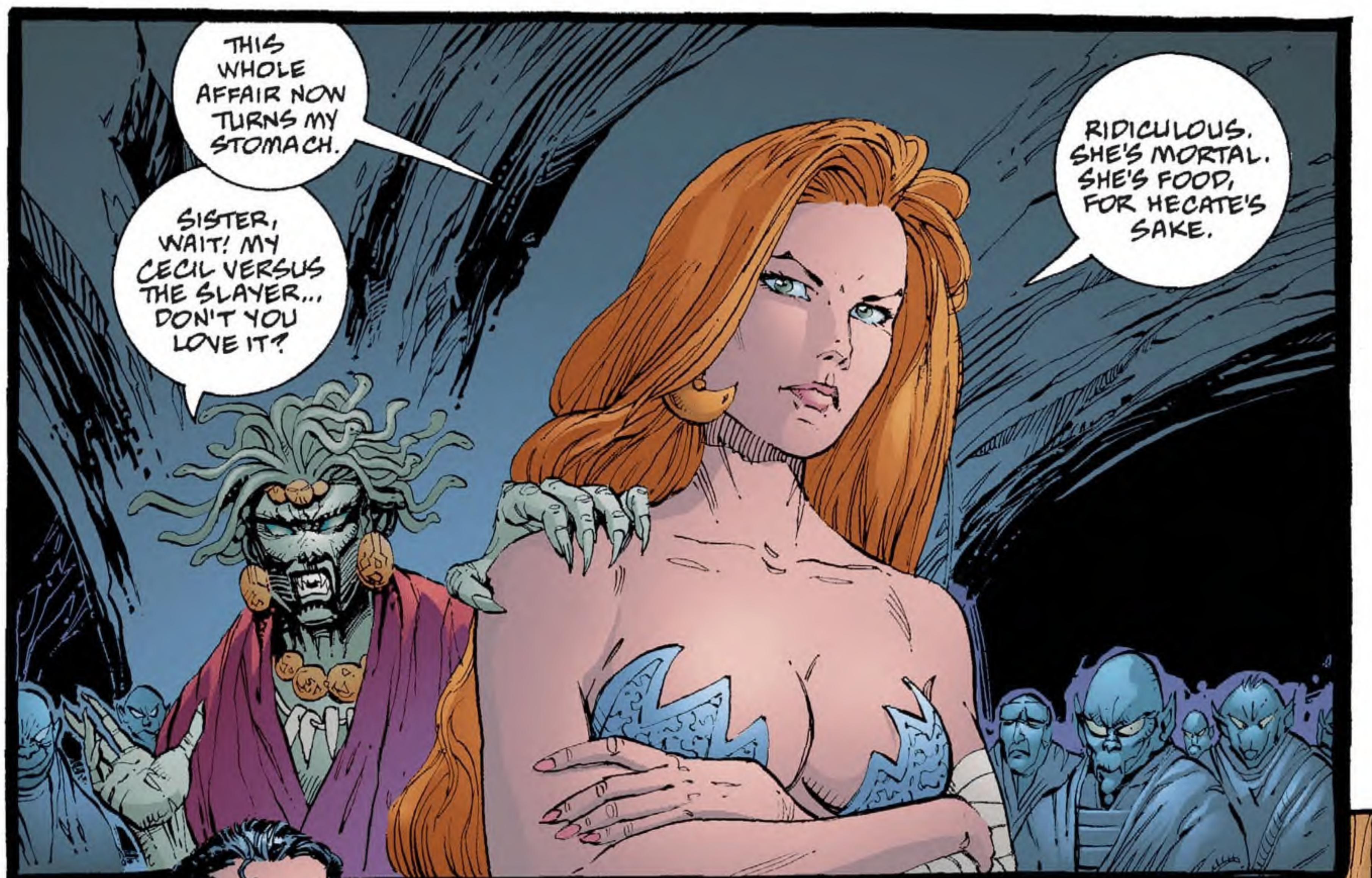


OKAY,
LET'S
SHEATH
THOSE
CLAWS,
GIRLS,

I'LL
TAKE ANGEL'S
PLACE. I'LL
FIGHT YOUR
CHAMPION.

IS
THAT THE
SLAYER? THE
ONE YOU
DIDN'T KILL
FOR FEAR
OF BAD
LUCK?

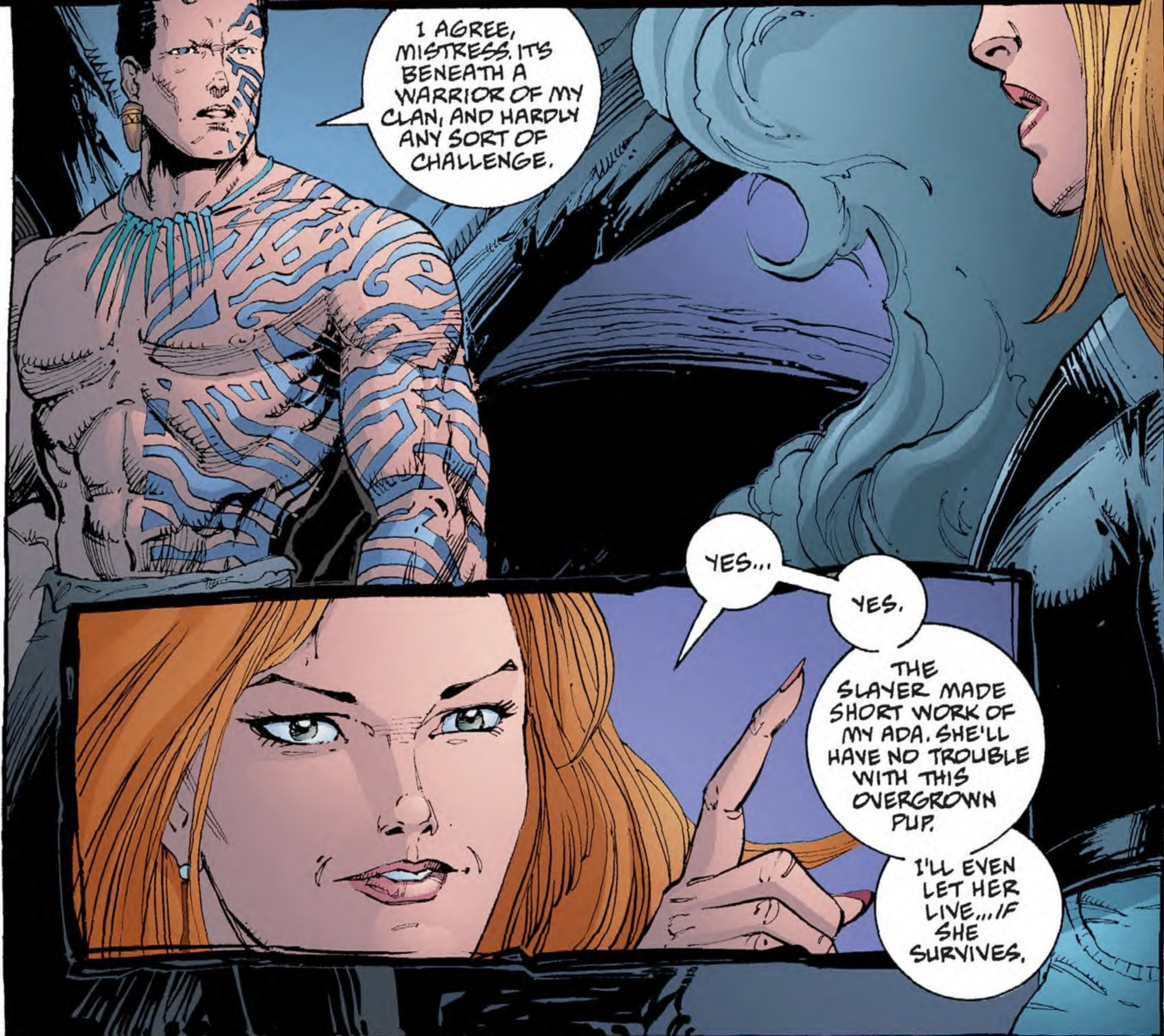
BUT
FIRST, IS
THERE ANY
BOTTLED
WATER?
I'M REALLY
PARCHED.



THIS
WHOLE
AFFAIR NOW
TURNS MY
STOMACH.

SISTER,
WAIT! MY
CECIL VERSUS
THE SLAYER...
DON'T YOU
LOVE IT?

RIDICULOUS.
SHE'S MORTAL.
SHE'S FOOD,
FOR HECATE'S
SAKE.



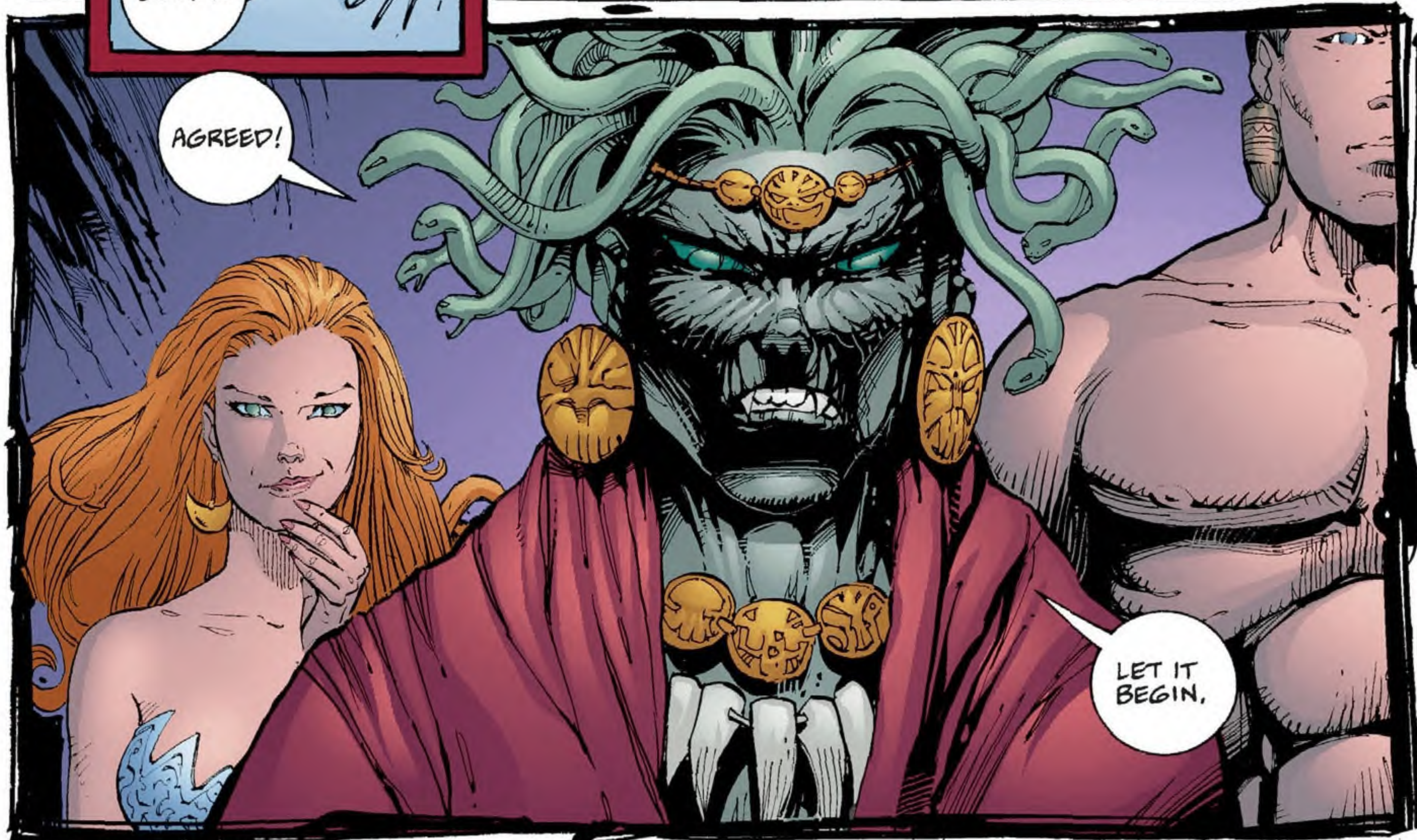
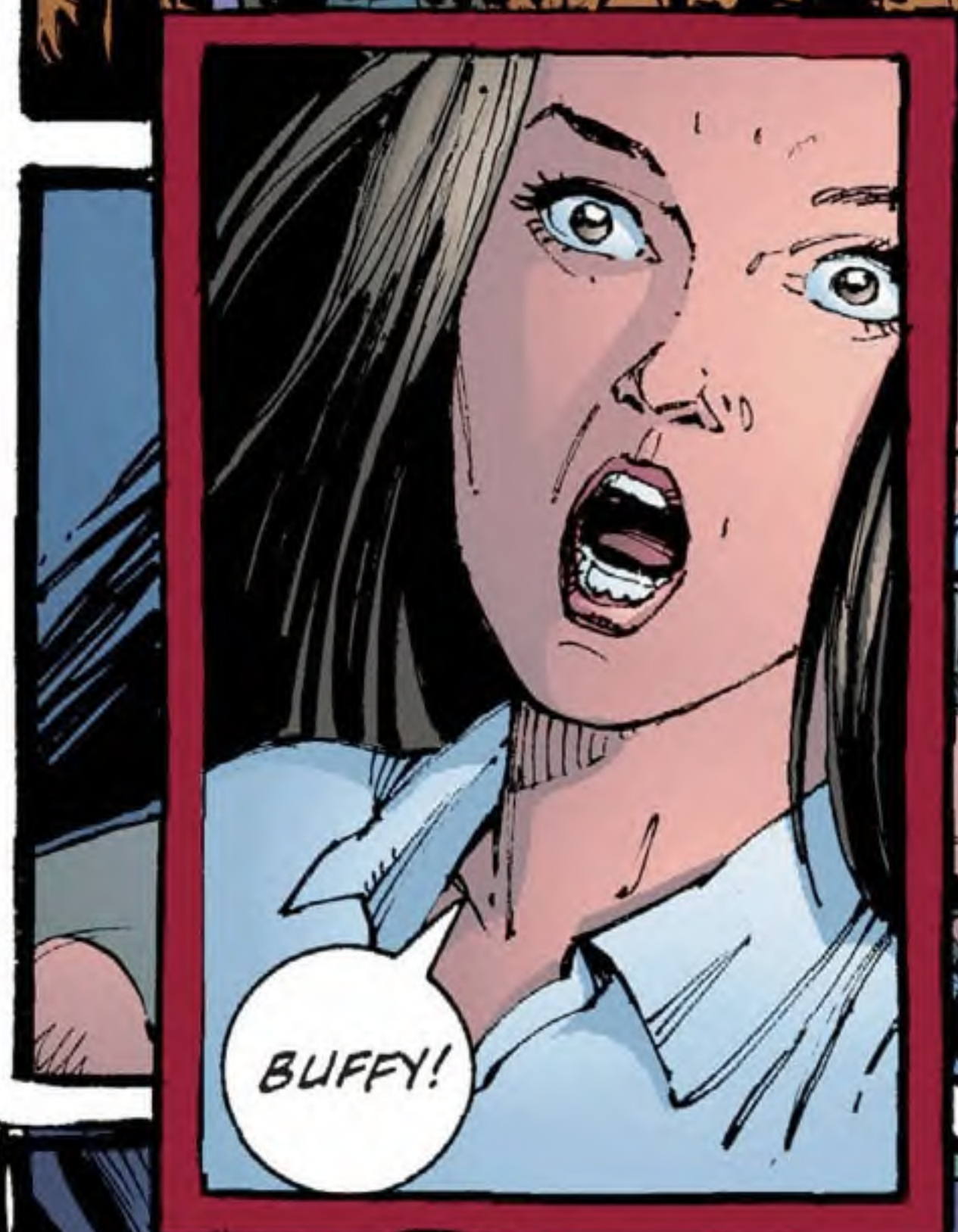
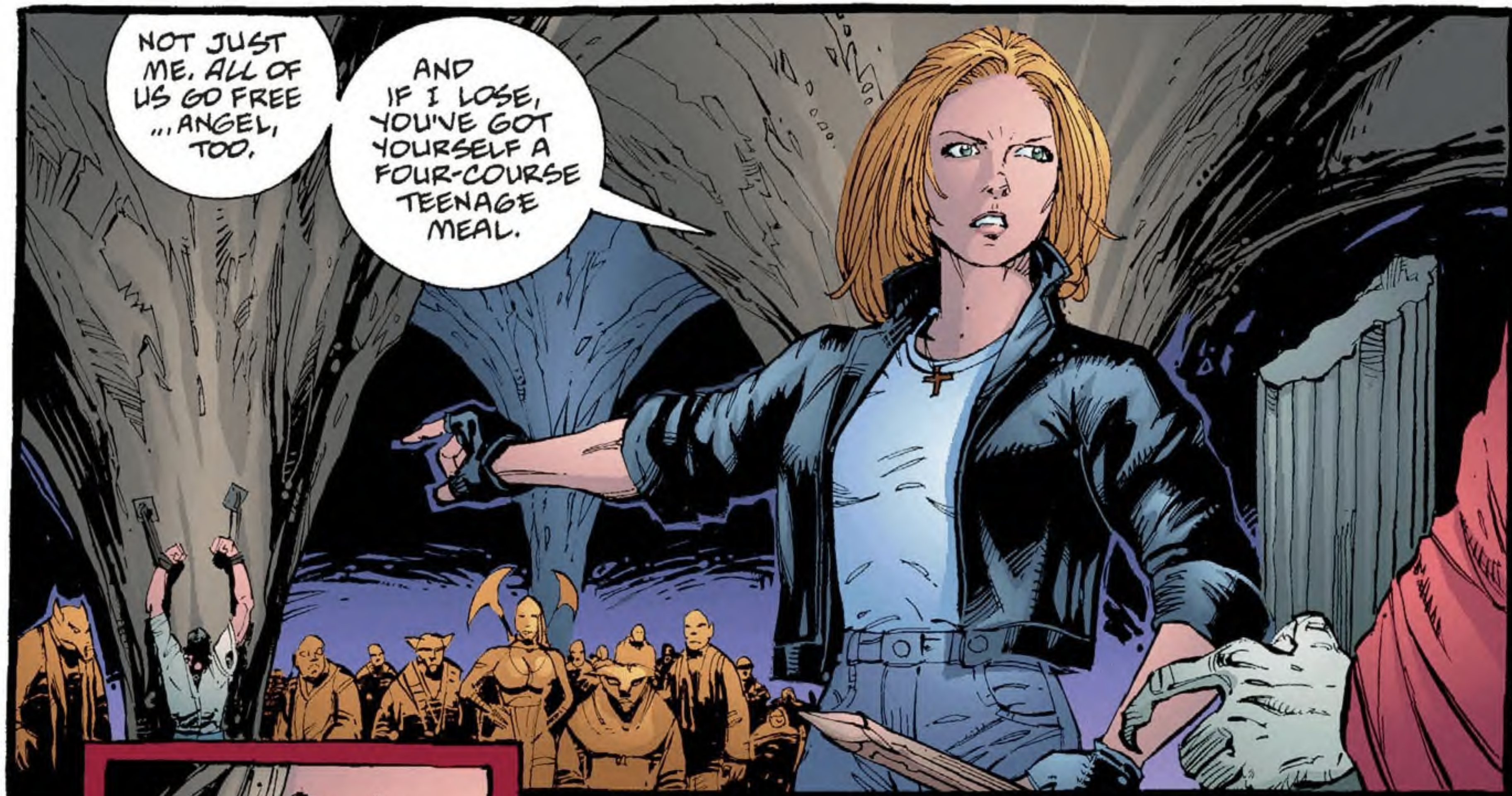
I AGREE,
MISTRESS. IT'S
BENEATH A
WARRIOR OF MY
CLAN, AND HARDLY
ANY SORT OF
CHALLENGE.

YES...

YES.

THE
SLAYER MADE
SHORT WORK OF
MY ADA. SHE'LL
HAVE NO TROUBLE
WITH THIS
OVERGROWN
PUP.

I'LL EVEN
LET HER
LIVE... IF
SHE
SURVIVES.



DOOM-DOOM-DOOM-DOOM

WELL, QUEEQUEEG, I'M WAITING. DO YOU WANT TO CHANGE INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE WEREWOLF, OR ARE YOU GONNA OVER-POWER ME WITH TRIBAL SKIN ART?



I'LL BE FINE LIKE THIS, THANKS.

DOOM-DOOM



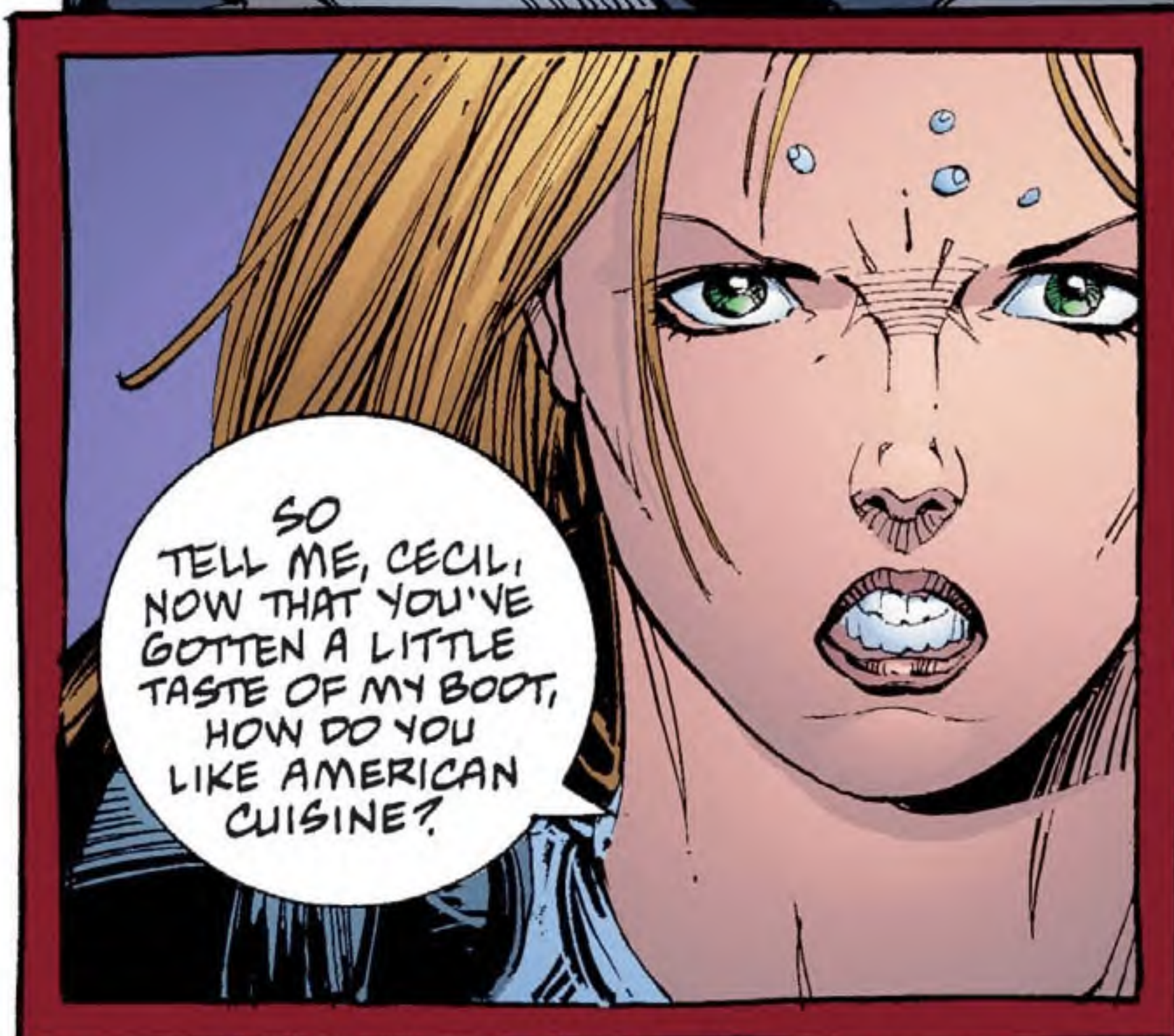
OH, BE GENTLE WITH ME, BRUISER...

GRROWRRLL!

VERY WELL THEN, CUB...

...WE'LL LOOK AT YOUR ENTRAILS TOGETHER.



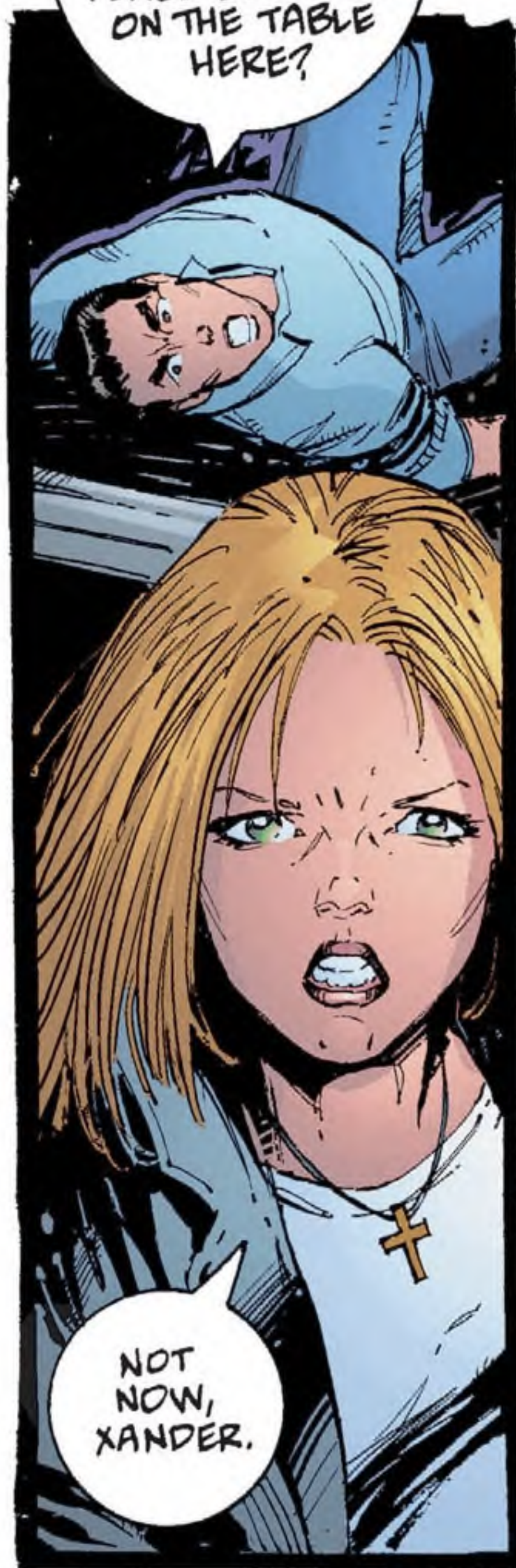




UH, BUFFY?

HANG TIGHT, GUYS, I'LL HAVE US OUT OF HERE IN A JIFF... I THINK.

...BUFF, HAVE YOU CHECKED OUT THE REALLY NICE PLACE SETTINGS ON THE TABLE HERE?



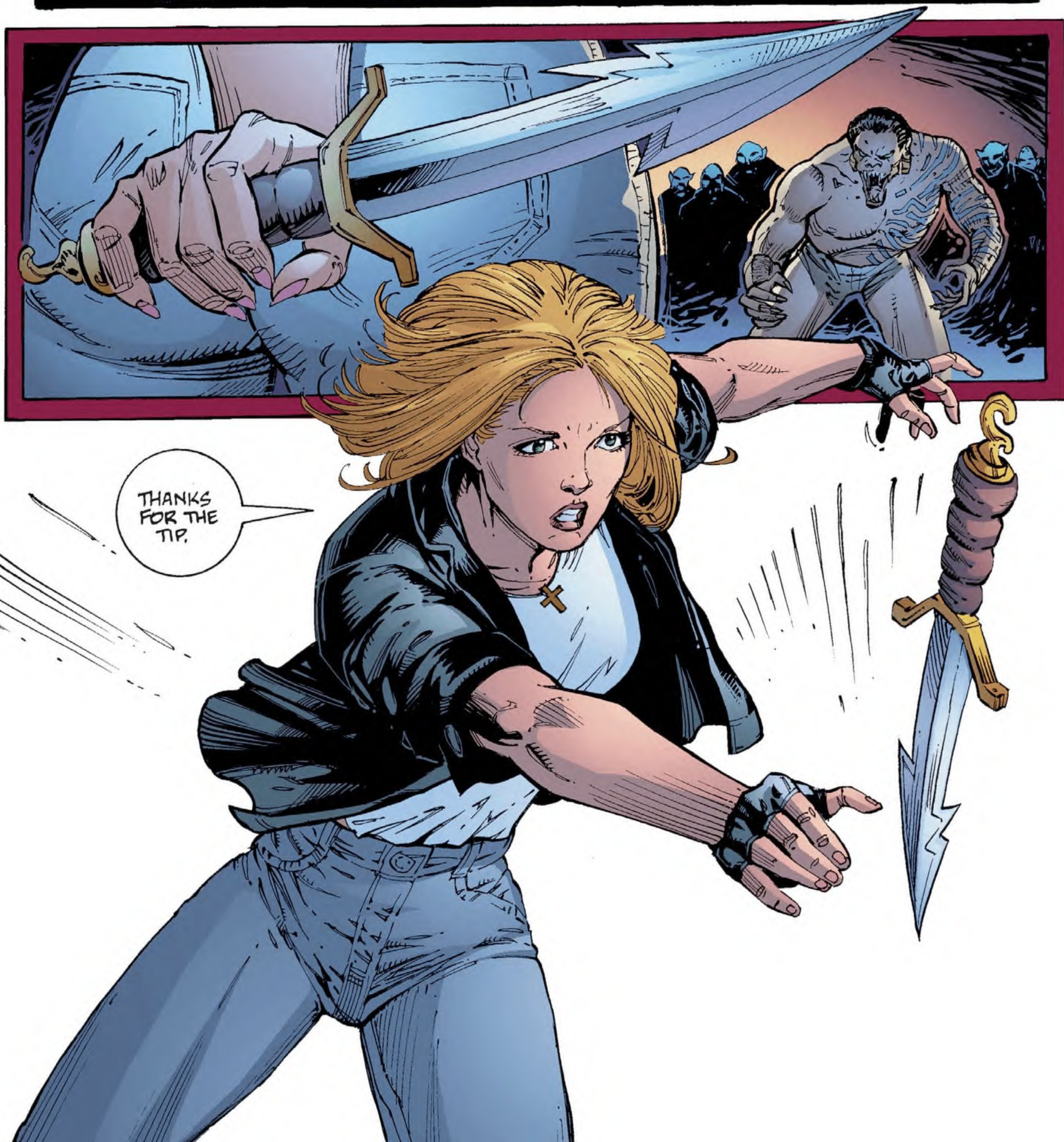
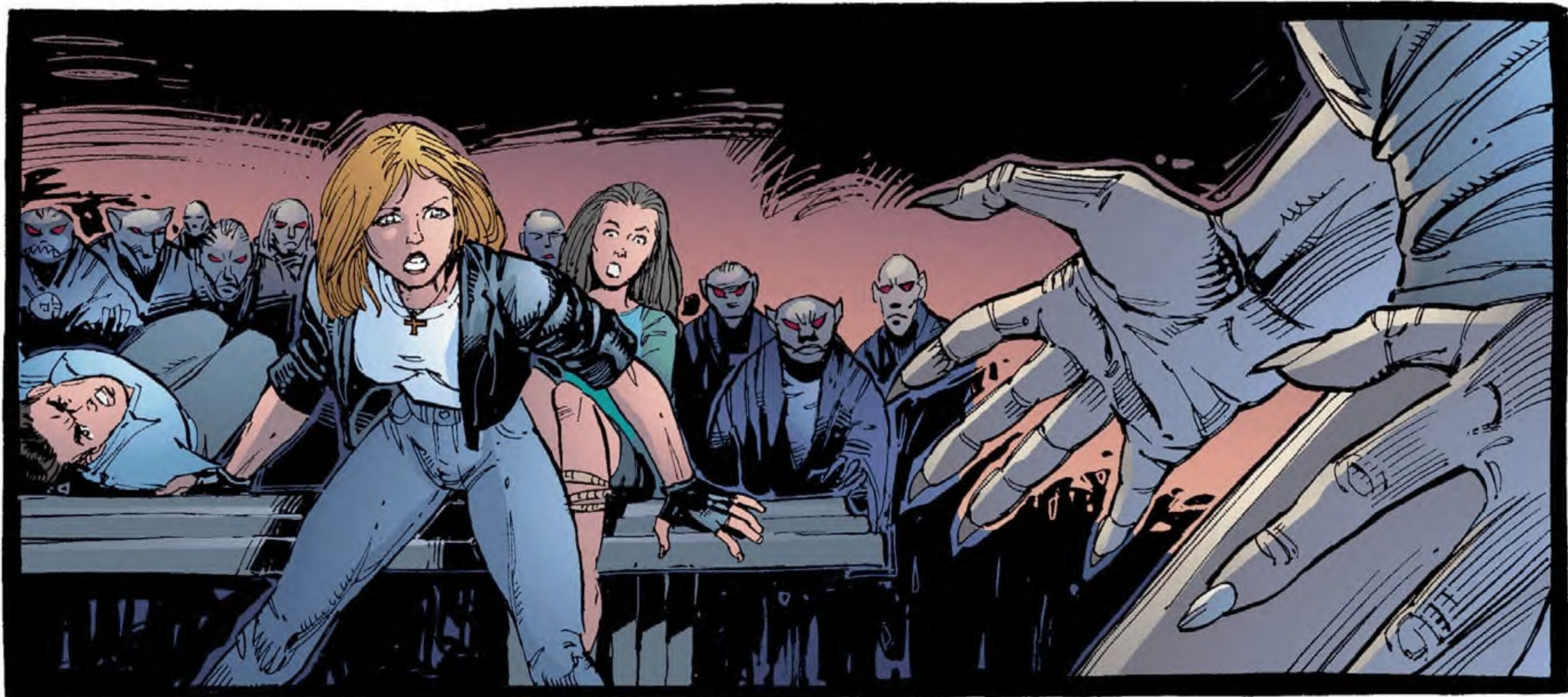
NOT NOW, XANDER.



PAY ATTENTION NOW, CHILD...

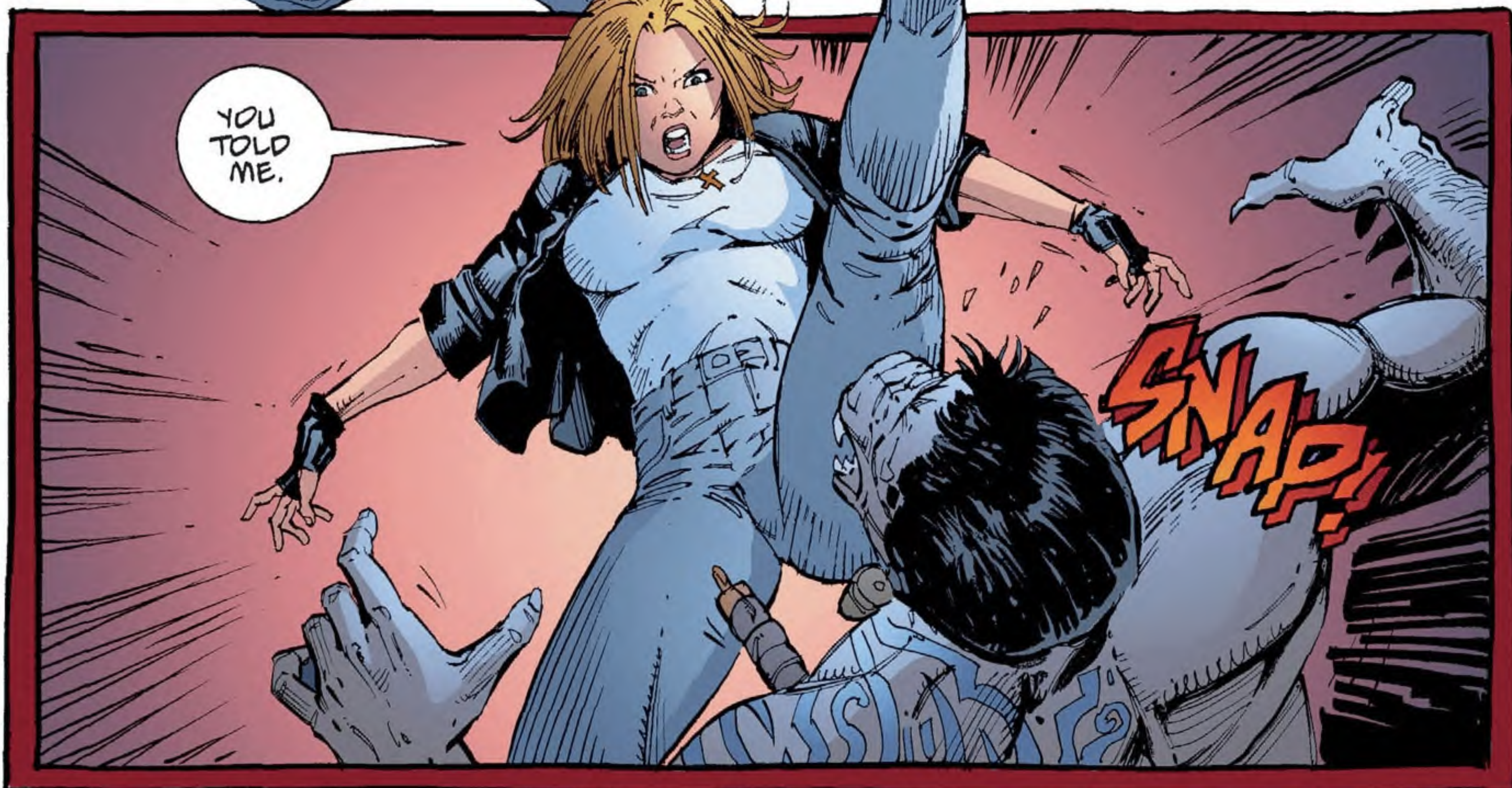
...THEY SAY IT ALL GOES BY VERY QUICKLY WHEN DEATH COMES.

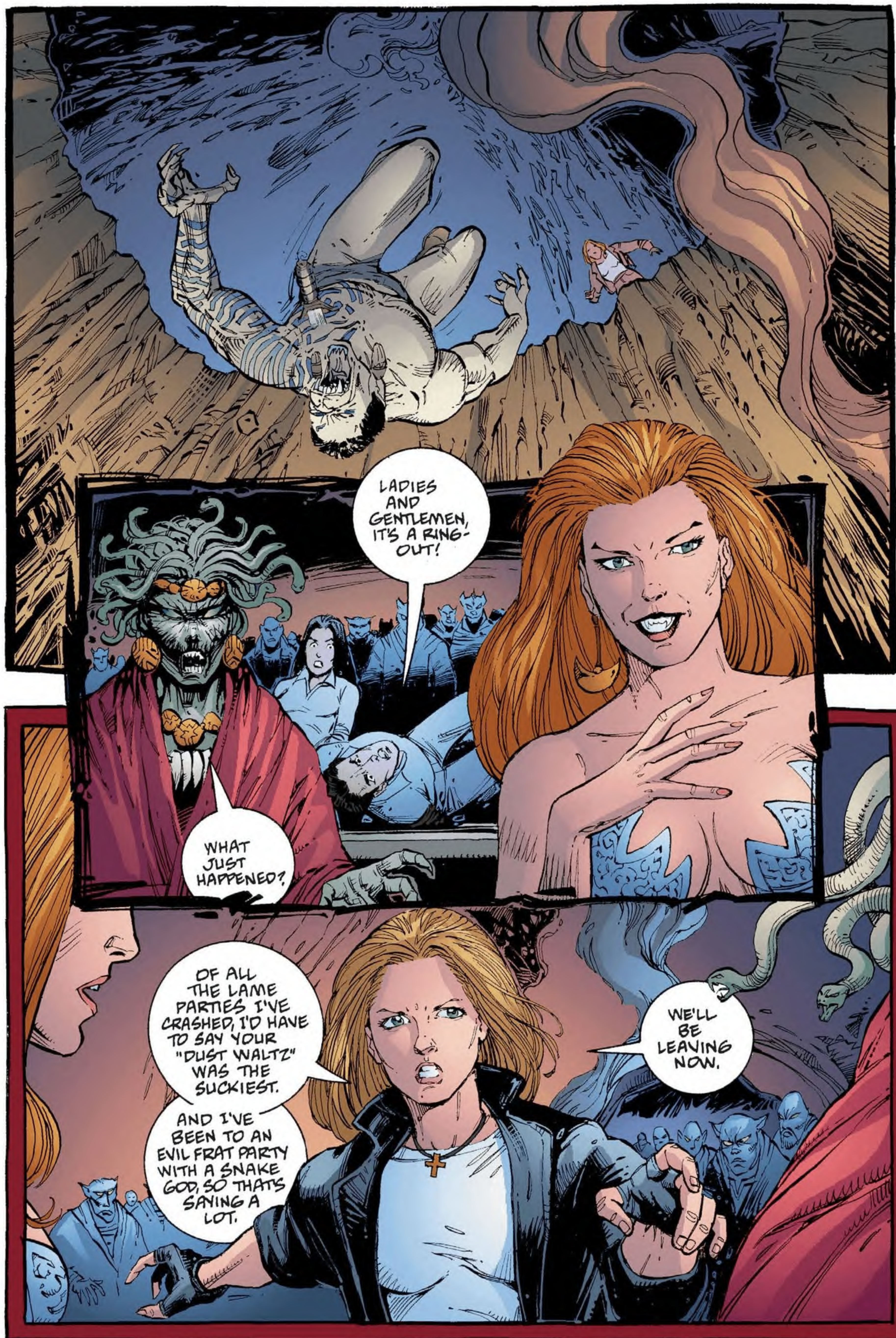






YES.
WOOD.
SILVER.
THEY'RE
DIFFERENT.





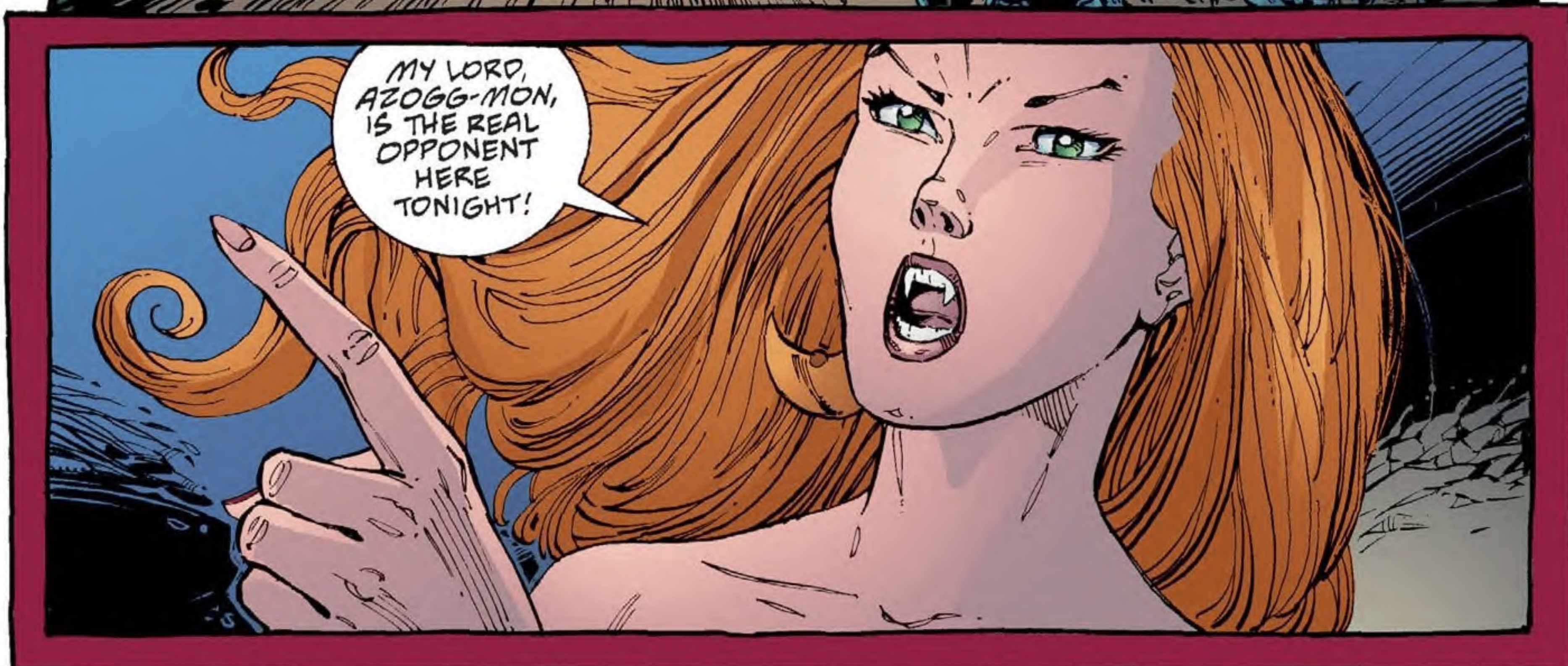
LADIES
AND
GENTLEMEN,
IT'S A RING-
OUT!

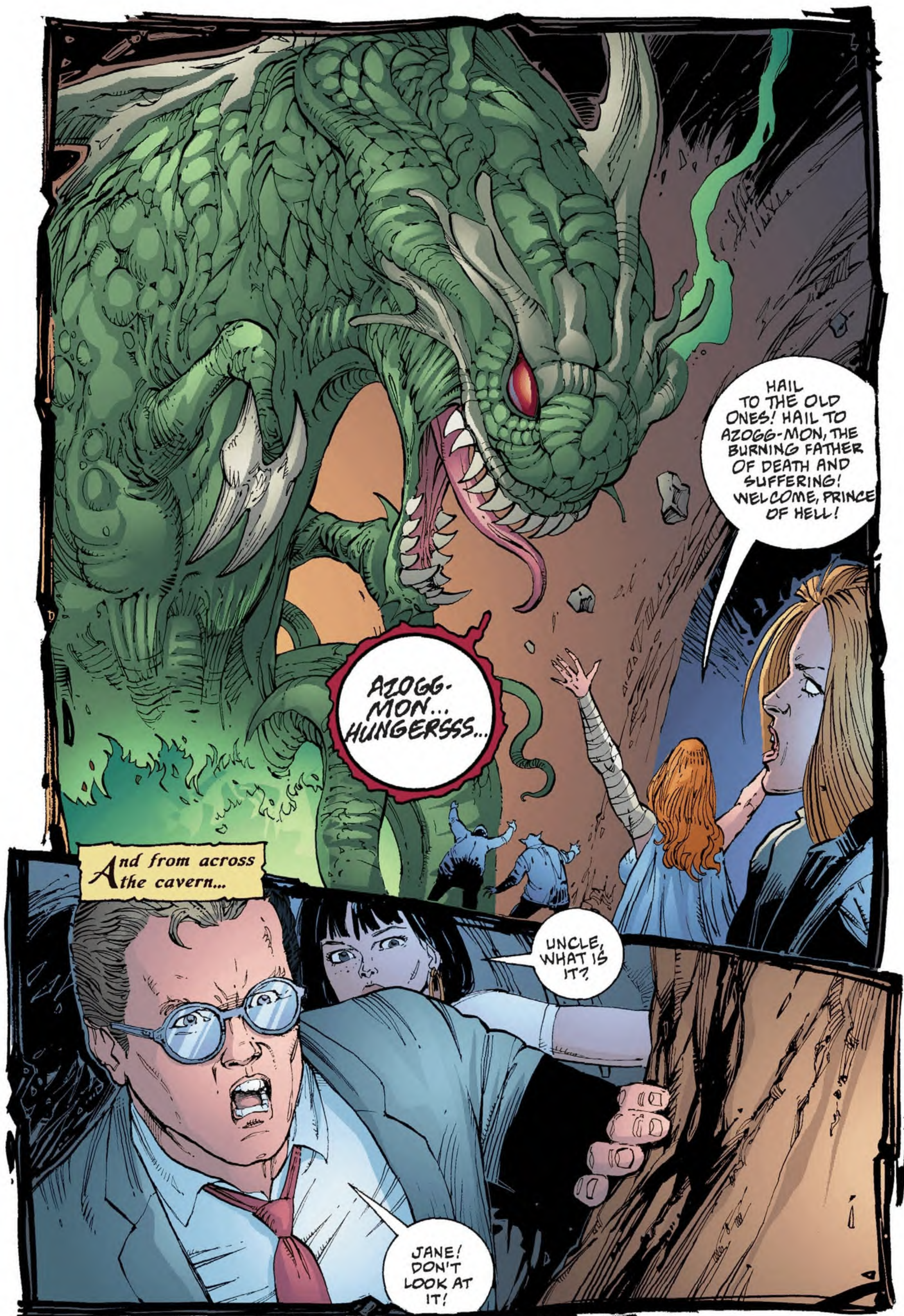
WHAT
JUST
HAPPENED?

OF ALL
THE LAME
PARTIES I'VE
CRASHED, I'D HAVE
TO SAY YOUR
"DUST WALTZ"
WAS THE
SUCKIEST.

AND I'VE
BEEN TO AN
EVIL FRAT PARTY
WITH A SNAKE
GOD, SO THAT'S
SAYING A
LOT.

WE'LL
BE
LEAVING
NOW.





HAIL
TO THE OLD
ONES! HAIL TO
AZOGG-MON, THE
BURNING FATHER
OF DEATH AND
SUFFERING!
WELCOME, PRINCE
OF HELL!

AZOGG-
MON...
HUNGERSSS...

And from across
the cavern...

UNCLE,
WHAT IS
IT?

JANE!
DON'T
LOOK AT
IT!



HEH HEH
HEH HEH HEH
HEH... RUN...
RUN... HEH HEH...

I
SUPPOSE
EVERYTHING'S
FUNNY WHEN
YOU'RE
FROM HELL.



GILES!

I'LL
UNTIE THE
OTHERS,
UNCLE.



HEY,
SNAKE-
PERM!



HHSSSS!



SMACK!





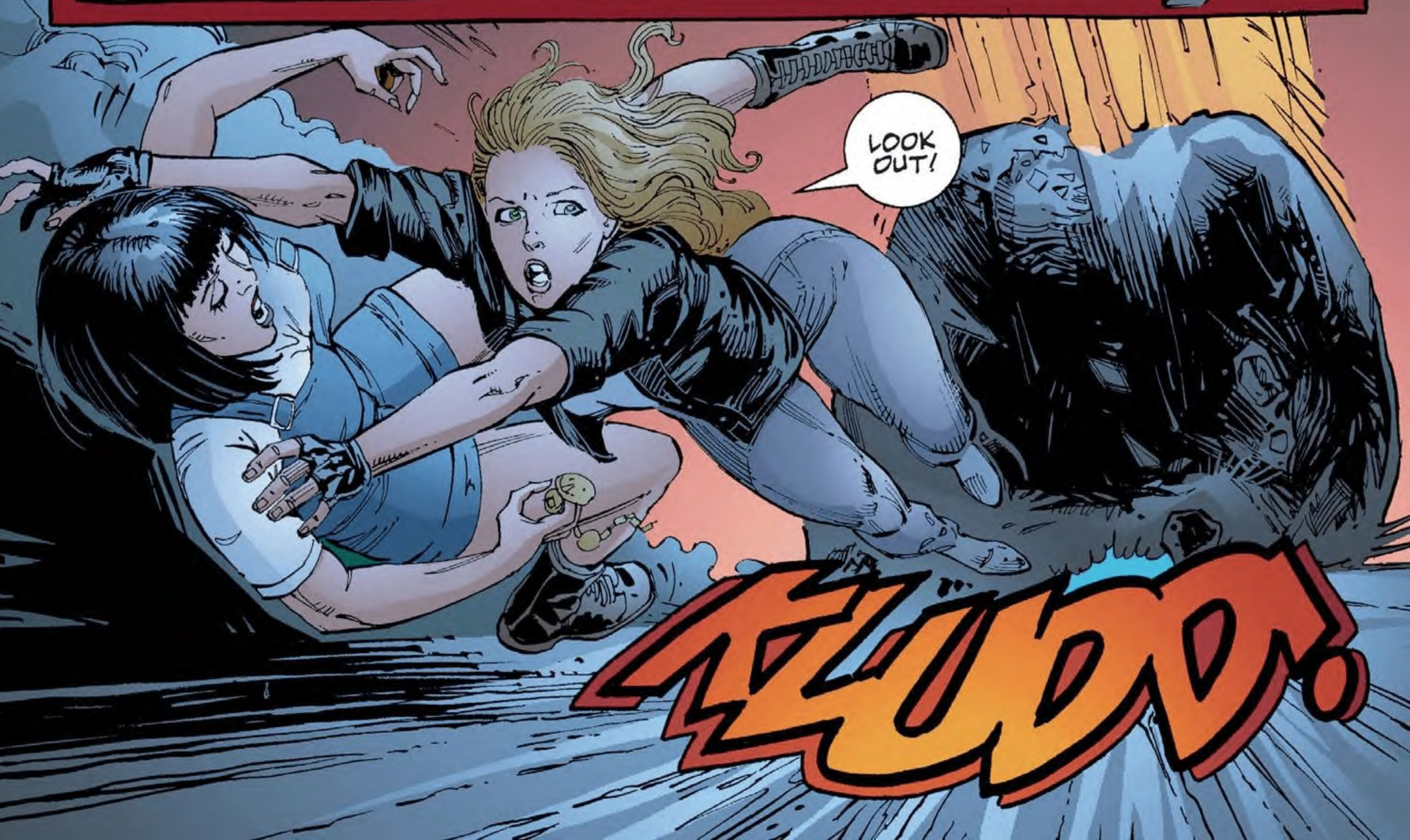
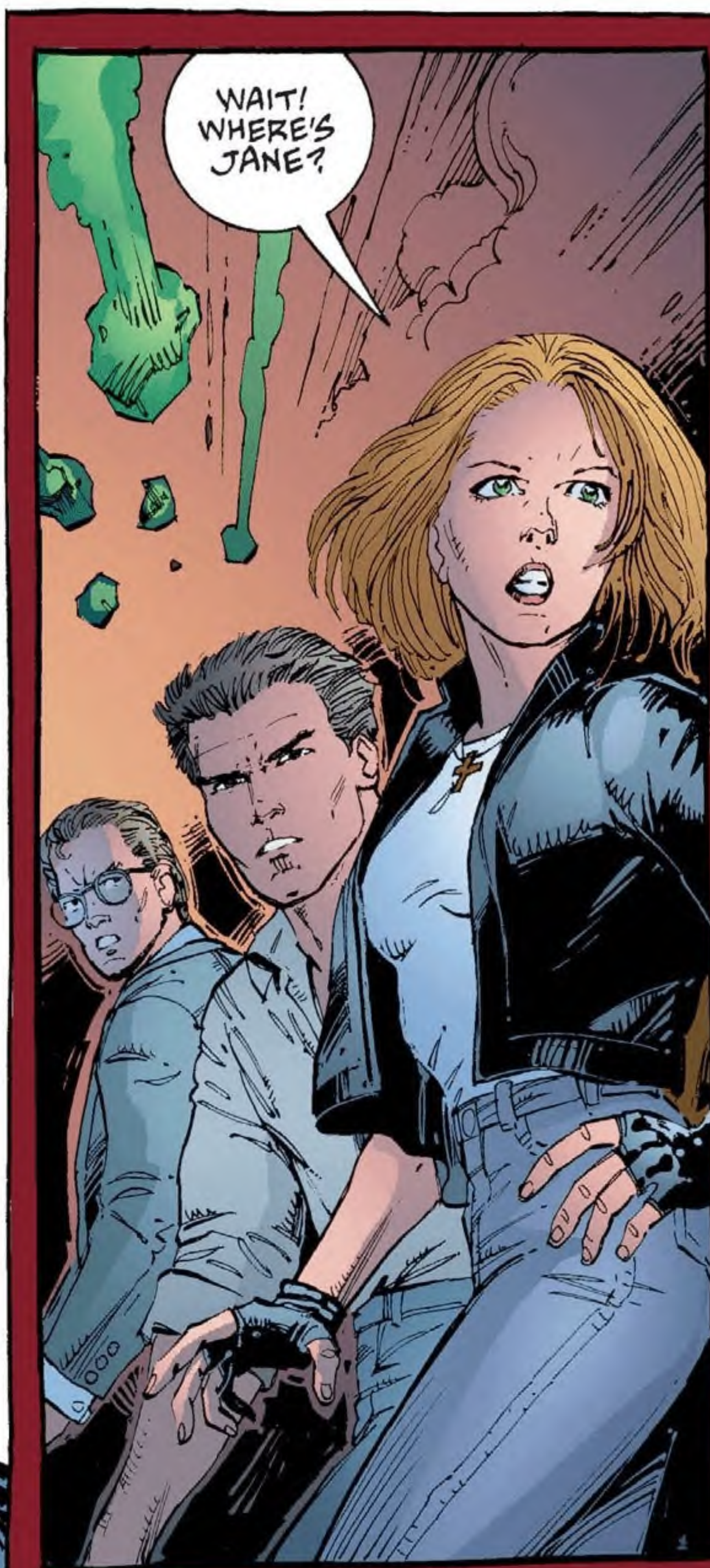


REMINDE
ME TO NEVER
LEAVE THE
HOUSE AGAIN,
EVER.

DO
YOU FEEL
THAT
PULLING?

IT'S THE
HELLMOUTH!
IT'S TAKING
THEM ALL
DOWN!

QUICKLY,
EVERYONE,
QUICKLY!





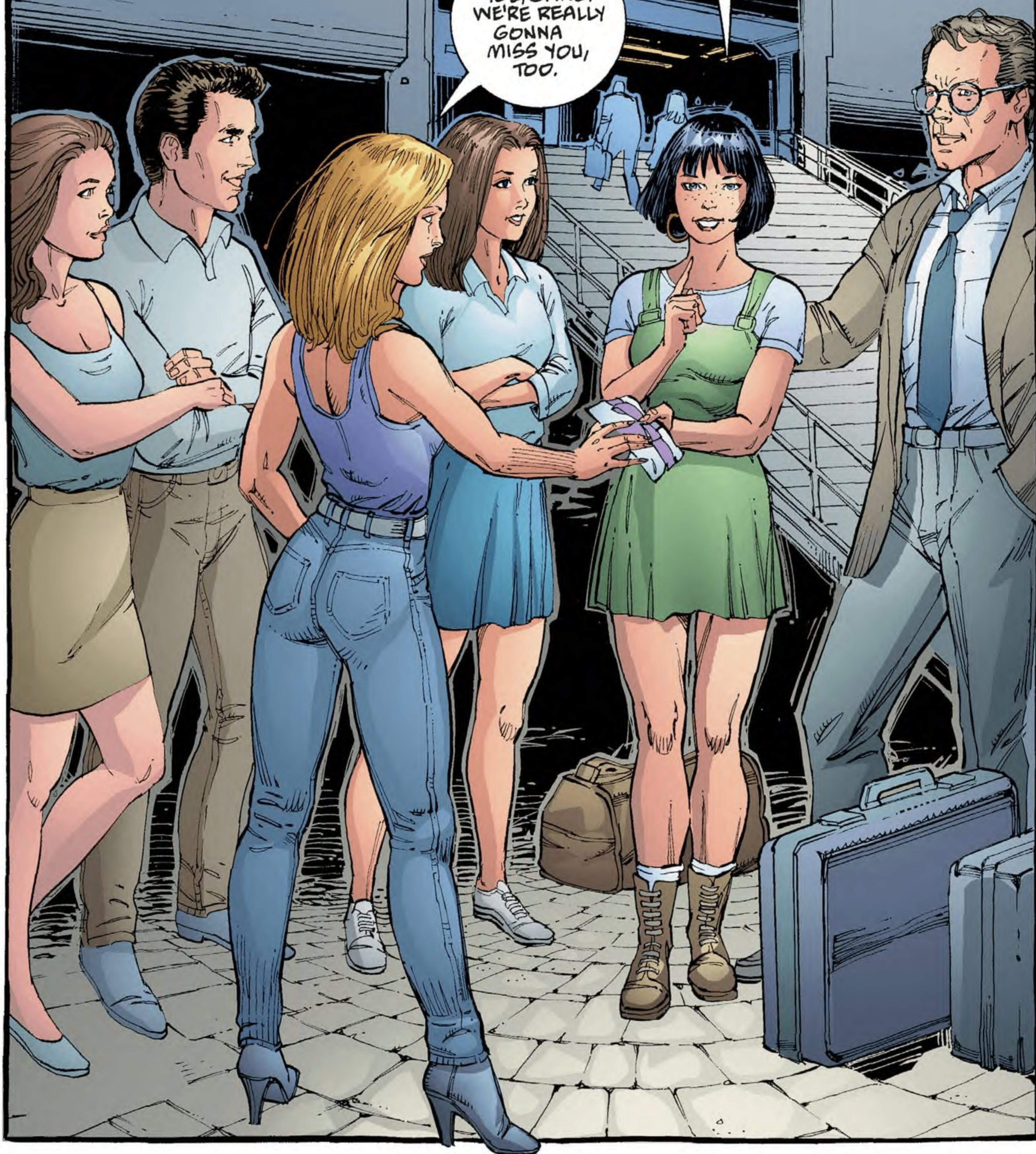
Days later, the Sun climbs into a gorgeous sky over Baytown...

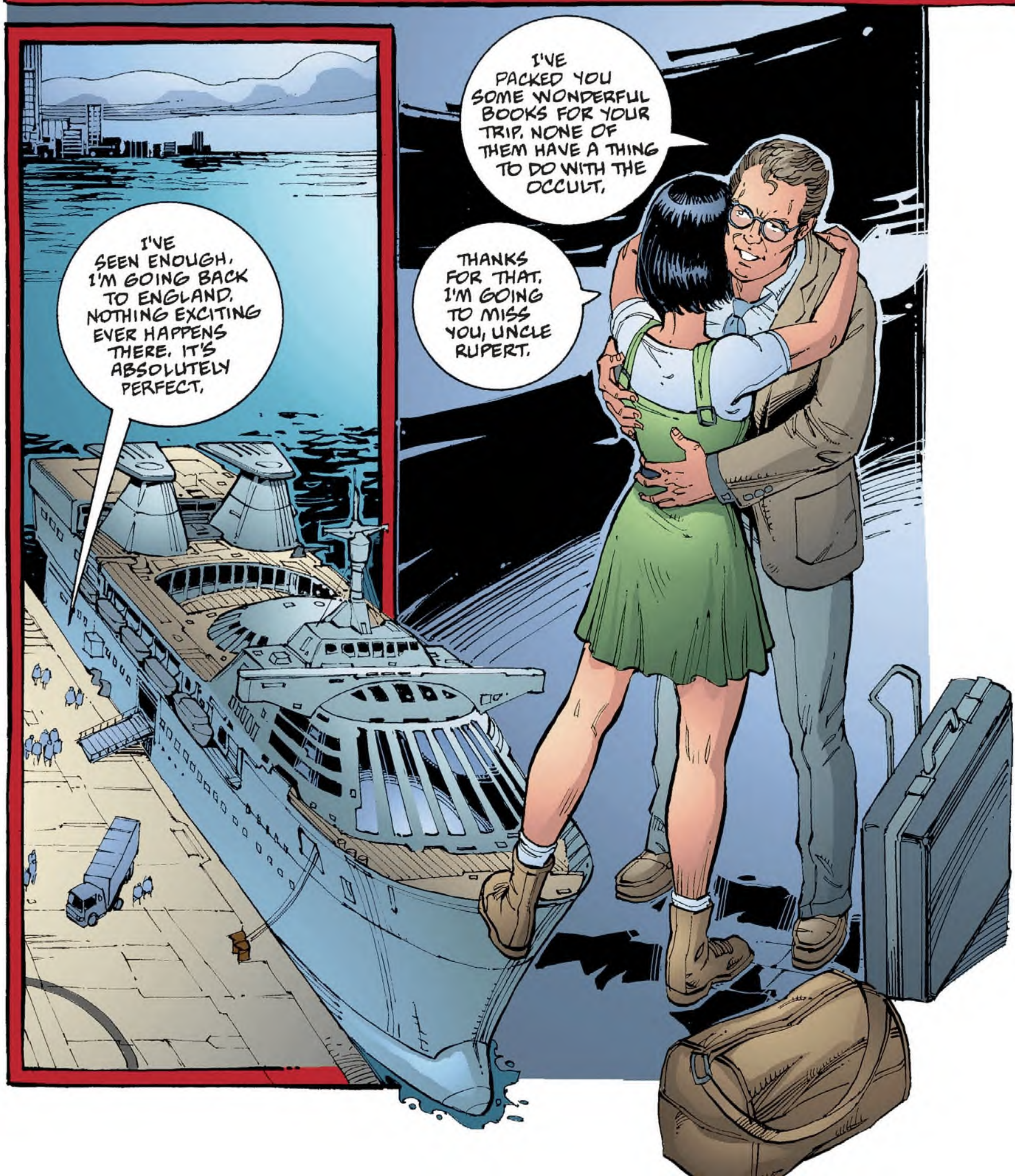
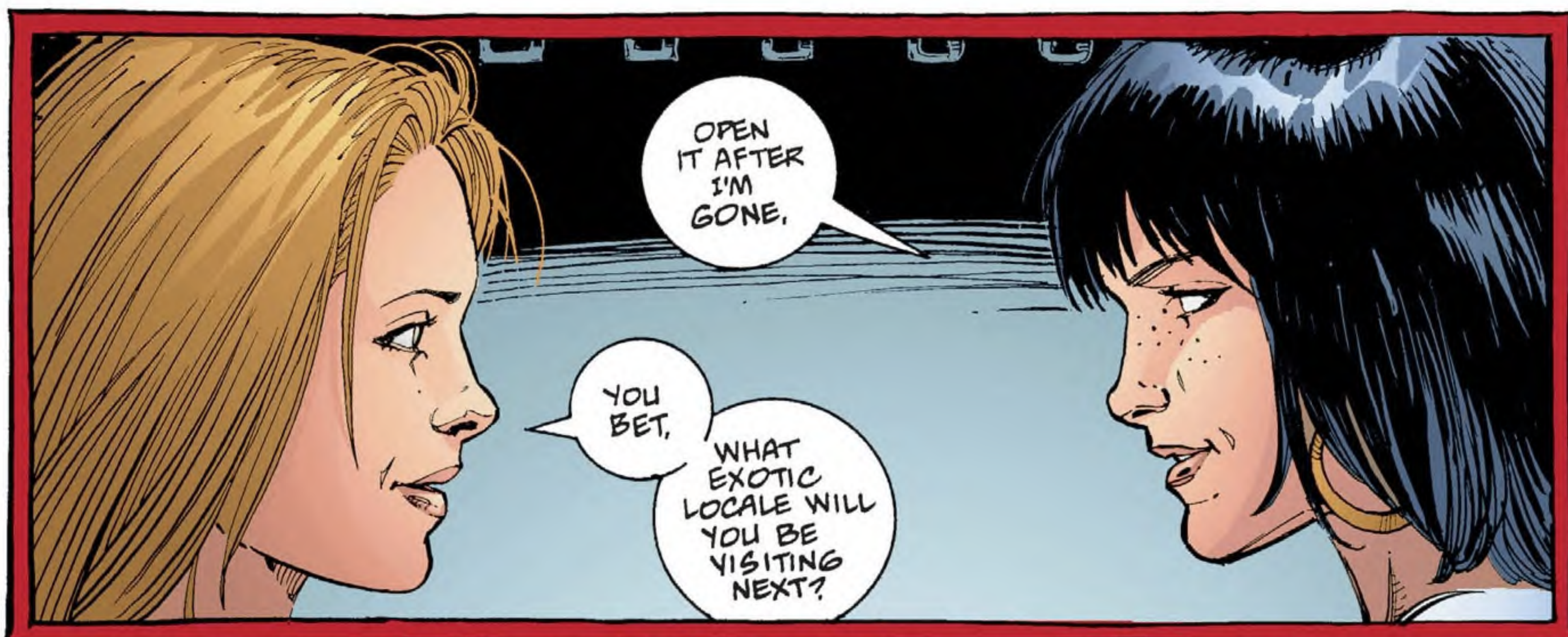
I HATE THAT I'M LEAVING ALL OF YOU.

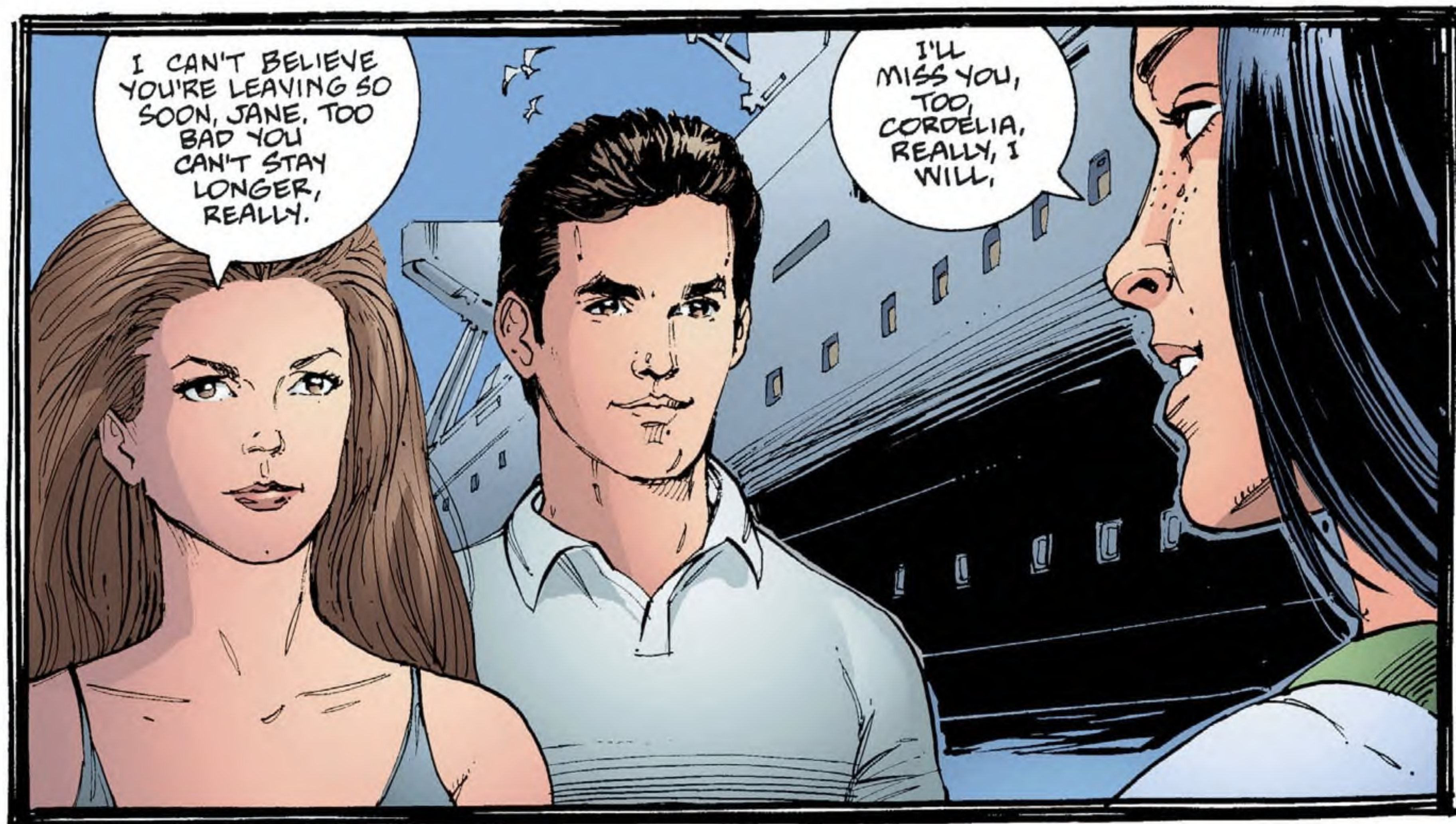
BUFFY, YOU SAVED MY LIFE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I'M SORRY FOR ALL THE TROUBLE I CAUSED.

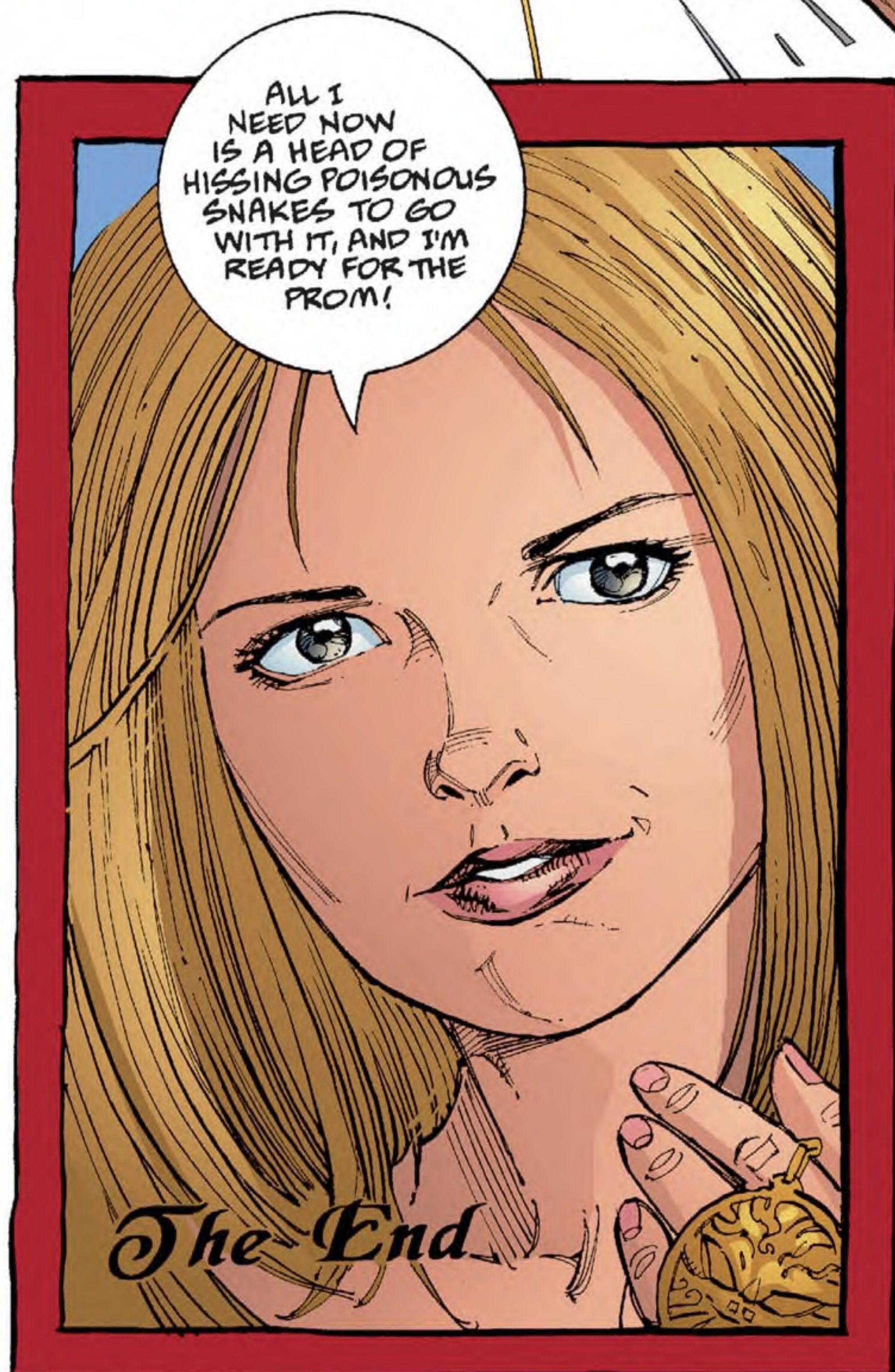
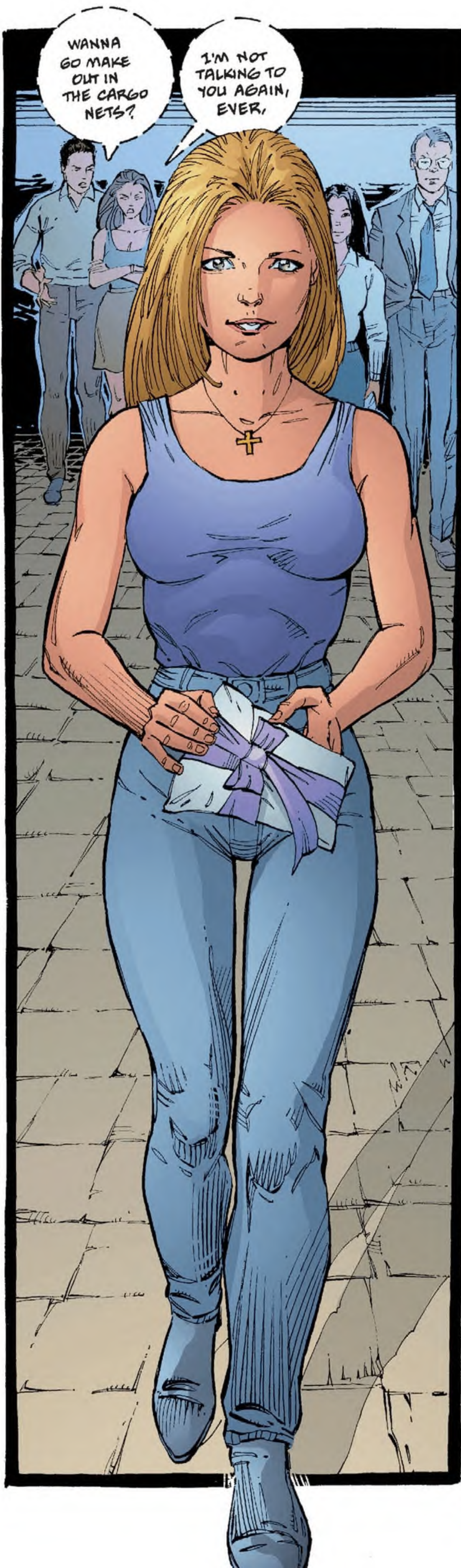
I WANTED YOU TO HAVE THIS.

THANK YOU, JANE, WE'RE REALLY GONNA MISS YOU, TOO.













ALSO FROM JOSS WHEDON AND THE BUFFYVERSE!



BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER: TALES OF THE SLAYERS

Joss Whedon, Leinil Francis Yu, Tim Sale, Brett Matthews, and others

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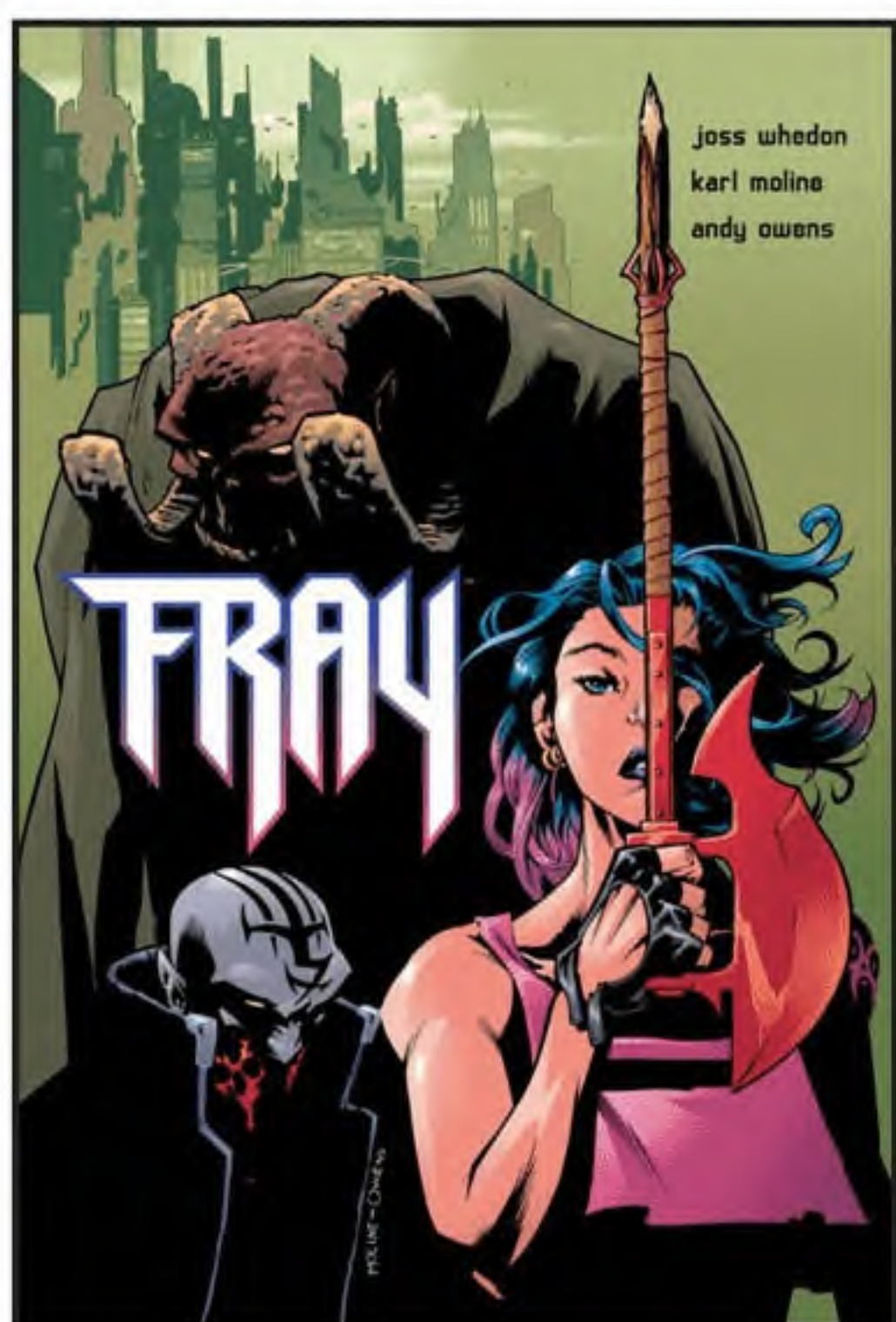
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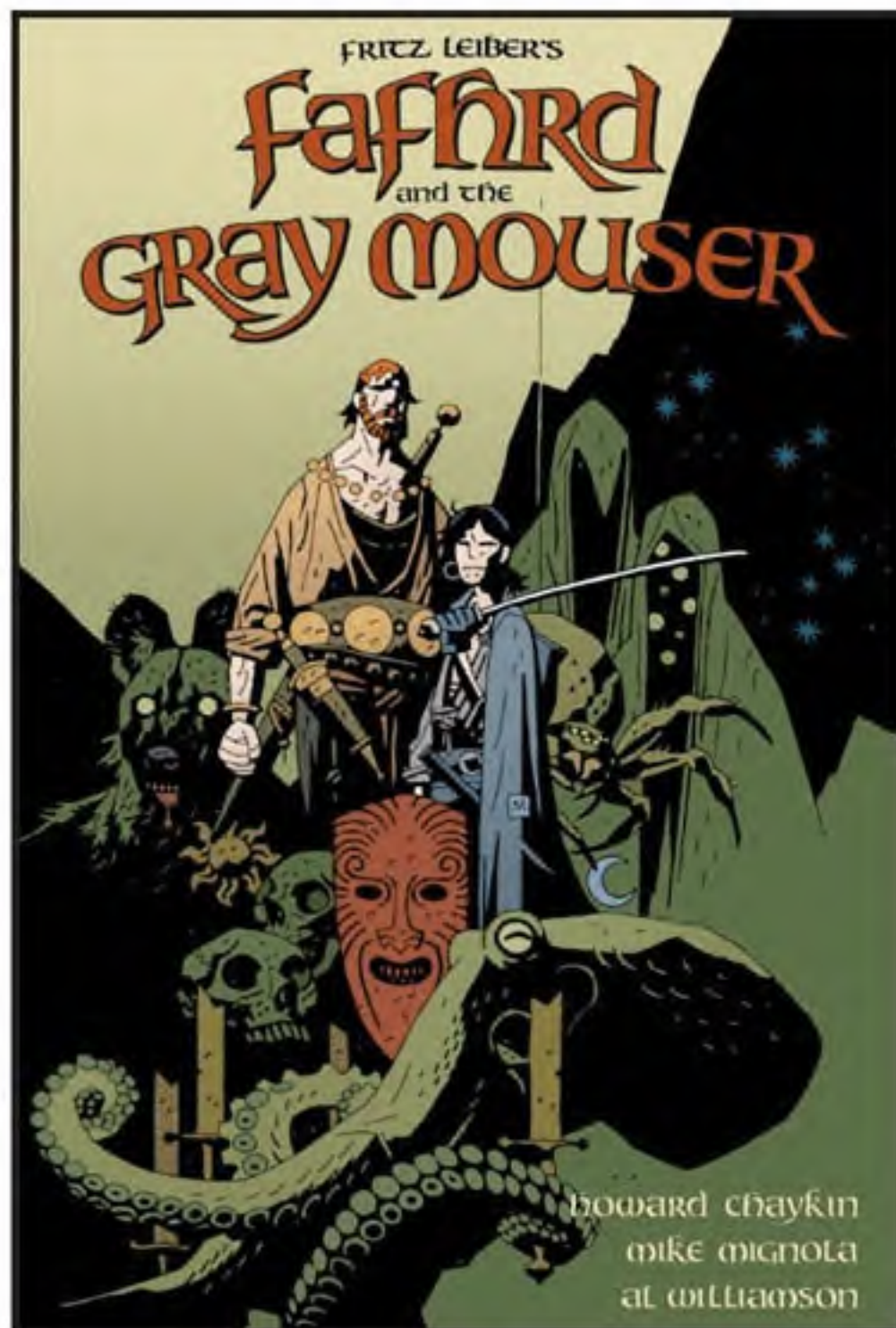


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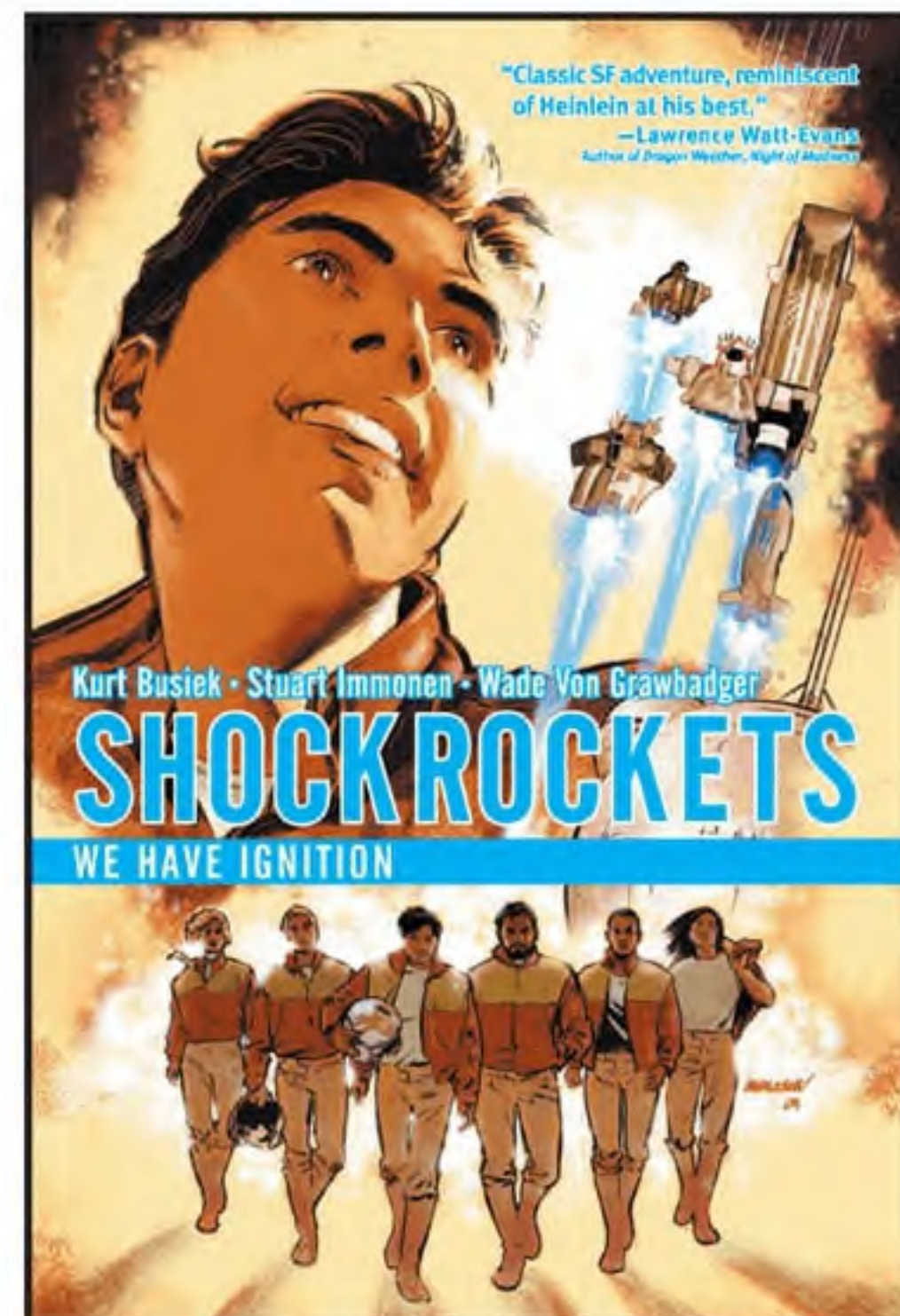
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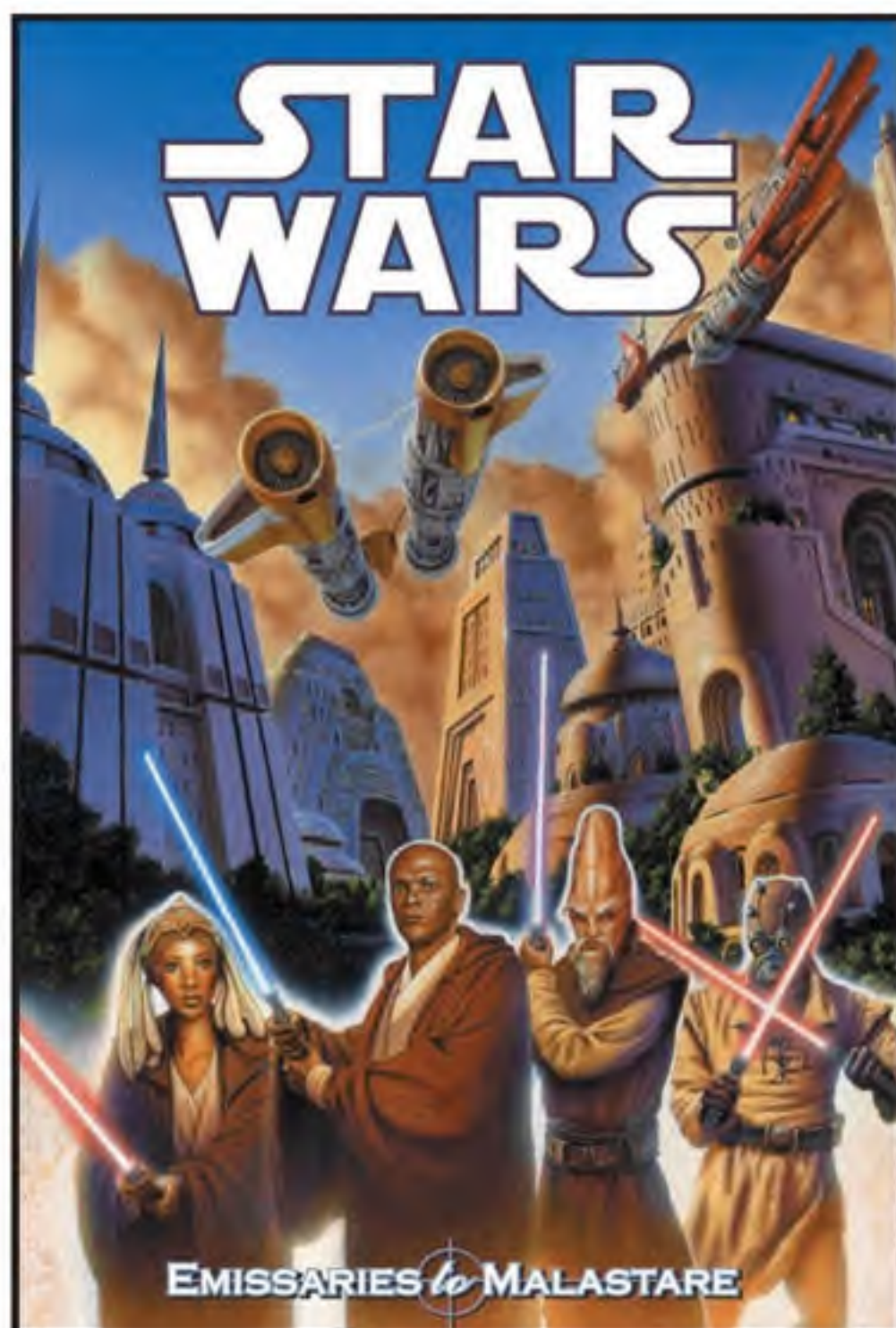
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Buffy

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